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PLAYGIRL

ENTERTAINMENT FOR WOMEN

JANUARY 1979 $1.95

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:

CHRIS (SUPERMAN) REEVE

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SEX QUIZ:
HOW KINKY
ARE YOU?

How To Become
A Celebrity—Or
(At The Very Least)
Go To Bed With One

THE EASY WAY
TO MAKE
TOUGH DECISIONS

How To Tell If Your
Man's Fooling Around

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A HOT LOOK AT THE PAST
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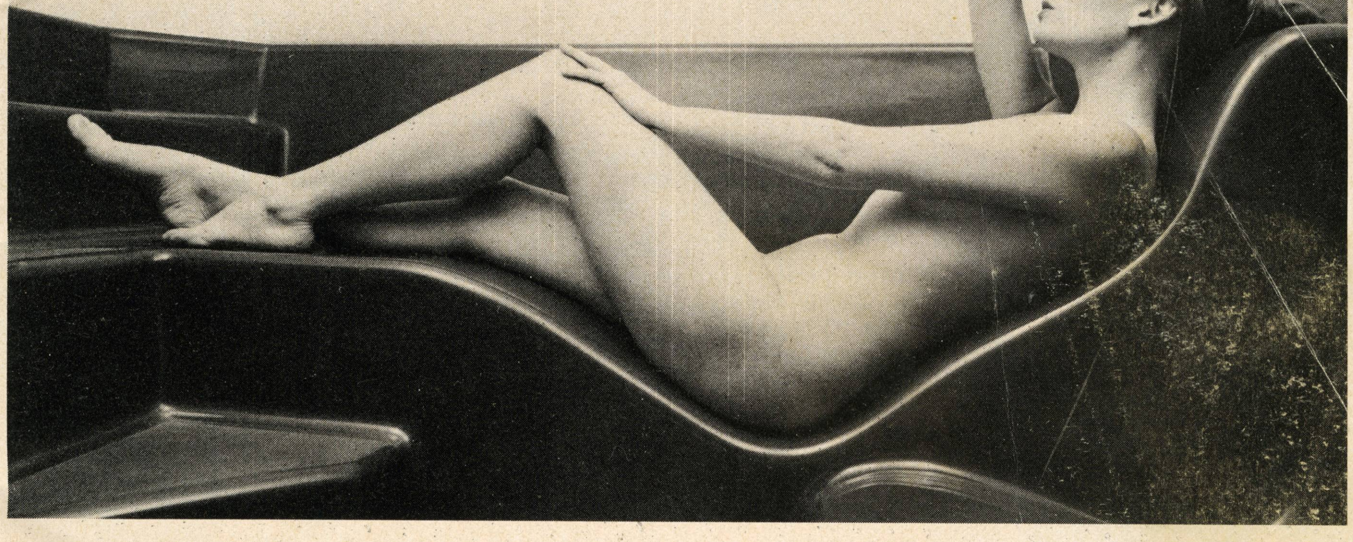

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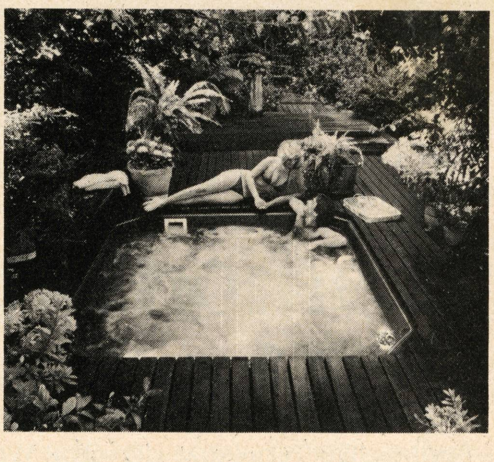

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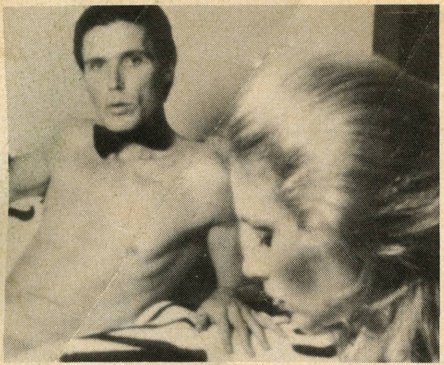

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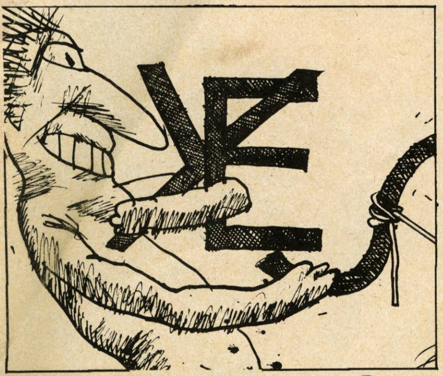

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You can clearly see the results of your Acu-Test in just 2 hours. The appearance of a dark ring in the mirror at the base of the Acu-Test kit indicates that you're pregnant. If the result of your Acu-Test shows you're not pregnant, and you do not start menstruating in a week's time, you need to use a new Acu-Test. If your period has not started after a second negative reading, consult your doctor.

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COFFEE, TEA OR VIVARIN?

There are times when nothing beats sitting down and having a cup of hot coffee or tea. Particularly first thing in the morning. It tastes good and gives you a lift.

But if, as the day wears on, you sometimes find yourself having a cup of coffee or tea just for the lift, you should know about Vivarin.

Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet. And a Vivarin tablet is more economical than two cups of coffee, and requires no preparation.

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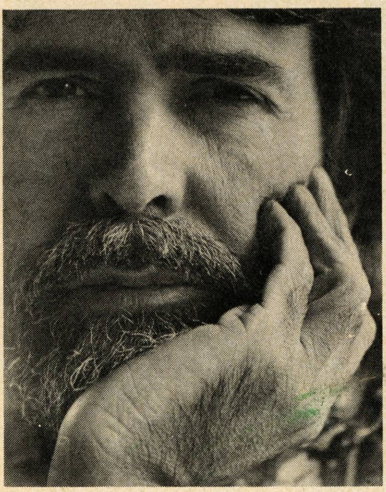
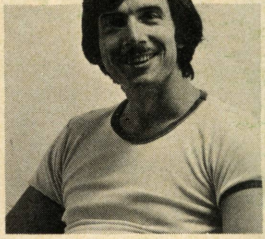


Jack Jardine

Mary K. Brown



Jonathan Miller

Jesse Cutler

Fred Robbins

There are so many men and so little time . . . and so many words and so little space. But we've given you this month—I feel—something you can really sink your teeth into.

Our interview is with **Christopher Reeve.** His film, *Superman*, will catch on faster than a speeding bullet. His name has been on everyone's lips here at the office for the past few months and we're very proud to offer an exclusive interview. **Fred Robbins,** that charming man who does a daily feature radio show for Mutual Broadcasting System, spoke with him in London while the movie progressed. Said Robbins, "He's really a marvelous guy." Read it and see for yourself.

Next we have a fantasy-provoking article by contributing editor **Jack Jardine.** "Researching the article," he says, "kept me tied up for days." (Jardine claims he first learned about bondage from his literary agent, who tied him into a long-term contract.) This was a delicate subject for us to tangle with; but, since I know you're all curious, we provide the ultimate "how-to" and answers to all those questions you were afraid to pose.

David Bowie, the star of yet-to-be released *Just a Gigolo,* like a lot of notable people, has had his share of impersonators. Now *Playgirl* has located the most infamous Bowie impersonator, just for you. He's a man who took a very lucky (or unlucky, as you might view it) woman to Maui where she sported him around as the famous you-know-who.

Speaking of fame, ever wonder what it would be like to be Farrah Fawcett? For the record, we tell you how to get just as famous as Farrah in an amusing look at famemania by one of our favorite writers, **Richard J. Pietschmann.** (He always wants to be referred to as Richard *John* Pietschmann, but it just doesn't fit.)

I first saw centerfold **Jesse Cutler** at a *Playgirl* party we threw last July. There were hundreds of people there, yet I just couldn't stop following him around. I was told he sang, but I talked him into taking his clothes off for *Playgirl* . . . you'll be very pleased with the results.

Since it's the season for making resolutions, we felt that it was just the right time to do an article on decision making. Although our biggest problem here at the office seems to be deciding what to have for lunch (hence the diet on page 26), we all agreed choices are difficult—whether in life, with a lover or developing the strength to take risks. Freelance writer **Jonathan Miller**—a self-proclaimed professional procrastinator—makes it all somehow seem a little less difficult.

"The Mind's Eye," the fiction selection for this month, is by **Cyra McFadden.** Her best-selling book, *The Serial* (which has just been optioned as a movie to Paramount Pictures), was an hysterically funny look at life in the hot tub capital of the world, Marin County, California. My favorite lines had to do with singles bars. She called them "fern bars" and said that you never knew whether to order a drink or a coleus.

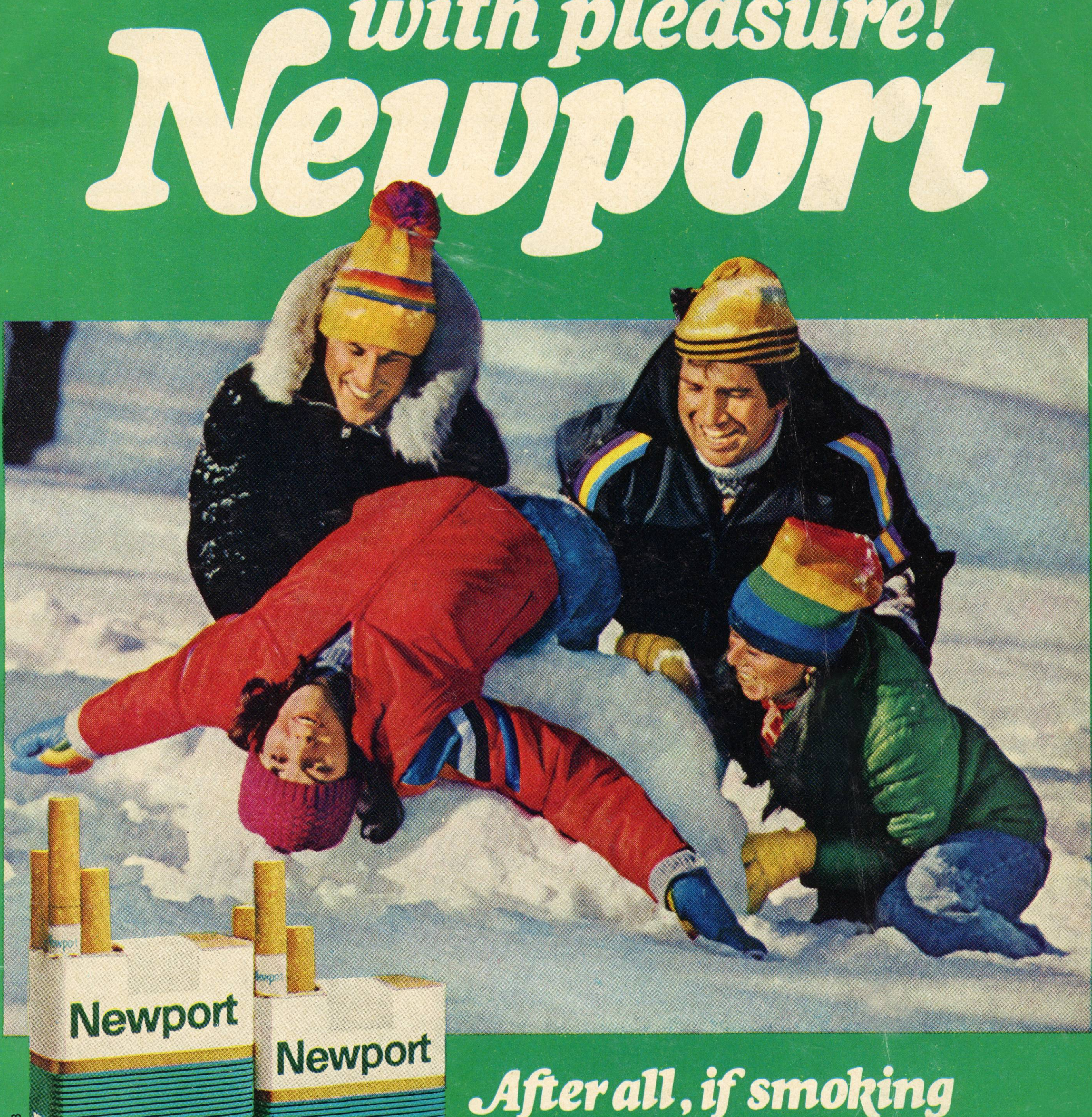
Another noted resident of Marin County is **Mary Kay Brown,** who has had cartoons in *Playboy*, *Oui*, *National Lampoon* and *Mother Jones.* Now she's done "Stranger than Life" for Playgirl. Her paintings were recently exhibited at the Vorpal Galleries.

Our publisher, **Ira Ritter,** just returned from Europe a couple of weeks ago. He's been checking out the sales of our foreign-language editions. He reports: The French and German editions have sold out, and soon there will be a special United Kingdom edition, plus Italian and Spánish editions—oo-la-la.

A reader from the Philippines wrote us that she buys the issue on the black market. Thank goodness we've got freedom of the body here. In fact, said Ritter of his foreign venture, "You get the feeling that the transition women went through in America ten years ago is taking place today in Europe."

I hope you have as much fun reading *Playgirl* in January as we had putting it together. Have a nice read. *—Melody Finch*

Alive with pleasure!
Newport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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

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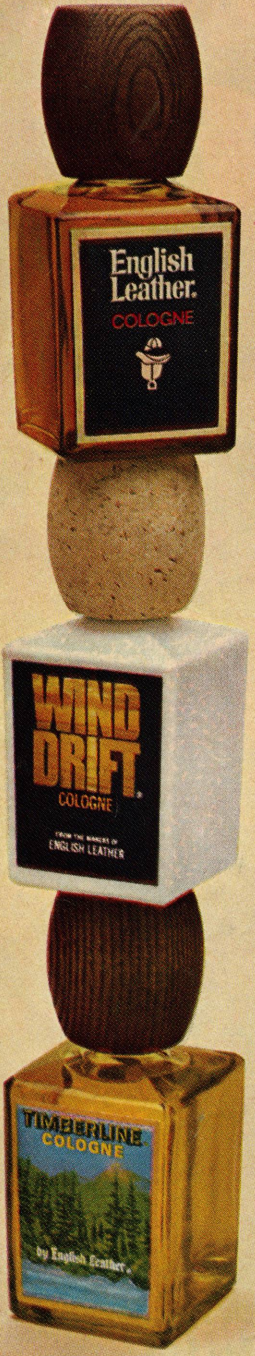

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READERS WRITE

CARTER'S ABORTION POLICY

I have mixed feelings about the article you ran on "Carter's Abortion Policy" (September). We complain that the government is running our lives more and more, but then we turn around and say, "I want a free abortion." Who got you pregnant, Uncle Sam?

I'm in the United States Air Force. I work for the people of the United States. I pay taxes and I'm here to protect this country. Military pay is lousy. How many people realize how many benefits have been cut back already? Don't we deserve the few benefits we have left? Even the Civilian Health and Medical Program of the Uniformed Services (CHAMPUS) has been cut back. The military has a shortage of money and doctors. Dependents have to go to civilian facilities now and pay part of the bill. This I agree with; dependents shouldn't get the same benefits as active-duty military.

I work hard for my country. If every benefit is taken away from us there will be no military left to protect the people.

There has to be another solution to the abortion problem without involving the military. When I separate from the service and if I ever need an abortion, I expect to pay for it myself. But I believe in birth control and I use it.

The government runs my life at work now, but when I leave the service, it will not run my life then. Do you want it to run yours?

Theresa O'Brien
March AFB, California

NEW DIET SECRET

I found myself very interested in the short story, "The Fat Girl" (October), although I hope I end up happier than the character did.

I am a divorced mother of three, thirty years old, five-feet six-inches tall. In September of 1977 I weighed 230 pounds and was well over a size twenty. As of September 1978, I weigh 140 pounds. I'm wearing a size thirteen now, and am only five pounds over my desired weight.

I've been working in a gift store for five years, and I can't begin to tell you how good it feels when a regular customer comes in and doesn't recognize me. This has been happening to me wherever I go.

My secret is that for every twenty pounds or so I've lost, I've had a new and fantastic affair. And talk about fantasies! Wow! I've surely had some of mine fulfilled.

My life is new and wonderful. I never will go back to the old, fat world again.

C.A.
Corona, California

THOMPSON TERRIFIC

The October centerfold is the best I've ever seen. Lenny Thompson is my idea of the perfect man—tall, brunette, muscular and athletic; but sensual as well. He has a true sense of self. Truly a great choice!

Regina F. Scruggs
Chicago, Illinois

My girl receives her copy of your magazine in the mail each month. I usually look at your choice for centerfolds and feel I would make a better centerfold than most.

But your choice for Man of the Month (October), Lenny Thompson, was excellent. I've always been able to admit when another guy has something going for himself, and Lenny appears to be a heavy cat. Nice choice, *Playgirl!*

Bill Patterson
San Diego, California

BUN LOVERS

I just wanted you to know that your article "Hot Buns" (October) was the best you have come up with yet. I knew y'all were great but that was the *epitome* for all of us "ass-lovers" out here. This is the first time I've written a reply on an article, but I felt for a super article like "Hot Buns" I would make the effort. I hope to see more of a rear view look at *Playgirl*'s men.

J. Bart
Atlanta, Georgia

WOMEN MISTREATED

I would rather not have seen "The Story of O" (Fiction, September). When women are mistreated, hurt and made to go against their own will, I become sick inside.

Too many unfair things are still happening today between men and women. Rape, wife-beating and male chauvinism are just a few of them. I would rather this type of situation be brought to mind as little as possible. I am a salesperson for a large company and work mostly with men everyday. Each day I take up arms for women's wants and desires and for fairness between the sexes. For this reason, I may be more sensitive to, as you call it, antifeminist articles like "The Story of O." I would be interested to know if I seem to be the oddball or if others agree.

Loving and Gentle

Your sentiments are deeply appreciated—particularly by any woman who has ever worked in a predominantly male environment. You perhaps misunderstood our intention in printing "The Story of O." This piece of fiction was printed as an example of a particular literary genre popular in the 1950s (please see our introduction to Fiction, September). In no way do we intend to promote mistreatment of women.—Eds. ■

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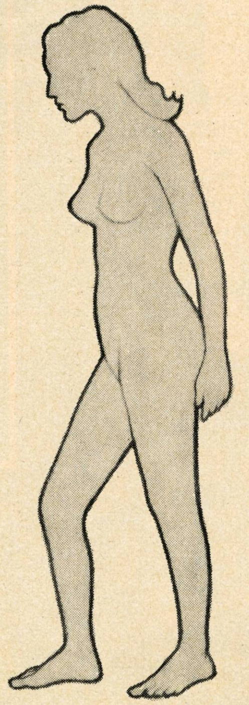
THE FACTS:

1 HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN WOMEN ARE ALREADY USING ENCARE OVAL™.

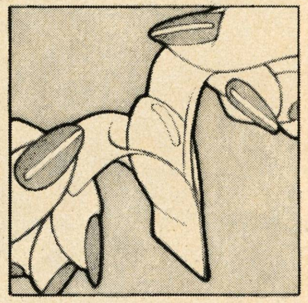


Encare Oval™ was introduced in the U.S. to doctors in November 1977, and has drawn the attention of both the medical profession and the public to a greater extent than any contraceptive product since the pill.

Gynecologists have been recommending it with high frequency. And Encare Oval already has become the vaginal contraceptive most often recommended by pharmacists.

Today, Encare Oval is being used by hundreds of thousands of women, and users surveyed report overwhelming satisfaction. Encare Oval™ users say they find it an answer to their concerns about the pill, IUDs, diaphragms, and aerosol foams.

2 ITS EFFECTIVENESS HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED IN CLINICAL TESTS.



In a recent U.S. clinical study, Encare Oval was subjected to one of the most rigorous tests ever conducted for a vaginal contraceptive. It showed that Encare Oval provides consistent and extremely high sperm-killing protection. These excellent results support earlier studies in European laboratories and clinics.

Each Encare Oval insert contains a precise, premeasured dose of the potent sperm-killing agent, nonoxynol 9. Once properly inserted, Encare Oval melts and gently effervesces, dispersing the protective, sperm-killing agent within the vagina.

It is known that the success of any contraceptive method depends on consistent and accurate use. Encare Oval™ has been designed to be so convenient, you won't be tempted to forget it. And so simple to insert, it's hard to make a mistake.

If you've been advised not to become pregnant for reasons of health, a decision about any contraceptive method should be made after consultation with your doctor.

3 UNLIKE THE PILL, ENCARE OVAL HAS NO HORMONAL SIDE EFFECTS.

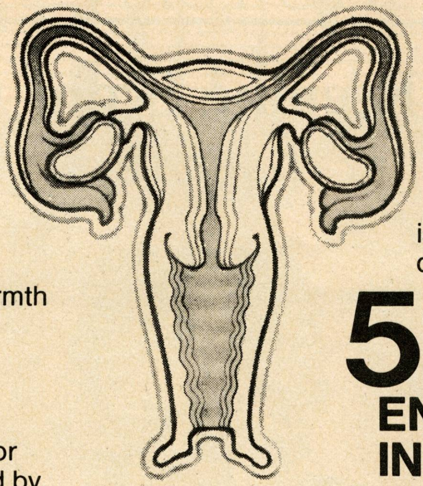
Encare Oval™ is free of hormones, so you're sure it won't disrupt your hormonal chemistry. Encare Oval™ cannot create hormone-related health problems—like strokes and heart attacks—that have been linked to the pill.

And because you don't take the pill, there's none of the associated weight gain, bloating, or breast enlargement. Since there is no hormonal disruption of your menstrual cycle, your periods should remain normal.

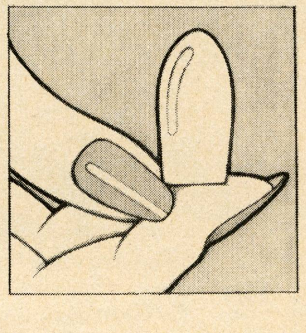
In some cases, a feeling of warmth has been reported when using Encare Oval. This is usually no cause for concern.

In a limited number of cases, however, a burning sensation or irritation has been experienced by either or both partners. This can occur in varying degrees with virtually all vaginal contraceptives.

In these instances, use should be discontinued.



4 ENCARE OVAL IS EASIER TO INSERT THAN A TAMPON.



The Encare Oval is smooth and small, so it inserts quickly and easily—without an applicator. Simply use as directed.

There's none of the bother of aerosol foams and diaphragms. Just insert an Encare Oval when you need protection. There's nothing to wear. No device inside you to slip out of place. No pill to remember every day.

Each Encare Oval provides maximum protection during the period from 10 minutes to 1 hour after insertion.

You can buy Encare Oval whenever you need it…it's available without a prescription. And each Encare Oval is individually wrapped to fit discreetly into your pocket or purse.

5 BECAUSE ENCARE OVAL IS INSERTED IN ADVANCE, IT WON'T INTERRUPT LOVEMAKING.

Since there's no fuss or bother, Encare Oval encourages spontaneity, providing a measure of freedom many other contraceptives can't match.

The hormone-free Encare Oval. *Safer* for your *system* than the *pill* or *IUD*. Neater and simpler than traditional vaginal contraceptives. So effective and easy to use that hundreds of thousands have already found it—quite simply—the preferred contraceptive.

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Encare Oval™
Vaginal contraceptive for prevention of pregnancy
Encare Oval™
Highly Reliable
Easy to Use
No Hormonal Side Effects
Vaginal contraceptive for prevention of pregnancy
12 INSERTS
Encare

The most talked about contraceptive since the pill.

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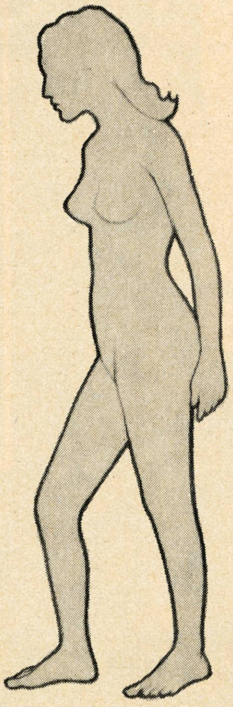

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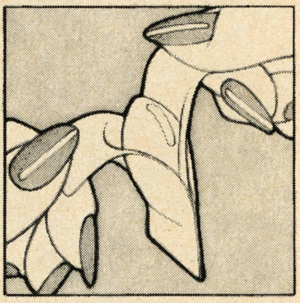

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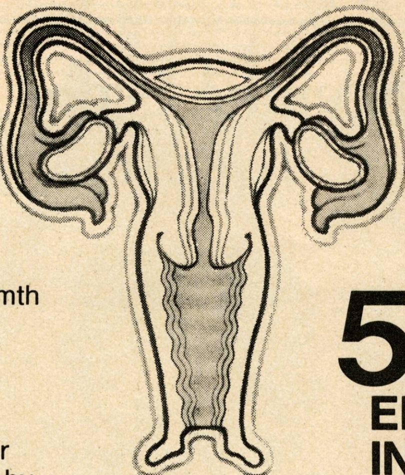

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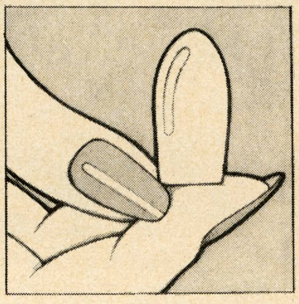
In these instances, use should be discontinued.



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HIS TURN

Keeping Score

BY STEVE SPENCE

I grew up in the fifties next to a radio, which meant being indoctrinated by such bozos as Neil Sedaka, who made a lot of money warning us about how breaking up is hard to do.

It's the seventies now, and I got news for Neil: *not* breaking up is even harder to do.

I made two mistakes with the one woman who meant the most to me. When it collapsed, I didn't break cleanly with her and, worse, I became what she describes as her *very good friend.* A *very good friend,* it turns out, amounts to a scorekeeper.

So, fourteen months after our mutual but agonizing separation—we had lived together for three years—she is embarking on Lover No. 6, and I am keeping score.

But the game is played differently today, and I'm having some trouble with the terminology.

For example, she does not, like many unmarried modern women, describe No. 6 as a lover because (1) that is a shallow way to describe whomever is currently denting the pillow of her platform bed, and (2) you stop calling them lovers when they start changing faster than the seasons, and (3) your mother is going to OD on Valium if you call Roger and Phil and Larry your lovers.

She refers to No. 6 not as a man, or a person, but as a *relationship.* That description is especially convenient in appeasing old-fashioned mom and dad, who have taken to whispering that maybe Babs has become a hussy.

"No, mom, Bruce is *not* my lover," says she. "He's a *relationship* I'm having."

"Oh. Well. That's different," says mom on her way to the bathroom medicine cabinet.

A *relationship.* Based on the other five guys who preceded No. 6 (all presumably now embarked on *new relationships*), that amounts to acquiring a person of the opposite sex with whom you have sex (preferably exciting sex, like on top of the bathroom sink), whom you regularly "see" or "date" (odd, isn't it, that some still cling to that adolescent description, even as they wade into their thirties?), and with whom it is probably best to have a minimum in common on all other counts.

What's important here—according to my scorecard—is physical attraction coupled with an emotional detachment, or the absence of what we used to call strings.

No strings. No emotional rantings. No questions of any kind. And, of course, no schedules. As scorekeeper, I still marvel over Lover No. 2, who was some kind of professional graduate student in est or its equivalent in contemporary me-first psychology. He got away with arriving at 4 P.M. on Saturdays at her apartment and after locating the bathroom sink, was blissfully kissed farewell some three hours later "because he had to study." This concession from a Saturday-night-conscious woman who used to bark at me like a frothing dog over a few hours of pro football Sunday afternoons.

People in these relationships spend endless amounts of time convincing their *very good friends,* and themselves, of the absolute wholesomeness of these *relationships,* as though taking a lover is akin to starting a multivitamin regimen. It's good for you. And there are lots of terrific emotional benefits, not to mention such physical boons as rosy complexions, like: *getting into* the other person's *space,* learning to deal with each other *as persons* (as opposed to cardboard cutouts on the back of Wheaties boxes) and my favorite, *learning to relate to each other.*

What makes it all so convenient is, the moment this thin emotional adhesive of the *relationship* shows signs of losing its grip—as it inevitably does—well, no hard feelings, huh? And there's always the comforting assurance that smooth No. 2 (black belt in transactional analysis) and hip No. 4 (has read *Fear of Flying* three times and *understands* it) are within phone distance to consult over the matter-of-fact details of yet another collapse, and the consolation that these former lovers, now *very good friends,* are at least in the same boat with you. *For sure.*

I am confident that all across this country a great number of unmarried women are acting out this pathetic little ritual, aided by an army of bloodless though physically interesting men who no doubt think this is the best thing that's ever happened to them.

What women in these slick relationships don't see—or wish to see—is the self-destructive nature of this little game. The whole point of these futile exercises is to create the *image* of independence and freedom, which really has little to do with the nature of one's sex life. Women who are convinced that their salvation rests with these modern relationships make one deadly mistake: They're emulating, in most cases, the sort of men who are personal disasters—the guys who are considered independent and witty and exciting and desirable are most often the guys who are sleeping all over town, in between saying clever things at Sunday brunches in charming uptown restaurants, or who are simply not much advanced beyond a fascination with experimentation, a condition attributable in most instances to age. And, naturally, there's not much more to them than attractiveness and detachment and a lot of contemporary mumbo-jumbo rationalization.

Many women who are quick to tout their independence are also the same ones who—using my favorite example—are not sufficiently equipped to avoid going to bed with an admittedly fourth-rate man who has done nothing more for this privilege than to escort them to dinner a minimum of three times. But that sort of drip is ideal for this modern woman, because there is no chance that she could ever fall desperately and wildly in love with him, and thereby risk the most intense experience in life, which is the murderously painful prospect of failure.

It is not "casual sex" that offends me, and it's no more destructive in women than it is in men. What is dangerous is the notion that it's wiser—and safer—to redefine the relevance of sex and rank it down there with an adequate meal. The penalty for that—in addition to acquiring spiritual callouses and reducing one's passion for living—is that sex can indeed become a good lasagna and, as we all know, it's available all over town.

It's called *getting laid.* ■

Steve Spence has been: A dark-ride operator with a traveling carnival; a soap-sample distributor door-to-door in New Orleans; a garbageman; a newspaper reporter; editor of a now-dead magazine titled True. *Mr. Spence likes to cook, enjoys barroom conversation and his favorite dream is the one in which he is able to propel himself through space like a bird.*

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PERSONAL FROM PLAYGIRL

BY SHIRLEY ZUCKERMAN

NO TIME FOR EACH OTHER

I'm twenty years old. I married at eighteen and had my baby a year later. I have a sexual problem that is driving both my husband and me crazy. It started when I got pregnant. I wasn't horny and didn't want to have anything to do with sex. Now that my baby is almost nine months old, I still feel the same way. My husband works nights and has to drive a long distance to work. All in all, he is gone thirteen to fifteen hours a day. I only see him two to four hours out of the day, and it's always when the baby's up or the phone is ringing or someone is visiting. I love my guy and he really turns me on. I can get really excited if I am alone and I think about sex, but when it comes down to it, I don't want him at all.

D. B.
Wurtsboro, N.Y.

First off, let's untangle your problem. Research done by Masters and Johnson indicates that loss of interest in sex is fairly routine for a woman during the first trimester of pregnancy. Fear of injuring the baby combines with physical discomfort to take the appeal out of sex. There is usually a return of sexual appetite during the second trimester and then again, a diminishing of interest in sexual activity on the part of the father and mother during the final three months. Postpartum (after childbirth), the nursing mothers in Masters and Johnson's research group reported the quickest resurgence of sexual drive, but there was full return to sexual activity within two months time for all.

But take it from an expert: your *return to full sexual activity isn't being stopped by a sex problem, nor is it being delayed by a relationship problem, your problem is simply and only a conflict in schedules. The interest is there, it's just that when your husband has the time and energy for sex, you've got the baby and the neighbor on your hands. Neither of you is to blame, it's just that given how things are in your lives, there simply isn't the quiet, relaxed, loving time necessary for good sex. When you and your husband can recognize this difficulty for exactly what it is, you will be able to consider appropriate solutions. It would be best if he could find another job with less commuting time involved; either that or move the family closer to his work. In the meantime, line up a reliable babysitter who can take the baby out of the house during your husband's time off, so that the two of you can have the private time together you so desperately need.*

Shirley Zuckerman is chief social worker at the Berkeley (California) Therapy Institute. She is coauthor of The Dance-Away Lover, *a book on couples. If you have questions you would like Shirley to answer, please address them to her in care of* Playgirl, *1801 Century Park East, Suite 2300, Los Angeles, California 90067. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*

MESSING WITH OTHER GIRLS

My boyfriend and I have been having sex for almost a year now. When we make love he wants me to come, too, but I can't. This gets him mad and he insists I tell him why I don't come. I don't know what to tell him. Lately it's made him so mad that he's been messing with other girls. I'd like some help so I can keep my boyfriend.

B.A.
Jaspar, Texas

He sure isn't helping things by getting angry and messing with other girls, but I guess he doesn't know what else to do. On the other hand, you have taken a good first step by asking for help, but next you are going to have to find a reason to solve this problem for yourself. *It isn't going to work as long as you are doing it for* him. *Fortunately, there is a book written on this very subject by Lonnie Garfield Barbach called* For Yourself. *The book is written for women like you, preorgasmic women who want to learn about their own sexuality. In this book she describes a step-by-step program of self-discovery, using masturbation as a means of learning just what makes you feel good. We developed these techniques while working with women at the University of California Sex Counseling Program, and they work. After seven years of treating preorgasmic women, I can say with absolute confidence that if you've got a clitoris and rub it, eventually you're going to come. For more information and encouragement read the* Hite Report *by Sheri Hite where you'll find support from other women telling just how they "do it."*

AM I A PRUDE?

I don't know if I have a sexual hangup or what. I'm in the service and am considered to have a nice figure and a good personality to match. I don't date much. I do get emotionally involved about once every two years. (I am twenty-three years old.) I have a very bad attitude about men. It seems that all these Army men want to do is have sex, even on the first date! Every time I go out with a military man, as soon as we are alone, he makes a pass.

Actually, I'm an affectionate person and I love to kiss and hug, but I prefer to save the heavy stuff for love. I am happy to kiss them, but as soon as we've kissed for a while, they start pulling off their clothes. I end up having to get angry in order to make it clear that they aren't going to get anywhere with me. One man told me he couldn't help it because I kiss so sensually! What should I do, kiss like a horse?

I give up. I don't tease men, and I'm sick of getting dumped because I won't "put out." Whenever things go beyond a friendship, they don't work out. It seems that the more promiscuous one is, the better one is treated. I'm really getting disgusted. What do you suggest?

M.S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Let me make a suggestion: Don't kiss. Given the way that you feel, you are giving mixed messages. Now I agree that it's presumptuous of men to think that if you accept a date with them, or even welcome a kiss, you are available for more down-home activities. However, your willingness to kiss and hug could easily be confused with a willingness to do more. So I suggest that you keep your kisses to yourself until you have found a man who's right for you. While it's true that you are conservative with your sexuality, that's okay. To be sexual with another person is to share with them a very precious part of yourself. Promiscuity does not bring you better treatment, it merely cheapens the value that you currently place on your sexuality. No need to get so angry either. Firmness will do. When you know what you want and aren't willing to settle for less, you can set clear, firm limits in a soft, gentle way. Then, when the right person comes along, you'll be confident and available instead of angry and disgusted.

NO MORE CHILDREN

I'm twenty-three years old and have been very happily married for the last four years to a liberal-minded man who is now thirty-two. He has two children from a previous marriage (he supports them), and we have a fifteen-month-old baby. I am now carrying his fourth child (it might be twins), and I plan this to be my last pregnancy. Both my husband and I agree that we do not want more children. Since I have to have my second child (as I did my first) by cesarean section, I figured I would have my physician tie my tubes for me right then and there; however, my doctor made it very clear to me that he wasn't crazy about

Illustration by Jeff Lieppman

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PERSONAL

doing this because of my age. While he says he understands my situation, he insists that I give it more thought. To pacify him, I agreed, but I've already made up my mind. At this point, I would like more information on the surgical procedure, the possible side effects, and the effectiveness of this operation. I would also like similar information about the vasectomy.

I'm just not willing to rely on other forms of birth control. The pill and the IUD are too dangerous, as far as I'm concerned. And as for foams and prophylactics, well, that's how I got pregnant this time. Thanks very much.

J. M.
New Brunswick, N.J.

It's a shame that this information has not been offered to you by your doctor. While I agree with him that this is something worth thinking over—especially for a woman of your young age—how can you possibly make an informed decision about a method of birth control without all the necessary information? If your doctor will not answer your questions (and I'm sure you will have more), you should find another.

Tubal ligation or "tying of the tubes" can be easily performed during a cesarean section with no additional risk to you, as the uterus and ovarian tubes are already exposed. Once tied, eggs cannot pass from the ovary into the uterus. This operation is similar in purpose to, and is the physiological equivalent of, the vasectomy. However, while a tubal ligation represents a significant surgical undertaking, the vasectomy requires only minor surgical interventions that can be performed in the doctor's office. Since both operations leave the testicles and ovaries intact, the hormones that influence sexual desire and potency are unaffected.

Vasectomy and tubal ligation are generally considered to be irreversible, hence your doctor's concern is that you give this matter considerable thought. I agree with him. At any time in the future, you can have the same procedure done by the less extensive laparoscopic method in the doctor's office. Failure rates for sterilization by either method are one in 200 to 500 for the woman, and about one case in 100 for the man. Compare these to the failure rates of other birth control methods as follows:

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Vaginal contraceptives	*15–25*
Rhythm method	*15–30*

The above rates should be read as "______ pregnancies in 100 women using the ______ method for one year." (This information is taken from the Birth Control Handbook, *which can be obtained by sending thirty-five cents to P.O. Box 1000, Station G, Montreal, Quebec H2W 2N1.*

BOYFRIEND AT HALF-MAST

I have lost interest in sex with my boyfriend because of his small cock. At first it was really great, but now sometimes he has

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ABC

trouble keeping it hard. When he tries to put it into my vagina, it goes limp. What should I do? I'm getting very concerned about this problem.

R.L.
Quincy, Mass.

The problem is not the size of your boyfriend's penis, but its unwillingness to stay erect throughout lovemaking. Reliable studies show no correlation between size of penis and sexual pleasure. Try to remember that behind that penis is a man who cannot always command his own command performance. And performance pressure is the leading cause of impotence in men.

Rather than demanding that he keep it up, make sure it goes down. When you are pleasuring him you may, in a nondemanding fashion, use hands, lips, tongue, teeth, mayonnaise, mustard, or whatever else is available for relish and encouragement. Move freely over all parts of his body, don't remain genitally focused.

But once he becomes aroused, be certain you back off until he loses that erection. Make sure he gets it and loses it several times. It's critical for both of you to realize that erections, like waves in the ocean, come and go. You don't have to catch that first swell and ride it in. There will be another and another. Getting and then deliberately losing erections is the surest cure for impotence that I know. Many men falter at the time of insertion, so don't treat it as if it were the payoff. During foreplay put it in and take it out frequently. If "it was really great at first," then it can be really great again.

HORNY OLD DEVIL

Recently, our household has been confronted with a serious family problem: Our grandmother, who is sixty-two years old, lives with us and our parents. She is a nice old lady who went through menopause years ago. The problem is that she is one of the horniest devils we have ever encountered. Not long ago, while doing the spring cleaning, we came across a very disturbing discovery—namely a battery-operated dildo. At first we didn't know what it was, then after further examination, we realized that it must be a dildo. Attached to the batteries were two buttons. Our curiosity was aroused and we couldn't resist pressing the buttons. The one on the left, when pressed, makes the knoblike tip rotate in a kinky fashion. The one on the right secretes some kind of fluid that shoots out of the head.

Our curiosity was aroused, so we went on a snooping spree. Within minutes we found spotted sheets on the bed, and a drawer full of *Playgirls*. Late that night we heard suspicious noises coming from her room and when we peeked through the keyhole, it was evident that our grandmother was having multiple orgasms. Is this normal, or do we really have a problem on our hands.

L. & J. G.
Toronto, Canada

Come on now, this is hardly what I'd call a "serious family problem." In fact, I wouldn't call it a problem at all. (Odd that you are more Victorian in your beliefs about sexuality than your sixty-two-year-old grandmother, isn't it?) Masters and Johnson's research clearly indicates that a woman's capacity for sexual enjoyment and satisfaction remains constant throughout the postmenopausal years. While there is some lessening of intensity and duration of sexual response, the aging female is fully capable of orgasmic sexuality. Masters and Johnson go a long way to substantiate the "use it or lose it" theory when they point out in their stuffy but emphatic way that: "Even more necessary for maintained sexual capacity and effective sexual performance is the opportunity for regularity of sexual expression. For the aging woman, much more than for her younger counterpart, such opportunity has a significant influence upon her sexual performance."

Though your grandmother may have limited opportunities for partner-related sex, she is keeping herself in good working order by giving herself regular workouts. When the right man comes along, she'll be ready for him. Which brings to mind the old adage, "a hard man is good to find."

Sex in old age isn't a problem, it's a blessing. So God bless Grandma. And how about you two according her the same privacy that you enjoy in your bedrooms?

DUMP HIM

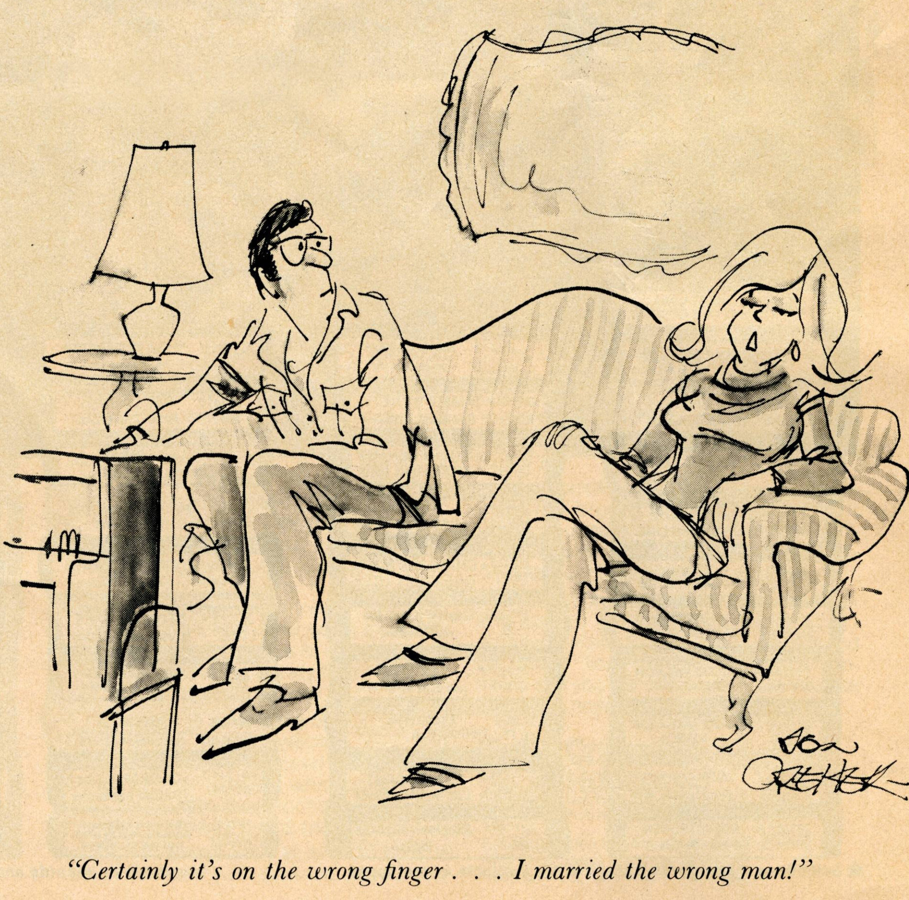
"My boyfriend and I are both approaching thirty-one years and are in the fifth year of a relationship that has been, up to this time, exciting and rewarding sexually. Now, however, the act of fellatio is really beginning to bother me. To put it straight—he prefers my mouth over my body. Although this has never actually been said, in his case actions speak louder than words.

Without fail, as soon as lovemaking begins, my head is guided to his most vital organ. After months and months of this same routine, I am no longer excited by what I do to him and how I make him feel. Instead of feeling good, I am repulsed when I see him in his "glory." He knows that penile penetration is absolutely necessary to my satisfaction, but he makes no attempt to get me there. My initial reaction was to become adversive to oral sex, but now I see that there is no reason for this.

After giving the matter much thought I realize that I am not the woman for him. Since he is insistent on the performance of this act, I guess the answer is for him to find a willing slave so he can lie back with his arms folded behind his head, and reap the pleasures of this experience. Please let me hear from you.

H. P.
Washington, D.C.

Assuming that you have communicated your needs to your boyfriend and assuming that he is sexually potent when it comes to intercourse, we can conclude that he is able but unwilling to meet your needs. Generally speaking, sex serves as a metaphor for the rest of the relationship. If this applies to you, then few of your needs are getting met. Yuck, who needs it! Dump him. ■



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288282	COLUMBIA	MARILYN & BILLY MARILYN McCOO & BILLY DAVIS, JR.
287730 ★	EPIC	TAMMY WYNETTE Greatest Hits VOL. IV
268383 ★	CTI	GEORGE BENSON GOOD KING BAD
281394 ★ 281395	KIRSHNER	KANSAS LEFTOVERTURE
266403 ★	EPIC	CHARLIE RICH'S GREATEST HITS
272229		Captain & Tennille COME IN FROM THE RAIN
285460 ★	EPIC	JOE STAMPLEY RED WINE AND BLUE MEMORIES
283812	UA	STAR WARS FERRANTE & TEICHER
275305 ★	EPIC	TED NUGENT Cat Scratch Fever
287789 ★	ABC	Stephen Bishop BISH

286377 286378	COLUMBIA	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
273417	COLUMBIA	RAY CONNIFF After The Lovin'
287797 ★	20TH CENTURY	DAN HILL FROZEN IN THE NIGHT
274985	A & M	PETER FRAMPTON I'M IN YOU
286120 ★	BLUE NOTE	GERRY RAFFERTY CAN I HAVE MY MONEY BACK
287276 ★	EPIC	GEORGE JONES Bartender's Blues
281378 281379	COLUMBIA	CHICAGO XI Mississippi Delta
246868	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE PHOTOGRAPHS & MEMORIES HIS GREATEST HITS
287748 ★	COLUMBIA	David Allan Coe Human Emotions
267492 †	LAURIE	Everything You Always Wanted To Hear By DION AND THE BELMONTS

288480 288481	A & M	CHUCK MANGIONE Children Of Sanchez
284422 ★	UA	Kenny Rogers Love Lifted Me
286039 ★	ARISTA	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK FOUL PLAY
277871 ★ 277872	CAPITOL	MERLE HAGGARD SONGS I'LL ALWAYS SING
263400 ★	COLUMBIA	BOZ SCAGGS SILK DEGREES
284984	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS & DENIECE WILLIAMS • THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR
285312 ★	COLUMBIA	LYNN ANDERSON From The Inside
272005 ★ 272006	MOTOWN	DIANA ROSS An Evening With Diana Ross
278671 ★	MCA	LYNYRD SKYNYRD GIMME BACK MY BULLETS
286146 ★	ABC	FREDDY FENDER SWAMP GOLD
285767 ★	A & M	GAP MANGIONE SUITE LADY
282103 ★	COLUMBIA	MARTY ROBBINS DON'T LET ME TOUCH YOU
254821 † 254822	CAPITOL	FRANK SINATRA MY ONE & ONLY LOVE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

284547 284548	CASABLANCA	KISS DOUBLE PLATINUM
286054 ★	POLYDOR	ROY AYERS YOU SEND ME
286526 286527	EPIC	BOSTON Don't Look Back
284034 ★	MERCURY	Tom T. Hall Greatest Hits, Vol. III
275818 ★	ARISTA	Melissa Manchester SINGIN'...
284968 ★	PHASE	Melodies from the Classics RONNIE ALDRICH, HIS TWO PIANOS AND ORCHESTRA
260737	CAPITOL	HELEN REDDY'S GREATEST HITS
286161 ★	COLUMBIA	Earth, Wind & Fire ALL 'N' ALL
274928	LONDON PHASE 4	ARTHUR FIEDLER BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA GREAT STRAUSS WALTZES
232603-232604 ★	BUDDAH	DICK CLARK 20 YEARS OF ROCK 'N ROLL
281568	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE
287268 ★	SESAME STREET	Sesame Street Fever VARIOUS ARTISTS
283903 ★ 283904	CASABLANCA	ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY 3 record set

★ Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

†Available on records and 8-track tapes only

285304 ★	EPIC	Tammy Wynette WOMANHOOD
287318 287319	COLUMBIA	CHICAGO HOT STREETS
285536 ★ 285537	COLUMBIA	Various Artists California Jam 2
277913 ★	COLUMBIA	ART GARFUNKEL WATERMARK
285320 ★	MCA	CONWAY TWITTY & LORETTA LYNN DYNAMIC DUO
271411 ★	CAPITOL	GRAND FUNK Grand Funk Hits
284976 ★	UA	CRYSTAL GAYLE WHEN I DREAM
279265 ★	A & M	CHUCK MANGIONE FEELS SO GOOD
279042 ★	EPIC	JOHNNY PAYCHECK TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT
283788	COLUMBIA	Bernstein Conducts Brahms Variations on a Theme by Haydn
278648	A & M	Captain & Tennille's Greatest Hits
283333 ★	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY CASH I WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN
267195	COLUMBIA	NEIL DIAMOND BEAUTIFUL NOISE
279943 279944	CAPRICORN	Allman Brothers Band EAT A PEACH
236885		CARPENTERS The Singles 1969-1973
285080 ★	CAPITOL	NAT KING COLE Love is here to stay
252361 ★ 252362	CAPITOL	BEACH BOYS ENDLESS SUMMER
254912 ★	COLUMBIA	AEROSMITH TOYS IN THE ATTIC
259184	COLUMBIA	PAUL SIMON STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
269050 ★	JANUS	AL STEWART Year Of The Cat
269407	JET	Electric Light Orch. A New World Record
275735 ★	EPIC	MIRACLES BY ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
267831	MERCURY	THE BEST OF BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE
280784 ★	UA	KENNY ROGERS Ten Years Of Gold
279455 ★ 279456	CASABLANCA	KISS ALIVE II
283499 ★	COLUMBIA	JANIE FRICKE Singer Of Songs
279331 ★	PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL	LOU RAWLS WHEN YOU HEAR LOU, YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL
279315 ★	EPIC	GEORGE JONES TAMMY WYNETTE Greatest Hits
284620 ★	COLUMBIA	Hubert Laws Say It with Silence
282053 282054	EPIC	TED NUGENT Double Live Gonzo
281659 281650	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW This One's For You

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285742 ★	MERCURY	JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART
285981 ★	EPIC	DAN FOGELBERG & TIM WEISBERG • TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS
239939	COLUMBIA	WALTER CARLOS SWITCHED-ON BACH II
285486 ★	PORTRAIT CBS	BURTON CUMMINGS DREAM OF A CHILD
280669 ★	COLUMBIA	EDDIE MONEY
283325 ★	PLAYBOY	MICKEY GILLEY FLYIN' HIGH
256578	ARISTA	TONY ORLANDO & DAWN GREATEST HITS
284315 ★	TK	K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND WHO DO YA (LOVE)
272179 ★	A & M	HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS' Greatest Hits Vol. II
279430 ★	COLUMBIA	BOZ SCAGGS Down Two Then Left
275297 275298	20TH CENTURY	STAR WARS Original Soundtrack
262311 262312	A & M	PETER FRAMPTON Frampton Comes Alive!
269217 269218	TAMLA	STEVIE WONDER SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE
282673 ★	UA	KENNY ROGERS & DOTTIE WEST Every Time Two Fools Collide
274878 ★	UNITED ARTISTS	PAUL ANKA THE MUSIC MAN
219477	COLUMBIA	SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS
257006 ★	CAPITOL	THE LETTERMEN Make A Time For Lovin'
285478 ★	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY DUNCAN THE BEST IS YET TO COME
283515 ★	EPIC	REO SPEEDWAGON You Can Tune A Piano, But You Can't Tuna Fish
285759 ★	MERCURY	JERRY LEE LEWIS KEEPS ROCKIN'
254102 ★	ABC DOT	FREDDY FENDER BEFORE THE NEXT TEAR DROP FALLS
256099	A & M	THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE Love Will Keep Us Together
285510 ★	COLUMBIA	SONNY JAMES This Is The Love
265223	COLUMBIA	AEROSMITH ROCKS
271809	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE Time In A Bottle
277962 ★	MOTOWN	DIANA ROSS BABY IT'S ME
280453 ★	COLUMBIA	ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PLAYS BROADWAY'S GREATEST HITS
270843 ★	CAPITOL	THE BEST OF GLEN CAMPBELL
270132 ★	CAPITOL	BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND NIGHT MOVES
283978 ★	UA	CHARLIE RICH I Still Believe in Love
281386 ★ 281387	KIRSHNER	KANSAS POINT OF KNOW RETURN

286468 ★ 286469	A & M	PABLO CRUISE WORLDS AWAY
284562 ★	A & M	QUINCY JONES SOUNDS...AND STUFF LIKE THAT!!
283689	CHRYSALIS	HEAVY HORSES JETHRO TULL
270660 ★	ARISTA	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
261370	UA	PAUL ANKA Times Of Your Life
274811 ★	A & M	RITA COOLIDGE Anytime...Anywhere
281675 281676	COLUMBIA	CHICAGO IX CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS *CHICAGO is a registered trademark
256560	A & M	CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS
110262 ★	MERCURY	THE PLATTERS Encore of Golden Hits
270827 ★ 270828	MERCURY	THE BEST OF ROD STEWART VOLUME 2
283614 ★	COLUMBIA	Earl Scruggs Revue BOLD AND NEW
262071	LONDON PHASE 4	MANTOVANI THE GREATEST GIFT IS LOVE
271940 271941	COLUMBIA	NEIL DIAMOND Love At The Greek
285668 ★	LONDON	MOODY BLUES *OCTAVE*
280545 ★	POLYDOR	DONNY & MARIE WINNING COMBINATION
282202 ★	EPIC	HEATWAVE CENTRAL HEATING
283846	COLUMBIA	BIZET: Symphony in C Mendelssohn: Symphony #4
284638 ★	CAPITOL	HELEN REDDY WE'LL SING IN THE SUNSHINE
281311 ★ 281312	EPIC	BOSTON More Than A Feeling

285676 ★	UA	KENNY ROGERS LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT
286435 286436	COLUMBIA	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN BORN TO RUN
282749 ★	UA	SHIRLEY BASSEY YESTERDAYS
283739	EPIC	Engelbert Humperdinck LAST OF THE ROMANTICS
283747 ★	Ovation	THE KENDALLS Old Fashioned Love
286153 ★	A & M	THE BROTHERS JOHNSON • BLAM
278481 ★	COLUMBIA	JANE OLIVOR Chasing Rainbows
288472	ARISTA	AL STEWART TIME PASSAGES
285296 ★	ABC	John Klemmer ARABESQUE
274902 ★	RANWOOD	THE BEST OF LAWRENCE WELK 20 GREAT HITS
281428 281429	ABC	STEELY DAN AJA
274993	A & M	CARPENTERS PASSAGE
274852	A & M	CAT STEVENS IZITSO
275800 ★	UA	CRYSTAL GAYLE WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC
283762 ★	MERCURY	THE STATLER BROS. Entertainers On And Off The Record
283697 ★	COLUMBIA	This Year's Model ELVIS COSTELLO
259689	COLUMBIA	ART GARFUNKEL BREAKAWAY
283309 ★	MONUMENT	DOLLY PARTON In The Beginning

281832 ★ 281833	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL THE STRANGER
283432	COLUMBIA	Andre Kostelanetz YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE
287755 ★	EPIC	JOHNNY PAYCHECK HERE IT COMES
285270 ★	COLUMBIA	AL DIMEOLA CASINO
283606 ★	COLUMBIA	MAC DAVIS FANTASY
285288 ★	EPIC	GEORGE DUKE DON'T LET GO
281808 ★ 281809	A & M	STYX The Grand Illusion
273516 ★	CAPITOL	GLEN CAMPBELL SOUTHERN NIGHTS
274043 ★	COLUMBIA	(ORIGINAL CAST) ANNIE
285189	A & M	Captain & Tennille Dream
272203 ★	ABC DOT	BEST OF DONNA FARGO
283796	COLUMBIA	RAVEL: BOLERO; LA VALSE; ALBORADA DEL GRACIOSO
281782 281783	COLUMBIA	BARBRA STREISAND Streisand Superman
276907 ★	MCA	LORETTA LYNN I Remember Patsy
276428	COLUMBIA	JAMES TAYLOR JT
272195	CHRYSALIS	JETHRO TULL Songs From The Wood
285197 ★	ABC	OAK RIDGE BOYS ROOM SERVICE
284497 ★	UA	GERRY RAFFERTY CITY TO CITY

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285122 ★	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY
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274498 ★	EPIC	CHARLIE DANIELS BAND TE JOHN, GREASE, & WOLFMAN
286393 286394	ARISTA	Barry Manilow EVEN NOW
284844 ★	MONUMENT	LARRY GATLIN OH! BROTHER
286427 ★ 286428	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL TURNSTILES
286385 ★ 286386	EPIC	MEAT LOAF BAT OUT OF HELL
279869–279860	JET	ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA OUT OF THE BLUE
279299	COLUMBIA	NEIL DIAMOND I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT
287771 ★	ABC	DON WILLIAMS EXPRESSIONS
280065 ★	COLUMBIA	AEROSMITH DRAW THE LINE
279281	COLUMBIA	Paul Simon· Greatest Hits, Etc.
282541 ★	COLUMBIA	Kris Kristofferson EASTER ISLAND
283887 ★	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON STARDUST
274969 274960	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW LIVE
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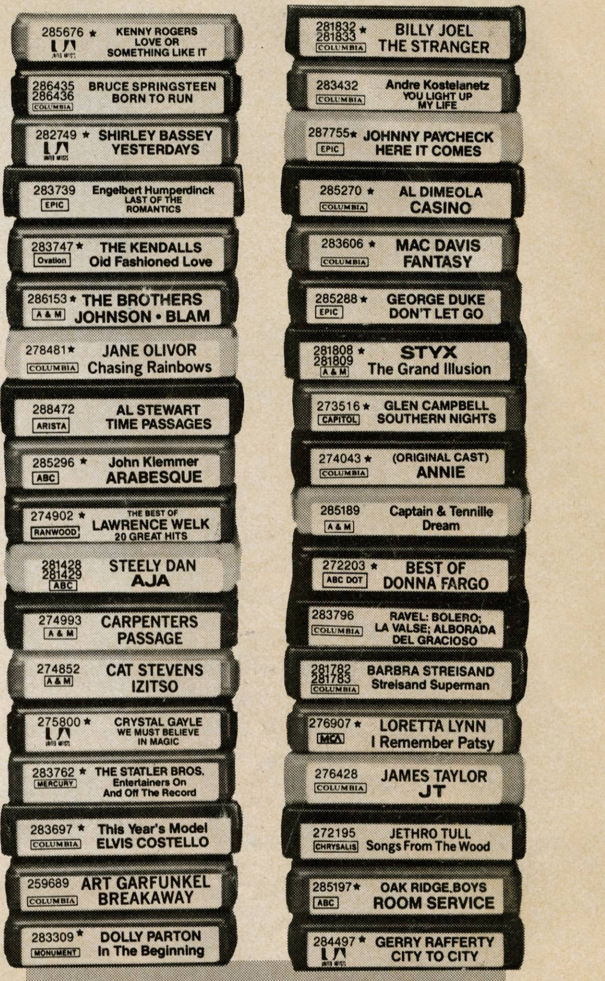

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New Year's Eve Party for Two

Tableware from Geary's, Beverly Hills. Clothing from The Pleasure Dome, Hollywood.

BY RYAN GARCIA

New Year's Eve means party time! But a great alternative to the party scene is a seductive dinner party for two at home. You can still toot a few horns (preferably his), sip champagne and make some whoopee of a quieter nature. Here's the menu. It's gourmet all the way and takes a little time, but after all, *this* is an occasion.

The menu: Pâté with Greens, Filet of Sole in White Wine, Asparagus Vinaigrette, Peach Mousse, Champagne.

PÂTÉ WITH GREENS

Ingredients:

- ¾ pound chicken livers
- 2 eggs
- 2 slices fried bacon
- 1½ tablespoons cognac
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- ½ teaspoon tarragon
- ¼ cup chopped watercress
- 2 tablespoons whipped cream
- 1 loaf french bread

Grind chicken livers. Mix with eggs, whipped cream, crumbled bacon, cognac and flour. Add ginger, salt, pepper, nutmeg, parsley, tarragon and watercress to chicken liver mixture. Blend thoroughly. Place mixture in a greased loaf pan. Set pan in a larger pan of hot water. Bake for 1½ hours. Serve cold with thin slices of french bread.

FILET OF SOLE IN WHITE WINE

Ingredients:

- 4 ounces ham
- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- 4 filets of sole
- ½ cup water
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon white pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup whipped cream
- parsley sprigs
- lemon wedges

Place sole in a buttered pan. Add water, wine, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon white pepper. Bring to a boil, cover, reduce heat and simmer for ten minutes. Place filets in a shallow casserole dish. Slice ham and the whites from the hard-boiled eggs into strips. Press yolks of eggs through a sieve. Sprinkle ham, egg whites and yolks over filets. Reduce filet broth to ½ cup. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stir and cook for five minutes. Add hot milk, stir and cook until sauce thickens. Add sole broth and whipped cream, stir until smooth. Pour sauce over filets, place under the broiler for about three minutes. Garnish with parsley sprigs and lemon wedges. Serves a very hungry twosome or a not-so-hungry foursome.

ASPARAGUS SPEARS VINAIGRETTE

Ingredients:

- 2 pounds asparagus
- ½ cup olive oil
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon cracked black pepper
- 2 tablespoons wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon chopped capers
- 1 tablespoon chopped onions
- 1 clove minced garlic

Cut stems from asparagus. Wash and drain. Tie asparagus into bunches, about twelve to a bunch. In a large pot bring six quarts of water and 3 tablespoons salt to a boil. Place asparagus spears in boiling water so that they lie flat. Bring to a second boil, then reduce heat for about fourteen minutes. Do not cover. Remove asparagus, drain, chill. Blend remaining ingredients in a jar. Cover, shake vigorously until thoroughly blended. Pour sauce vinaigrette over asparagus and serve. Serves four.

PEACH MOUSSE

Ingredients:

- 1 cup dried peaches
- ¾ cup water
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ cup whipped cream
- 1 lemon rind
- sprigs of fresh mint

In a saucepan, bring to a boil peaches, water, sugar and lemon rind. Cover and simmer for twenty minutes. Whirl mixture in blender until pureed. Fold into whipped cream and spoon into sherbert glasses. Chill. Garnish with sprigs of fresh mint if available. Serves four. ■

Photography by Elyse Lewin

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TEST-YOURSELF QUIZ

HOW KINKY ARE YOU?

BY SUSANELLA ROGERS

As accepted social patterns fall by the wayside in this age of self-expression, we grow freer to tell the world who we are. Emotional and mental health is dependent on this "inner liberation." Is your credo to please yourself with no holds barred, or are you caught up in the social acceptance machine, burying your own feelings for "the greater good"? Do you crave the thrills of exploration and adventure, or do you cling to the safety of convention? How kinky are *you*? Take this quiz and find out!

1. What is the most unusual place you've ever made love:
   A. The bathroom on an airplane.
   B. Underwater.
   C. In your parents' bed.
   D. At your own wedding, but not with the groom.

2. It's your second date with a gorgeous man. It's getting late, but he still hasn't made a pass. You:
   A. Wait. If he doesn't make a move, he's obviously not interested.
   B. Suggest playing braille party games.
   C. Decide he's gay and resolve to never date him again.
   D. Put on a Donna Summer record and start eating a banana, à la *Tom Jones.*

3. What is the one thing you'd never want your parents to find out about?
   A. Your abortion.
   B. You're on a first name basis down at the unemployment line.
   C. Your lifetime subscription to *Whips & Chains Digest.*
   D. Your sex change operation.

4. Your most treasured memento is:
   A. A music box with a dancing ballerina on top.
   B. Your first corsage.
   C. Your visa for Red China.
   D. Your collection of candid Polaroids.

5. You have an erotic dream about a woman friend; the next morning you run into her. You:
   A. Tell her about it and laugh together.
   B. Don't say anything.
   C. Mumble an excuse as you rush off to vent your desires on your boyfriend.
   D. Put your hand on her knee and hope for the best.

6. You finally break down and give a party, but at 10:30 it's already winding down. To liven it up you:
   A. Have everyone take off their shoes and butter each other's toes.
   B. Play the Stones' latest album and stage an amateur striptease contest.
   C. Show home movies of your most erotic vacation.
   D. Ask everyone to close their eyes, remove their underwear, toss it in a big pile and try to match the undies to the owners.

7. Who would you most like to have with you on a desert island?
   A. Donny Osmond
   B. Warren Beatty
   C. Your current lover
   D. The Los Angeles Rams

8. It's a Sunday afternoon and your man has fallen asleep on the couch during the half-time of a football game. You:
   A. Curl up next to him.
   B. Tuck a blanket around him, turn off the TV, and go to a movie.
   C. Carefully unzip his jeans and wake him with a big wet kiss.
   D. Gently ease his hand into a bowl of warm water.

9. You wake up and suddenly recall the erotic dream you had. Your hand travels down between your thighs. A few minutes later, you realize that a neighbor is watching you through the window as you masturbate. What do you do?
   A. I don't masturbate.
   B. How exciting! I'd just keep on.
   C. How embarrassing! I'd stop, of course.
   D. I'd ignore the peeping tom, and before leaving for work put a sign in the window saying, "Next Show 11:30."

10. Who do you have a secret crush on?
    A. Your shrink.
    B. Your priest or rabbi.
    C. Your boyfriend's brother.
    D. Your brother.

11. What kind of man interests you the most?
    A. Someone who's kind, sensitive and intelligent.
    B. He likes leather, drinks beer and often shows people the scar from his prostate operation.
    C. He drives a Porsche, lives with his mother, is knowledgeable about domestic wines and wears Hushpuppies.
    D. Calls himself "Buddy."

12. What is your most essential health or beauty aid?
    A. Flavored douche.
    B. Blow dryer.
    C. Eye makeup.
    D. Refillable prescription for penicillin.

13. On a scorching summer day, you drive through town with the top down, wear-

Illustration by Everett Peck

ing a sundress but nothing under it. You stop at a red light, and suddenly realize that your skirt has blown up to your waist and the passengers in the bus in the next lane are all staring at you. How do you handle it?

A. You lose your cool and drive right through the red light.
B. Act like nothing's wrong.
C. Smile, wink and blow kisses to the crowd, but don't touch your skirt.
D. Rearrange your skirt and blush beet red, then turn off onto another street at the next corner.

14. We all have lesbian fantasies. Under what circumstances would you feel comfortable living them out?

A. In a faraway town, with a stranger who didn't know your real identity.
B. If she came from a good family.
C. That's sick, you'd never even consider it.
D. At gunpoint.

15. You get a summer job as a Hollywood studio tour guide. One day, as you shepherd your tourists down the hall, you see Warren Beatty walking toward you. The tourists mob him for autographs. What do *you* do to get his attention?

A. Slip your name and phone number into his pocket.
B. Scream, faint and come to in his arms.
C. Rip your blouse open and show him his name tattooed across your chest.
D. Smile sweetly and grab his crotch.

16. Your man gave you a key to his apartment. One day you let yourself in and find him in bed with another woman who you know to be married to someone else. They don't see you. What's your next move?

A. Join them.
B. Leave quietly and never mention it.
C. Make a scene and never let either of them forget it.
D. Slip out quietly, come back with your camera, then sell the negatives to the highest bidder.

17. How many men have you had sex with?

A. You're saving yourself for marriage.
B. You can count them on one hand.
C. You lost count in 1972.
D. One at a time or all together?

18. What does "high fashion" mean to you?

A. An Oscar de la Renta original.
B. Wearing a Dodger baseball jersey with Joan Crawford "fuck me" pumps.
C. A member of the American Nazi Party on mescaline.
D. Dating a famous dope dealer.

19. Your man has thrown you over for another woman. How do you deal with it?

A. Call him up at 3 A.M. and beg him to take you back.
B. Firebomb his house.
C. Cry to your friends or your shrink.
D. Suffer a few days, then go on with life.

20. How old were you when you lost your virginity?

A. You're still waiting.
B. Eight, if your father doesn't count.
C. Nineteen, in a panty raid on the men's dorm.
D. What's virginity?

21. At a singles bar you meet a man, chat for a couple of hours, then go home with him. As he opens the door of his apartment, you suddenly realize that you've gone home with him before. How do you react?

A. You're torn between being insulted that he doesn't remember you and hoping that he never does.
B. Say nothing, but stay, have a great time, then devote your life to searching singles bars for "reruns" to see how many remember you.
C. Laugh and tell him.
D. Leave and resolve to change your ways; the "swinging life" is not for you.

22. How do you think your friends describe you?

A. "Lots of laughs, but I wouldn't want to be her."
B. "A loving, kind, dear person who is too good to live in this world."
C. "An indifferent person who makes up for her bland personality by being wealthy."
D. "A big girl who should not wear plaids."

(Continued on page 110)

Late Night Reading

JENNY:
I started my own mail order business last year after I got tired of starving to death on coolie wages working for other people. My income isn't fantastic, but it's enough to live on, and most importantly, my time is my own and I like what I do.

I start work early in the morning and take a long break when the mail arrives, about noon. Sometimes I'm able to arrange my schedule so that I can take an afternoon off, but that usually depends on how many orders come in.

My mail man is a real nice guy, and always brings the mail to the door when there's too much to fit in the letter box. A couple of times I've been tempted to invite him in for coffee but I never have. He's real cute, in his midtwenties I figure, tousled blond hair and sparkly blue eyes.

He used to call me "Miss Burns" but lately he's started calling me "Jenny," so I finally asked him his name—it's Tony. I think Tony's kind of interested in me, too. Once or twice he's lingered at the door like he wanted to say something. So far, though, he hasn't really made a move, and I'm far too shy to blurt out anything myself.

Even though I've been keeping my feelings hidden, they come out at night when I'm alone and I close my eyes and think about what could happen:

It's a hot summer day and I've left the front door open, hoping to get a breeze, even though I don't have a screen door and somebody could just walk in. I'm in my office in the back of the house, and because of the heat I'm wearing just my bikini panties.

My neighborhood is very quiet, and being in the back of the house, I don't even hear cars passing by in the street. Taking the morning's silence for granted, I nearly jump out of my skin when I hear my name called. Without even a thought for my near nakedness, I rush out towards the front of the house and find Tony standing in the living room.

"Jenny," he says, his words rushing out in a jumbled torrent, "Are you okay? I'm sorry I barged in like this, but the front door is wide open and you weren't anywhere in sight and I thought maybe something had happened to you so I rushed in in case there was something . . ." Suddenly he stops talking as his eyes travel down my body and the visual message is transmitted to his brain. Then very slowly, almost a whisper, "Oh my god."

Quickly I remember my lack of clothes and feebly try to cover myself with my hands.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Look, I'm such a jerk; I had no business coming into your house. I guess you're okay, so I'll split." He looks so miserable that I forget to be embarrassed.

"Tony, wow, thanks a lot. For wanting to help, I mean. I'm really flattered." Now forgetting myself completely, I walk over to him and kiss his cheek. "It's really sweet that you were ready to rush in here and protect me from, well, from whatever."

"Jenny, if you're okay, I really better go."

"Hey, you at least deserve a hero's welcome. How about a cold drink?"

"No, I've got to leave." A pink blush is rising from his collar and he looks away from me. "You don't have any . . . I mean, Jenny, you're naked! And, it's, well, you're turning me on."

I can hardly believe my own ears when I

Photography by David Meyer

hear myself brazenly say "And about time, too!"

"Whaatt?!!"

"I've been thinking and daydreaming about you for weeks. I thought you were interested too, but too shy to say anything."

"I don't believe this!"

"Well, now I'm saying something, and I'm not at all sorry. I'll probably feel like a fool later, though, or maybe sooner than that if I'm wrong about the way you feel. But you *did* say I turn you on."

Tony doesn't answer, he just reaches out with both hands and grabs my breasts. Kneading my nipples with his thumbs, he pushes me up against the wall and presses against me. I can feel his desire rising in his pants. His mouth is on my neck, biting and sucking, and he is not gentle.

He is moaning now and so am I. His breathing becomes loud and labored and he is humping me hard against the wall, his hands rushing over my body, stopping to squeeze my buttocks hard. This shy soft-spoken man is turning into an animal, and his rough handling is getting me incredibly excited.

He pushes me to the floor, on my back, and straddles my shoulders. He grabs a coil of extension wire off the hall table and pushing my arms over my head, quickly ties my wrists together. He unzips his pants to free his cock and says "Eat this, suck it!" Forcing his cock deep into my mouth, he closes his eyes and moves up and down, fucking my lips, my tongue. Suddenly he shrieks and comes in my mouth but he does not stop pumping into me. I feel his semen filling my throat and dribbling out of my mouth, onto my cheeks, my neck.

I think he is finished. He is now very still on top of me, but I am still hot, my pussy is burning up, and my hips are swaying and moving from side to side.

Then Tony lifts himself off of me. Kneeling between my legs, he rips away the thin nylon of my panties. Bending his head to me, he gently kisses the inside of my thighs. then opens his mouth to take in my flesh in giant hard bites. My hips are off the floor and my body is trembling as he slides his hands under my butt and moves his mouth up to my aching pussy. He tongues my dripping slit, biting and sucking my clitoris until my body is wracked and shaken as I come and come and come.

Tony pushes his pants down and still kneeling between my thighs, pushes my legs up until my feet are on his shoulders. With one thrust, he rams his rock hard prick all the way into me, fucking me deep and hard. His cock is huge and feels red hot, and I come again in an endless wave of mounting orgasm. Suddenly I hear a loud gutteral, animal cry, and he comes with such force that I can feel his juice shooting into me like machine gun fire.

We lie together on the floor for a while, then Tony unties my arms and carries me into the bedroom.

We lay down on the bed together and fall into a light sleep in a tangle of arms and legs. A barking dog wakes us an hour later, and we spend the rest of the day exploring each others bodies and all the variations of lovemaking we can think of.

SUSAN:

A gorgeous hunk of man moved into my apartment building last month, but so far all he's done is smile and nod hello when I see him in the elevator. The busybody building doorman told me the hunk's name is John; that he lives alone on the sixth floor, and that women sometimes visit him for the evening, but he doesn't seem to have a steady girl friend.

John is a terrific-looking man, and since my boyfriend and I broke up, I haven't met anyone who's turned me on at all. John, though, is a definite candidate. He's of medium height, sandy brown hair, with a slim, compact build—just the way I like 'em.

Last night I went down to the basement laundry room to do my weekly wash. It was after eleven when I got down there—I wanted to avoid the crowd—so I was getting pretty tired, and I guess I must have dozed off waiting for the clothes to finish drying. I was awakened by the rattle of the heavy laundry room door as someone else came in; it was John. I must have blushed every shade of red when I saw him because the sight of his face suddenly made me remember the dream I was having when he walked in.

I tell them they may lick me anywhere they like, but they must be sure to please me.

It started just that way, with John coming into the room just after I'd put my laundry into the washer. He smiled and nodded, deposited his wash in a machine, and we sat silently in opposite chairs, each of us with a magazine. I noticed that John was glancing at one of those men's magazines that features provocative photos of nude women. I was reading *Playgirl,* which featured a four-page photo spread of a man who could have been John's twin. Looking at the naked stranger in the magazine, I imagined what John looked like under his clothes, and glanced up at him only to find him staring at *me.*

"Excuse me," he said, "I don't mean to stare, but there's a girl in this magazine who looks just like you."

"Really?" I said, "I was just thinking the same thing."

"Huh?"

"I mean, there's a picture of a man in my magazine who could be your twin; if you've got a beauty mark on your thigh, that is. Well, let me see my double," I said as I held out my hand for the magazine.

"Oh, uh, well, I mean . . ." his voice trailed off.

"She's naked, right? And you're embarrassed to show it to me. Well, don't be." I walked over and looked over his shoulder at the picture. No wonder he was hesitant—she wasn't just naked, she was spread-eagled on satin sheets with one hand between her legs, and the ecstatic expression on her face said she wasn't just scratching an itch.

I certainly didn't expect that! But I tried to be nonchalant.

"Her face looks a lot like mine," I offered, "but I have to say, I've got a better body." With that, I undid the loose belt on my kimono, and held it open.

He practically jumped out of his chair, but didn't say a word. My naked body was only inches away from him, and I walked around to face him so he could get a better look.

"My boobs are bigger and firmer, and my waist is smaller and my bush is fuller and curlier." My hands caressed my body as I extolled its good points. John didn't look quite so surprised anymore, but his eyes were getting glassy and his mouth was hanging open. I leaned down until my right nipple was practically grazing his lips.

"Don't you agree?" I whispered.

A sound escaped John's lips, between a sigh and a moan, and his tongue reached out to lick my erect nipple. His hands went to my hips, but I spun away and walked over to a washing machine. I jumped up on the machine's closed lid.

"And I've got a prettier pussy, too." I spread my legs and leaned back, and began to rub myself just like the girl in the picture. I closed my eyes and ran my tongue across my lips. I could feel the juice running out of my pussy and rubbed it over my clit as I massaged myself. I heard John's chair scrape against the cement floor as he stood up; then footsteps.

His tongue replaced my hand as he hungrily sucked and licked my aching pussy. The touch of his soft mouth combined with the heat and vibrations of the machine brought me to an immediate orgasm, but John didn't stop eating me until I came a second time.

Then he stood up and dropped his pants. I opened my eyes to see his swollen prick just before it disappeared inside me. The washer changed cycles and the machine vibrated faster. John pumped into me, his huge cock moving hard inside me; then we

(Continued on page 28)

the health hot line

BY ANN ALLISON

Statistics consistently show male alcoholics outnumber females four to one. But studies with a group of specially bred mice who inherit the desire to overindulge in alcohol now suggest that, under the right conditions, women are far more susceptible to alcohol abuse than males.

Dr. Alan C. Church, a biopsychologist soon to join the University of Pennsylvania's department of psychiatry, claims that among his special mice, "the females drink the males under the table and will do so whenever they have the chance."

Church began his work looking for evidence of inborn factors to account for alcoholism. He and scientists at the University of Colorado bred two groups of mice: one alcohol "sensitive"; the other alcohol "insensitive." The alcohol "insensitive" mice, after getting the equivalent in a human of thirteen ounces of vodka, fall asleep for twenty minutes. Alcohol "sensitive" rodents sleep for two hours on the same dose.

But the soused mouse story didn't take on a sex angle until researchers found that in both groups, the females indulged in a lot more boozing than males and could "hold their liquor a lot better."

"The males won't drink to staggering but the females will," said Dr. Church in an interview. Although the sex differences he found remain a curiosity with no known cause at this time, other studies suggest that genetic factors play a significant role in alcoholism. And gender is of course the major inherited "condition."

Dr. Church also suggests that social taboos are lifting and the ladies' true genetic susceptibility—if his work is correct—will begin to show in future years.

The trend toward more "natural," unmedicated births also got a boost recently in the journal *Obstetrics and Gynecology*, where a report concluded that the Lamaze technique of childbirth preparation produces more benefit and less complications for all concerned.

Some two thousand women were studied by Dr. Michael J. Hughey of Evanston (Illinois) Hospital and coworkers over a thirteen month period. Half were Lamaze mothers and half were not. Both groups had similar backgrounds.

The Lamaze mothers had one fourth fewer cesarean sections and one fifth less incidents of fetal distress. Newborn death rates were also a fraction of those recorded among non-Lamaze mothers, as were maternal infections and lacerations of the birth canal.

Young women who have multiple sex partners may have a higher than normal risk of suffering repeated bouts of nonspecific vaginitis—an inflammation of the vagina marked by burning, itching and bad odor.

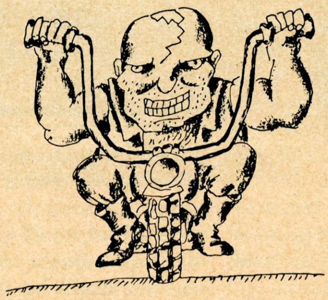
A team of researchers headed by Dr. Terrence A. Pheifer, formerly of the University of Washington's Harborview Medical Center and the U.S. Public Health Service hospital in Seattle, isolated a bacterium called *haemophilus vaginalis* from the urethras of 58 percent of thirty-three sexually active men. They had no vaginitis-like symptoms, but the Seattle scientists believe they can pass the bacterium on to their sex partners because seventeen of eighteen women with nonspecific vaginitis harbored the same bug. Only one of eighteen women without symptoms carried it in their reproductive tracts.

Although many cases of vaginitis have known causes, such as trichomonas (protozoa) or candida albicans (fungus), the culprit in nonspecific vaginitis has until now been a mystery.

If Dr. Pheifer and his coworkers are correct, implications for treatment and prevention are significant.

For one thing, their findings explain why the three drugs most commonly prescribed for nonspecific vaginitis—ampicillin, tetracycline and sulfa creams—often don't work. While the trio is effective against trich and candida, haemophilus vaginalis bacteria seem immune to them. (The researchers say Flagyl, a compound prescribed for "trich" infections, is effective, but because that drug has been linked to cancers in test animals, its use for nonspecific vaginitis is questionable at best.)

If you're bothered by chronic nonspecific vaginitis, it may be wise to have your sex partner (or partners) join you for a trip to the doctor. While the condition cannot be termed a true "venereal disease" at this stage, it does appear to be sexually transmissable.

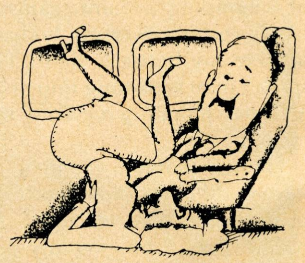


Pressure from motorcyclists has prompted twenty-two states to repeal mandatory safety-helmet laws. Now *Medical World News* magazine reports they may be "lobbying their way into the grave." Deaths are up 23 percent since repeal.

Antihelmet motorcyclists claim helmets are hot, impair vision and hearing and that their weight contributes to neck injuries. Others insist on their "rugged individualists' " rights to take their own chances.

But as Dr. Susan Baker, of Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, points out, the ultimate cost of that derring-do is society's: for doctors, hospitals, insurance and rehabilitation programs for paraplegics of up to $100,000 a year or more.

Dr. Joan B. Claybrook, head of the National Highway Traffic and Safety Administration, notes that 4,082 cyclists were killed in traffic accidents in 1977, an increase of 770 over the previous year. In one state, head injuries alone increased 70 percent in the first year after repeal of a helmet law. (Many specialists considered the motorcycle "a death machine" even before the helmet law repeal craze. Bikers have a death rate up to twenty times that of auto passengers.)



Leaving on a jet plane for a winter holiday? Some tips for coping with jet lag: Drink a lot—but not alcoholic beverages—to avoid dehydration. Try to stretch out and sleep. If you can't, exercise in your seat or walk up and down the aisles periodically. (United Air Lines pilots do deep knee bends in flight.) Flexing the knees and ankles and alternately tensing and relaxing muscles also help.

Univeristy of California scientists believe they now know why "sugar pills"—called placebos in medical language—give some patients the same relief from severe pain as narcotics and other real analgesics.

Dr. Jon D. Levine told the Second World Congress on Pain in Montreal that placebos trigger a series of brain chemical events that result in the release of endorphins.

Endorphins, the body's own pain relievers, are chemically related to morphine but are produced by the brain and the body's master gland, the pituitary. ■

Illustrations by Marv Rubin

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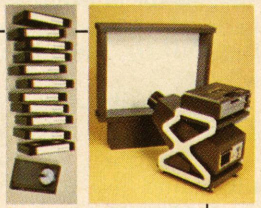

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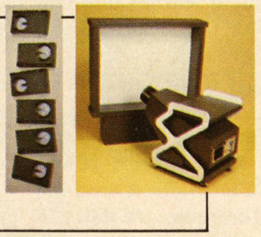

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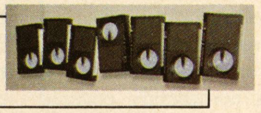

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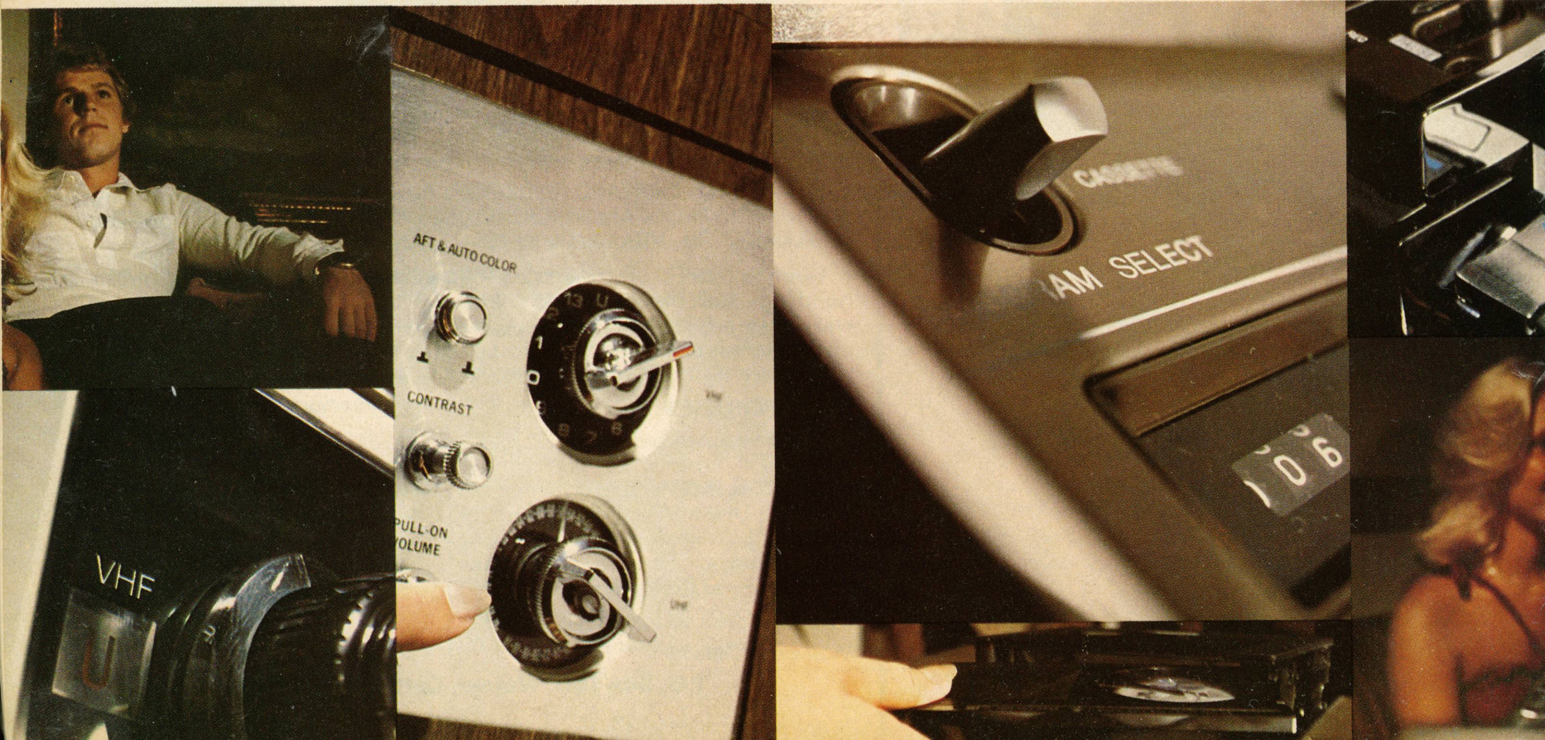

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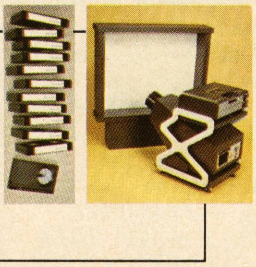

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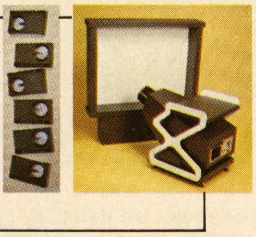

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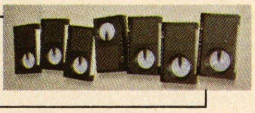

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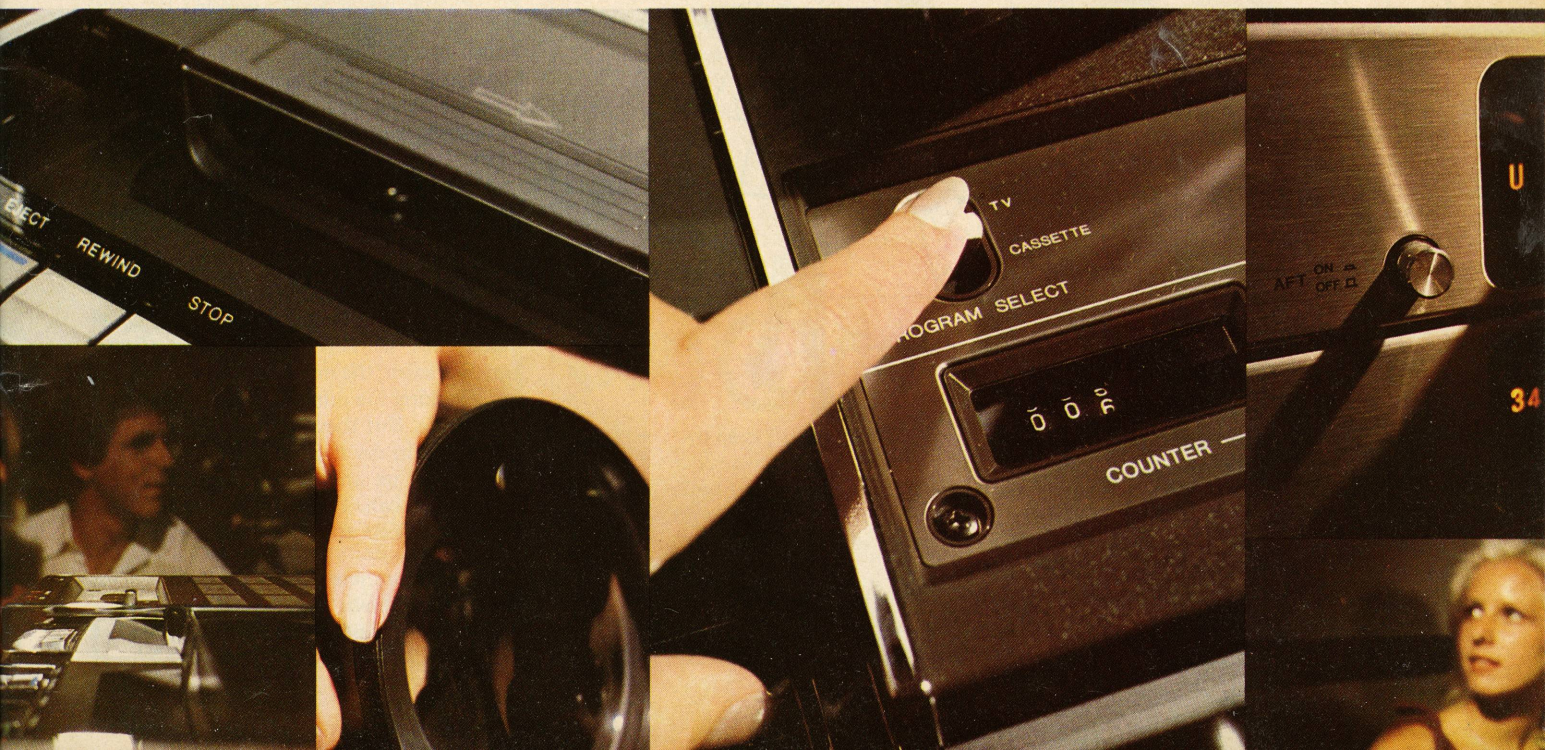


FANTASIES

(Continued from page 23)

both came—just as the machine clicked off.

HONEY:

I'm on a train speeding across the south of France. I boarded at Genoa and I'm going to the Spanish border. It's a grey, sunless day and the clickety-clack of the rails is burning a litany into my brain. The train is nearly empty. I've finished the book that was to see me through my journey and I'm restless.

I walk through the cars but there is nothing to divert my attention. On one side, the tall windows revealing the monochromatic sameness of the sparse, flat landscape; on the other, the closed doors of probably-empty private compartments.

I stop at an open window to light a cigarette. Leaning on my forearms, I stare out at the countryside. The sound of the rails is growing even louder in my ears.

I feel hands on my hips. I am too shocked to move. The hands move under my dress, caress my thighs and buttocks. I am transfixed.

My bikinis are pulled down around my knees, and as I lean forward an enormous hard prick roughly forces into me. I hold on to the window sill to keep my balance as he thrusts in and out of me. We are swaying with the motion of the train. His hands kneading my hips, he pumps harder and harder, his cock feels like it's swelling even larger inside me; then I orgasm only moments before he explodes.

He moves out of me. I hear the compartment door slam shut. I haven't even seen his face.

JANE:

My fantasy is not about anybody in particular, just men who are strangers to me. How I meet them doesn't matter, what is important is that they come to my apartment—two of them—begging me to dominate them. I've been having this fantasy for years, always when I masturbate, and always the same fantasy.

Sometimes I will change small details about the men's looks to match those of some stranger I've seen, but their appearance doesn't really matter, just that they are young, strong and handsome.

The men are kneeling at my feet, naked, except for heavy studded leather dog collars. I stand above them, tall, beautiful and regal. In my right hand I hold a whip. The men know I will use it if they do not do exactly what I say.

I order them to carry me to the huge king-sized bed. It is covered with down-filled satin pillows and satin sheets, and the walls and ceiling of the room are entirely mirrored.

First they rub my body all over with love oil. It is a sweet-smelling lubricant that warms up my skin the more they rub it on. Their hands are all over my body—kneading and massaging—paying special attention to my breasts and inner thighs, but they are not allowed to touch my pussy—not yet. Then they gently turn me over onto my stomach, again oiling and massaging me from head to toe, but careful not to invade the cleft between my buttocks.

When my skin is completely covered with oil, they lick my glistening body, starting at my toes, which they slowly suck one by one, then they continue on upwards until my fingers are in their mouths. I tell them that one of them may lick me anywhere he likes, but he must be sure to please me, or he will feel the sting of my whip. I tell the other man to stand where I can see him—and where he can see exactly what the other is doing to me—while he strokes his long hard cock. But he must not come.

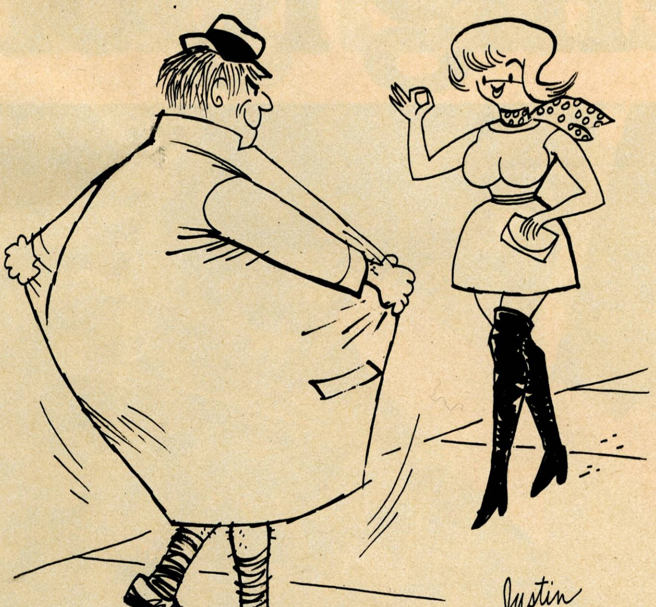
The man on the bed with me runs his tongue down my spine to my buttocks, tracing wet circles on my skin, then slowly slides his tongue between my cheeks to lick my anus. His tongue is moving agonizingly slowly and I can feel my pussy dripping as his tongue presses harder. All the while I am watching the other man. Then I tell them to turn me over.

Gently, they lift my body and place me on the bed on my back. I don't have to give them any more instructions—they know exactly what to do. I only tell them that now they may touch any part of me.

One of the men positions himself between my open legs and starts to lick and massage my thighs. His mouth and fingers work up to my creaming pussy until they are on my throbbing clitoris, rubbing, kissing and sucking until I am almost ready to come. The other man is kneading my breasts while he licks my neck and shoulders. Then his mouth is on my breasts, he is sucking my nipples. The man between my legs has moved one hand under me so that his fingers are teasing my anus. With his other hand, he slips his fingers in and out of my vagina, as his tongue moves rhythmically over my clit.

The men are coordinating their movements now. The hands on my breasts, the mouth on my nipple, the fingers in my anus and cunt, and the hot wet mouth on my clitoris are all moving, sucking and rubbing in the same slow rhythm. My body is trembling and jerking but they do not change their tempo. My body is on fire, my flesh hot and tingling, and an orgasm sweeps over me as I gasp and cry out. But the men do not stop. The mouths and hands on my nipples and cunt just move faster and suck harder, and they do not miss a beat. Still moving together, they continue pleasuring me until I have come three times more.

Then the one at my breasts straddles my head and lets his cock dangle at my mouth, as my tongue reaches out to lick just the head of it. The other man climbs on top of me and slowly slides his swollen penis into my wet box and fucks me hard until I come again, but neither man climaxes. Every time I orgasm, the men change position but keep fucking me until I tell them that they may come. But they can only come in my pussy, not in my mouth. They fuck me for hours until we are all exhausted and have come all we can. Then I fall into a delicious dreamless sleep. ■



Will you share your fantasies with Playgirl? *Send them to Erotic Fantasies,* Playgirl, *1801 Century Park East, Suite 2300, Los Angeles, California 90067.*

TEN POUNDS IN TEN DAYS

BY JUDIE LEWELLEN

This custom-made diet is for women who are members of the "fat fringe." Those of us who are not especially what others would term "overweight" but whose cigarette-legged jeans resemble cigars when pulled up over our thighs. After years of steady dieting—and I mean testing every fad diet that came along—editors at *Playgirl* have come up with the perfect diet to lose those ten excess pounds. And in a hurry!

Start this diet by cleaning out your refrigerator. Be merciless. Anything not on the diet menu goes. Stock your fridge with bottles of club soda (great with a twist at dinner in place of wine) and diet soda (in assorted flavors so when you crave fruit you can pop open a wild raspberry, when you crave a malt you can pop open a chocolate).

Go on a one-shot marketing spree and buy your ten-day food supply all at once. Since portions of meat and fish needed for the dinner menus are small, you can freeze precooked individual servings. Purchase six-ounce cans of juice by the six pack.

You can, of course, drink coffee and tea with your meals, but without sugar and cream. In ten days, if you haven't cheated, you'll have lost the ten pounds. Give it a try. Consult your physician before starting any diet.

day 1 day

Morning: two eggs, either boiled or scrambled with ½ teaspoon butter or margarine
½ grapefruit
Lunch: two hard-boiled eggs
six-ounce can of tomato juice
one small carrot
one stalk celery
Dinner: four ounces lean beef *or* six ounces chicken (remove skin)
one wedge lettuce
one cup cooked broccoli

day 2 day

Morning: ½ small cantaloupe
one egg, scrambled or boiled
Lunch: eight ounces cottage cheese
fresh peach
Dinner: four ounces halibut, broiled
lemon as seasoning
one cup asparagus with ½ pat butter
radishes, celery, carrots (all you want)

day 3 day

Morning: one medium-sized bran muffin (as a reward for being so good!)
Lunch: 3½-ounce can of water-packed tuna
Dinner: one lean lamb chop
spinach salad with two teaspoons Italian diet dressing and one teaspoon Baco Bits

day 4 day

Breakfast: two eggs, boiled or scrambled with ½ teaspoon butter or margarine
cantaloupe (½ small)
Lunch: three-ounce can boneless chicken
six-ounce can tomato juice cocktail
Dinner: large mixed green salad with two teaspoon Italian diet dressing
one medium tomato (in wedges)
eight ounces cottage cheese

day 5 day

Breakfast: to break the egg/grapefruit routine:
one large shredded wheat biscuit
or ½ cup bite-sized shredded wheat
½ cup nonfat milk
Lunch: 3½-ounce can water-packed turkey
one fresh pear
Dinner: four ounces lean beef
one cup brussels sprouts
one small boiled potato

day 6 day

Breakfast: two eggs (usual style)
½ grapefruit
Lunch: eight ounces cottage cheese
three apricots
Dinner: four ounces chicken (sans skin)
one cup broccoli
one apple

day 7 day

Breakfast: ½ grapefruit
slice toast with ½ pat butter
Lunch: 3½-ounce can water-packed tuna
one medium tomato
Dinner: three ounces veal scallopini
one cup nonfat milk

day 8 day

Breakfast: ½ cup orange juice
two ounces bran flakes
½ cup nonfat milk
Lunch: 3½-ounce can water-packed chicken
one small apple
Dinner: three-ounce broiled steak
wedge lettuce
two teaspoons diet Italian dressing

day 9 day

Breakfast: two eggs
½ grapefruit
Lunch: eight ounces cottage cheese
six-ounce can tomato juice
Dinner: six ounces chicken (sans skin)
one cup broccoli

day 10 day

Breakfast: One bran muffin
Lunch: two hard-boiled eggs
six-ounce can tomato juice
Dinner: four ounces lean beef
one cup cooked broccoli
small lettuce salad with two teaspoons diet Italian dressing
one medium tomato, sliced ■

Exclusive Scoops From Our Super Snoop

BY JENEVAH GREGORY

Bisset—An actress with money savvy

Jacqueline Bisset is well on her way to becoming a millionaire, if she hasn't passed that mark already. Her money doesn't come from movies, but from real estate. She's one of the savviest buyers and sellers in Los Angeles' highly competitive market. . . . **Maureen O'Sullivan, Mia Farrow's** mother and Tarzan's loveliest Jane, has agreed to write her autobiography. Maureen was married to director **John Farrow** and despite their six children and many years together, it was one of Hollywood's stormiest marriages. . . . **Barbra Streisand** may make her directorial debut with *Yentle,* based on a novel by the Nobel prize-winning, Yiddish language author **Isaac Singer,** about a woman who dresses as a man to follow her devoted boyfriend. . . . Believe it or not, Barbra's boyfriend, **Jon Peters** had a winner with *Eyes of Laura Mars,* one of the worst movies of last year, which, nevertheless, turned out to be a box-office smash. . . . **Tommy Lee Jones** turned down the lead in *Amityville Horror,* saying he never wanted to be associated with movies about mysterious other-worldly life-forces. **James Brolin** got the part.

Nick Nolte, who took a trouncing from the critics with *The Deep,* bounced back into favor with his extraordinary performance in *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

It's also given executives some new faith and Nick's finally gotten a deal together for a pet project of his based on the novel *North Dallas Forty.* That's about a former Dallas Cowboys star who leaves football and tries to find another life. Paramount's putting up the money for *North Dallas Forty* with Frank Yablans, once the head of Paramount, now an independent producer, *Tempus Fugit* 1978 Movies of the year: *Days of Heaven, Midnight Express.* Most eagerly awaited film: *Superman.* Couple of the year: Warren Beatty/Diane Keaton. Couple of a week: Liza Minnelli/Mikhail Baryshnikov. Marriage of the moment: Caroline Grimaldi/Philip Junot. Couple with muscle: Maria Shriver/Arnold Schwarzenegger. Death of Rock: The Who's Keith Moon. Most ambitious movie: *Interiors.* Most futile folly: *Comes a Horseman.* Most overworked actor: Burt Reynolds. Most underworked actor: Robert Redford. Best book deal: Putnam's $3 million for Mario Puzo's *Fools Die.* Best movie deal: Universal's $2.4 million for *The Island* by Peter Benchley. People to watch in 1979: Elizabeth Swados—Broadway (composer, director, writer), Pam Shriver—no relation to the Kennedys—tennis, Richard Gere—actor, Carey Peck—son of Gregory—politics.

Lauren Hutton is moving heaven and earth to get the lead role in the Frances Farmer Story titled *Shadowland.* Frances was one of the most famous stars of the thirties, a woman who was likened to Garbo for beauty, but who made the fatal mistake of being a political maverick (some said radical) who fell out of favor with the studios (she championed migrant farmers' rights before Cesar Chavez was born). Hospitalized for what was termed "nervous disorders," she was eventually thrown into a *Snake Pit*-like insane asylum where overzealous, surgery-happy doctors eventually performed what many experts think was a frontal lobotomy. *Shadowland,* written by journalist **William Arnold,** is not a book to be missed. It's been bought for independent production and Lauren, with her classic good looks, husky voice and independent manner, would be a perfect Frances Farmer.

Nolte—Pretty boy now critics' choice

Photography by Sylvia Norris

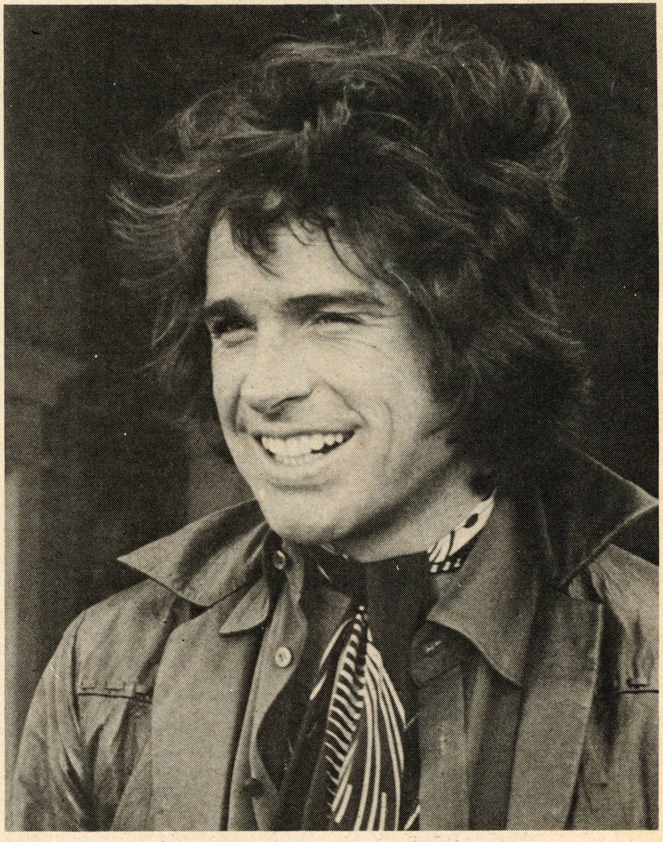
Dreyfuss—Sloppy, but a star nonetheless

The **Richard Dreyfuss** Watch: Dreyfuss has no intention of living in Los Angeles again—at least not for a long time. Instead, he's settled in his native New York, a decision based on the fact that Richard, an Academy Award winner last year at thirty, can hide out amid Manhattan's sea of faces. "In Los Angeles," he says, "everyone I talk with, sleep with and eat with is in show business. They all want something from me." Richard only wants to concentrate on his career and says he will return to stage acting (he did Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*) because he sees too much similarity between the film roles he's played. In New York, Rickie lives in a massive apartment on Central Park West. He also lives alone. His longtime girlfriend, **Lucinda Valles** is nowhere in his life these days although several other ladies, including **Carrie Fisher,** are. Richard says he'd like to do a modern love story in which the woman's inner life and sense of herself are the focal points—a movie about a man having to adjust to an independent woman, instead of the other way around. Richard concedes no one is writing this sort of movie because, "everyone is too close to it. Art reflects society and the relationship between men and women is so up in the air right now and attached to so many nerve endings that writers can't figure it out and when they start writing, they take easy ways out. Who can get a fix on what's going on? I think what I'd like to do is dramatize not knowing the answer." This summer, Richard again joins **Marsha Mason** in the sequel to *The Goodbye Girl,* which he says will deal much more with the woman's character and her career. We'll see.

Ralph Lauren, who designs all those incredibly expensive western clothes (try three hundred dollars and up for a suede shirt) wants to break into acting. He's already been in contact with executives at Warner Bros., with whom he shares the same parent company, Warner Communications, Inc. . . . .In case anyone in America doesn't know it, **Warren Beatty**'s had quite a life. Word from New York publishing circles is that Doubleday is anxious to get a Beatty biography onto their presses. They've dispatched supereditor **Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis** to woo Beatty. So far editor and star—or star and editor—have been discussing the possibility over intimate New York lunches. . . . Ah kismet. . . . **Cher** has bought acres of land in exclusive Bel Air and is having a million-dollar-plus home built. We understand the architect is planning a chic extravaganza in the Egyptian mode. Perhaps Cher spent too much time in Tut's tomb. . . .

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest director **Milos Forman,** now living in New York, putting the finishing touches on his new movie, *Hair,* took time out to give a very special party for twenty-one-year-old Wimbledon champ, Martina Navratilova. Martina, like Milos, is a Czechoslovakian exile (he left after the Soviet tank invasion in 1968; she left three years ago). Forman gathered together other Czech refugees to talk over old times—and old countries—and generally offer Martina their moral support in upcoming tennis championships. Milos also presented the shy Martina with a video tape of her Wimbledon win, carefully edited so that her early set losses to Chris Evert were nowhere to be seen.

The Dakota, a very ritzy cooperative apartment complex on New York's Central Park West (the site of *Rosemary's Baby*), is home to people like **Lauren Bacall, Rex Reed** and **John Lennon.** However, it will not be home to **Cher.** The residents of the Dakota decided she'd attract too much attention for their tastes to share their apartment house. She was blackballed in her bid to buy and abode within its walls. . . . **Al Pacino** is now working again, this time on a black comedy titled *Justice For All*—about the judicial system. **Norman Jewison** is directing. . . . **Suzy Chaffee,** who likes to call herself Suzy Chapstick on television, will write an "inspirational, self-help" book for Simon and Schuster. The tone will be all about how physical exercise keeps you happy. . . . Okay, but just remember **Fran Liebowitz,** author of *Metropolitan Life* says exercise is what you do when you light a cigarette and plot revenge. ■



Beatty bio in the hands of Jackie O

Travolta Treads the Top of the Rock Ladder

BY MERRILL SHINDLER

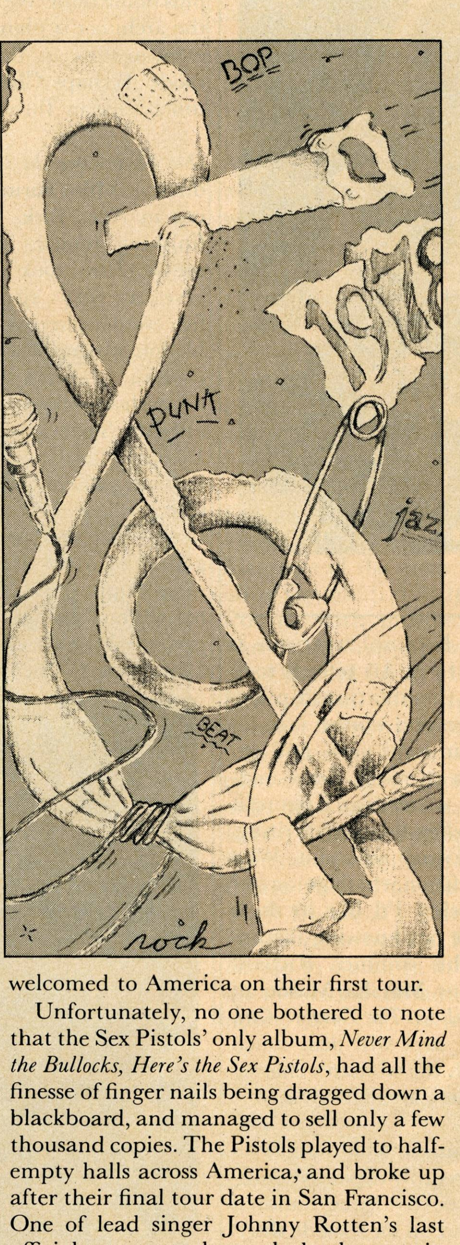
For a while, it seemed as if 1978 would never bottom out—maybe it never did! Lows followed lows. High hopes and expectations were dashed like so many lemmings. Just take a look at the wreckage this boondoggle year has left in its wake:

Bob Dylan released, almost simultaneously, one of the worst albums of his career, *Street Legal*, and one of the worst movies ever made, *Reynaldo and Clara*. *Street Legal* would have been Dylan's worst album had Columbia Records not revenged itself on Dylan some years back when he left for Asylum Records by releasing some outtakes he had done of other people's songs, which soon after became a standard for rotten albums.

Reynaldo and Clara, however, was anything but the worst music movie of the year. Beginning with the generally appealing *Saturday Night Fever*, the year dominoed quickly into an exploitation-created gutter, with the pointlessly false *FM* breeding *American Hot Wax*, which begat *Grease*, which in turn sired *Thank God It's Friday*, which, at rock bottom, pooped out the most diseased creation of the year—*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

Dylan, meanwhile, wasn't the only mainstay who was involved with tossing his career out the nearest window. Former Beatle Paul McCartney released an album so hopelessly self-indulgent that even those who've managed to survive the wimpy-rock direction that McCartney's headed in since the Beatles broke up found *London Town* to be an embarrassing heap of slush. Indeed, none of the Beatles has fared well of late. Both George Harrison and Ringo Starr produced albums of little import and negligible sales in the last year, while John Lennon (perhaps wisely) hasn't been in a recording studio in the last three years. This may explain the success of *Sgt. Pepper* and the stage play, *Beatlemania*. All that's left us, these days, is the legend.

It took a newer group from England, however, to cause 1978 to hit bottom. Riding on a wave built of a single, "Anarchy in the U.K.," which referred to Queen Elizabeth as "a moron," and a BBC-TV appearance in which they spouted profanity across the airwaves, the Sex Pistols became the punk rock darlings of rock journalism. Whatever they lacked in the way of musical talent, they made up for with an uncanny ability to create headlines. It was with great anticipation that the Sex Pistols were welcomed to America on their first tour.



Unfortunately, no one bothered to note that the Sex Pistols' only album, *Never Mind the Bullocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*, had all the finesse of finger nails being dragged down a blackboard, and managed to sell only a few thousand copies. The Pistols played to half-empty halls across America, and broke up after their final tour date in San Francisco. One of lead singer Johnny Rotten's last official acts was to demand a leather coat in return for a radio interview. He got the coat.

Not that the year was all flack and no substance. There were certainly some fine and brave moments. Several acts formerly believed to be missing in action reappeared with fine new albums and, in some cases, highly dynamic live shows. Bruce Springsteen, the "future of rock 'n' roll," finally put his managerial/legal problems behind him and produced a tough, relentless rock album, *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. And he took his E Street Band out on a four-month-long tour which justified his simultaneous appearance on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* several years back.

Boston, which had racked up the greatest sales in record history for a debut album, finally released their second album, which burned with the same dark fire as their first. Fine new albums also came from Bob Seger, Patti Smith, former New York Doll David Johansen, occasional Eagle Joe Walsh and, lest we forget, the Rolling Stones. Their *Some Girls*, though far from perfect, turned out to be the Stones' best album since *Exile on Main Street*; haunting, nasty, rude, smoldering, dirty just like rock 'n' roll should be.

And there were some fine new voices on the scene in 1978. Elvis Costello, Mink DeVille, Meatloaf, the Talking Heads, the Cars and Iggy Pop defined the shape of New Wave, a style of rock with deep roots in fifties and branches stretching into the eighties.

Other good news in 1978 included Kiss not releasing another album while the group's members worked on a film and individual projects; Helen Reddy not releasing another "best of" album; John Denver not releasing a Christmas album; and no venerable senators or congressmen adding their stentorian tones to an album in the great tradition of Everett Dirksen or Walter Brennan.

Finally, there's the worst musical trend of the year, which without doubt is the creation of disco singles by recycling old standards from the first half of the century. It began last year with "Baby Face" by the Wing and a Prayer Fife and Drum Corp., continued with "Chattanooga Choo Choo" by Tuxedo Junction, and then reached its nadir in late summer on an album titled *Silver Blue*, which interestingly mentions no musicians in its credits, thereby protecting the guilty from tar and feathers. The songs savaged include "Tennessee Waltz," "Yellow Rose of Texas," "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Jambalaya." The album isn't even worth using as a frisbee. And, adding insult to injury, its cover is the most blatantly sexist of the year, featuring a *Gentlemen's Quarterly*-style male model holding two lascivious, yet sweet, young things on leashes. They both look ready to roll over and play dead.

Which is just the kind of year 1978 has been. ■

Illustration by Jeffrey Lancaster

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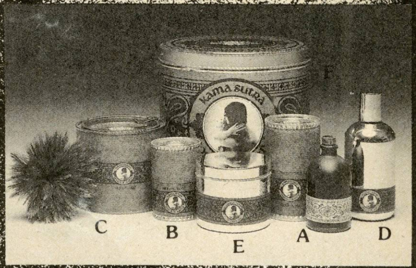

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A Year of Coitus Interruptus

BY JOHN C. MAHONEY

For better and worse, it has been the TV year of the rip off, the jigglies and coitus interruptus. It has been the year Fred Silverman moved his presidential offices from ABC, where he'd goosed the momentum to the top; to NBC, where the movement was decidedly down. Silverman promptly outraged his rivals and the production community by jumping the season's traditional premiere week. His ploy was thwarted by the rerun of his former network's *Roots*, which proved nearly as hot the second time around.

It has been the sort of year which suggests that the regular series format is waning in favor of selective viewing of quality specials and limited series; the sort of season in which the few exceptional shows were sacrificed at the outset by being thrown up against the lowest common denominators with the Top Ten ratings.

The best pilot episode of the new season was *The Paper Chase*, which managed to sustain its initial promise with some of the most urbane and substantive scripts in series television, with thanks to John Houseman in a repeat of his Academy-Award winning film role.

The same promise illuminated the opener of Jack Albertson's *Grandpa Goes to Washington*, a testy, calling-it-like-it-is assault on the political system. It quickly became infected with ordinary TV sitcom in-law jokes.

ABC's *20/20* is astigmatic. ABC News put Barbara Walters into the field, but not far enough for Harry Reasoner, who retreated to CBS. Phyllis George and *People* proved for all time that the best gossip is heard, not seen. NBC's *Weekend* moved to prime time, wasn't prime any more and is hardly seen any more.

W.E.B., created by former TV exec Lin Bolen, was a rip off of the movie *Network*, which was a rip off on Lin Bolen. Now we know how much Paddy Chayefsky improved on his material. Cancelled.

Battlestar Galactica captured the look of *Star Wars*, thanks to the special effects genius of John Dykstra, but Universal's sure going to get its money's worth if they keep recycling the same fly-by shots over and over again. This one looks like a one-season smash and a slow limp off.

Even one of the better new comedies from MTM, *WKRP in Cincinnati*, is a rip off of our little Mary's old show, moved from the TV news room to a failing radio station. They've used up the one joke already and haven't the chemistry to sustain.

Flying High—Coffee, tea or a threesome?

How many times are the girls on *Flying High* (known in the trade as PT3) going to coo provocatively, "I've got a two-day *layover* in . . ." before they get canned for excess time off?

Joe Namath's *Waverly Wonders* was a rip off of *Welcome Back, Kotter* without the chemistry, the scripts or the acting savvy. Hold on to your Brut stock, Joe. *Mork and Mindy* was this year's *Holmes and YoYo. Lifeline* might have been good actuality television if it hadn't been such an American Medical Association ass-kisser, but then what knife-happy, incompetent, drunken surgeon, overpricing to furnish his yacht, would allow cameras to follow him on his rounds?

The carbon copies of *Charlie's Angels* needn't be named as they'll be forgotten soon enough. *Taxi* is patterned after *Barney Miller* but it's got its own good chemistry and a choice time slot working in its favor.

Thanks to shrewd summer reruns, people discovered just how good *Soap* was, after the furor had died down, but then *Soap* went soft. *Vegas* won by default, and that explains most of the hits in series TV.

Almost. I'm weary of people rapping *Laverne and Shirley*. True, Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams don't add up to one Lucille Ball, but together they're doing the best low-comedy slapstick this side of *I Love Lucy* reruns and its success is no accident. Low comedy isn't bad comedy. Check your Shakespeare.

There was no more devious a ratings coup this year than President Carter's decision to cut into the triple play of the Emmy Awards, *Battlestar Galactica* and *King Kong* for his report on the Camp David Agreement.

The most barren plain in television continues to be that of musical variety. Mary Tyler Moore's show is essentially an ensemble revue. Dick Clark's clip-and-paste variety show proved to be no more than a scrapbook musical, amortizing the cost of new promotional appearances and stunts with oldie-but-goodie clips. Most specials continue to be blighted by the contractual or promotional imposition of guest stars from the network's series' fare, proving that they are as inept in song, dance and comedy as they are in action-adventure.

The year has seen no more encouraging evidence of a bright hope for the future of music on television than the return from an extended stay in London of the team of producer Gary Smith and director Dwight Hemion (*My Name Is Barbra*). Already having some of television's finest musical hours to their credit, the team returned with *Ben Vereen—His Roots* and *Bette Midler—Ol' Red Hair Is Back*; then topped it with *Steve and Eydie Celebrate Irving Berlin*, restoring meaning to the word "special," packing more pure evergreen lyricism into ninety minutes than any television outing in too many seasons.

Still, the finest American variety program consistently achieves more in its weekly half hour than will be found in most any superstar ego-trip venture. And it isn't a network show and it isn't produced in this country. Excluding a few vintage reruns which are more widely seen, this London-produced gem is currently the most popular syndicated first-run program in the world today, running on 156 stations here and in 106 markets abroad. It's *The Muppet Show*, the freshest and most innovative half hour in television, starring Jim Henson's plush cast of thousands.

No show makes better use of its musical guests, tailoring shows to best exploit their range of talent. And, for a show geared to the family hour and appeal to youngsters, it manages to get away with some of the most divinely subtle and blatantly delicious sex on TV, thanks to its nymphomaniacal resident chubette, Miss Piggy. Who can forget the night she trapped Rudolph Nureyev in a steam bath, trying to tug his towel off, while serenading him with "Baby, It's Cold Outside"? ■

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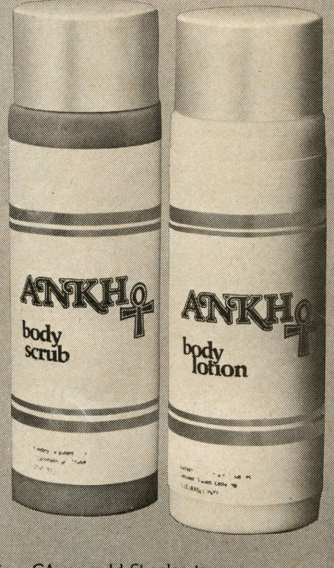

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Snuggle Up With One of These . . .

BY DICK LOCHTE

There was a time, not very long ago, when publishers tried to pretend that the month of January did not exist. Perhaps the Christmas effort was so intense a short vacation seemed in order. Perhaps they assumed that their customers had purchased enough volumes to carry them through till February. For whatever reason, those poor souls seeking something new to read in the new year were virtually abandoned. No longer.

This eases the load on the last minute or tardy gift giver who's looking for a book that couldn't possibly have been purchased before. It also aids the gift receiver who's stuck with three uncracked copies of *Scruples* and at least two of *Chesapeake,* who can now push the limit of their favorite book store's goodwill by trading them in on an assortment of brand new 1979 titles.

Although most coffee table tomes arrived in time for Santa, at least one intriguing art volume is scheduled for January. It's Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* (Doubleday, $24.95; $9.95, paper), consisting of color photos of the California artist's room-sized sculpture that includes thirty-nine place settings, each a tribute to a mythic or historic woman of influence.

Some current influential women have picked the premiere month to tell us more about themselves. Actress Lauren Bacall, evidently tiring of other people using her biography in vain, sets the record straight with *By Myself* (Knopf, $10.95). Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, assisted by novelist Shelby Hearon, has filled in the lines of her *Self Portrait,* labeled a "psychobiography" by its publisher (Doubleday, $8.95). Heiress Gloria Vanderbilt describes how she developed as both artist and woman in *Sharing Secrets* (Doubleday, $14.95). And Pauline Reage, the authoress of *The Story of "O,"* still hiding behind her pseudonym, has nonetheless allowed her first and, she says, last interview, with Regine Deforges providing the questions. What results is *Confessions of "O"* (Seaver Books, $8.95).

If you've a yen for fiction for those cold winter's eves, try *The Bitching Hour* (Morrow, $9.95), Diana Davenport's story of two powerful women, one a New York City newspaper publisher, the other the Empress of Iran. *Dubin's Lives* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10), Bernard Malamud's first novel in seven years, introduces us to a writer facing a series of personal crises. In Marlys Millhiser's horror yarn, a bride-to-be looks into *The Mirror* (Putnam, $9.95) and is transported back in time, trapped in the body of her own grandmother. In *For Better and For Worse* (Putnam, $8.95) by Myrna Blyth, a Manhattan housewife decides she'd rather be an unmarried woman; while in *The Thursday Woman* (Atheneum, $9.95), Muriel Davidson tells of a happily married woman who finds herself drawn to a man on trial for murder, with properly dire consequences. And, just when you thought it was safe to go back into the hospital, with memories of *Coma* fading, along comes Robert Ward's *The Sandman* (Atheneum, $9.95), about a mad medico who feels compelled to put sick people out of their misery.

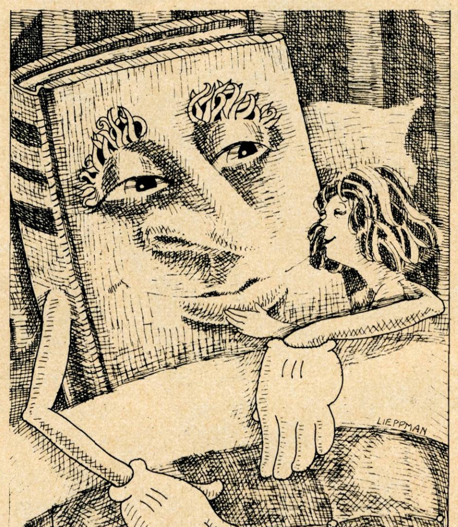

Illustration by Jeff Lieppman

The lack of magazines that carry short fiction has severely limited the number of hardcover anthologies and collections of same, but *The New Yorker,* almost single-handedly, has turned January into a bumper month for them. That magazine's Alice Adams's first collection is titled *Beautiful Girl* (Knopf, $8.95). Most of the stories in Edna O'Brien's *A Rose in the Heart* (Doubleday, $7.95) first appeared in *The New Yorker,* as did Ann Beattie's *Secrets and Surprises* (Random, $8.95) and the mainly conversational pieces that constitute Donald Barthelme's *Great Days* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95). *A Christina Stead Reader* (Random, $12.95) offers shorts and segments from novels by a woman whom Lillian Hellman has called the greatest living writer in the English language.

If you're interested in historical evidence of the accomplishments of women, there's Sally Van Wagenen Keil's *Those Wonderful Women in Their Flying Machines* (Rawson, $11.95), a look at the WASPs, the women pilots of WWII. *The Penguin Book of Women Poets,* edited by Carol Cosman, Joan Keefe and Kathleen Weaver (Viking, $15), spans 3,500 years in the culling of 400 poems. Thirty-five women describe how their lives have been altered by changing times in *Out of the Frying Pan: A Decade of Change in Women's Lives* by Nancy Young and Karol Hope (Anchor Press, $4.95, paper). Lois Decker O'Neill, meanwhile, has assembled the *Women's Book of World Records and Achievements* (Doubleday, $15; $7.95, paper), the feminine equivalent to the Guinness book of records. And *Artists in Aprons* by C. Kurt Dewhurst, Betty MacDowell and Marsha MacDowell (Dutton, $7.95, paper) is, in spite of its unfortunate title, a broad survey of folk art by American women.

Finally, there is an abundance of books for those who feel their selves need helping. If you're still in school, Bernard Feder's *The Complete Guide to Taking Tests* (Prentice-Hall, $8.95; $4.95, paper) might make the next semester a bit more bearable. Gary and Steve Null offer fast, fast relief with *Why Your Stomach Hurts: A Handbook of Digestion and Nutrition* (Dodd, Mead, $8.95). Dr. Joyce Brothers, no less, unlocks the secrets of success in *How To Get Everything You Want Out of Life* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). Worried about pollen and dust? *Coping with Your Allergies* by Natalie Golos, Frances Golbitz with Frances Spatz Leighton (S & S, $9.95) aids in prevention of and dealing with allergic reactions. And, as for shaping up and looking your best, Frank Zane, the current Mr. Olympia (a title formerly held by Arnold Schwarzenegger), and his wife Christine talk about *Beautiful Bodies—Naturally* (S & S, $9.95) via nutrition, weight watching and lifting, while Lelord Kordel provides *The Easy, Low-Cost Way To Total Beauty* (Putnam, $10).

A subgenre in the self-help category continues to burgeon—the books about relationships. Emily Coleman and Betty Edwards delve into *Brief Encounters* (Doubleday, $10), describing how to make the most, or the least, of short-term affairs. Lewis Yablonsky, studying case histories and such, tries to conclude why over half the married men in America fool around in *The Extra-Sex Factor* (NY Times Books, $9.95). Ulla Anobile and Richard J. Anobile have interviewed the founders of Sandstone and others for *Beyond Open Marriage* (A & W, $10.95), while Drs. Shirley and Leon Zussman and Jeremy Brecher get into *Getting Close: Enrichment for Couples* (Morrow, $8.95).

All of which should be of aid in combating the chill winds of winter. ■

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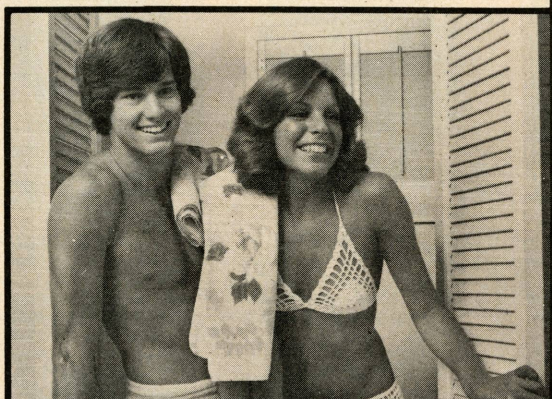

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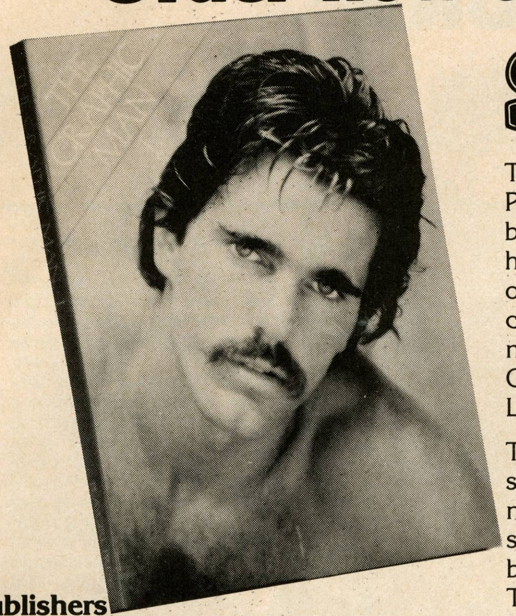
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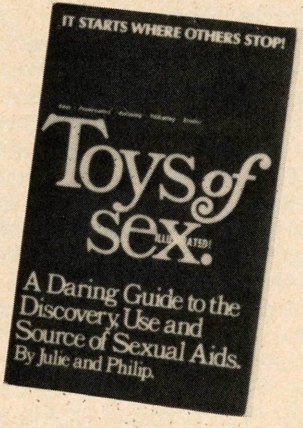
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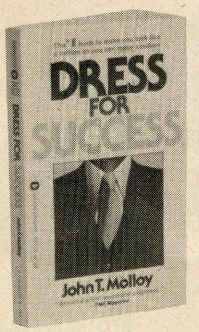
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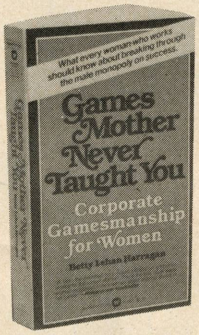
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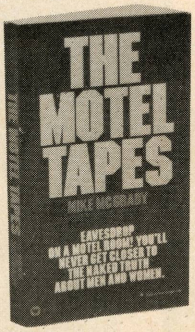
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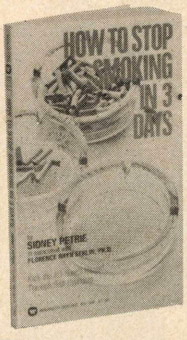
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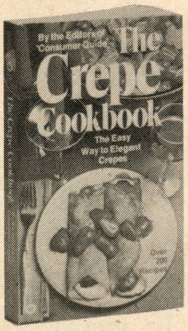
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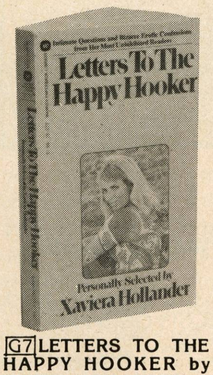
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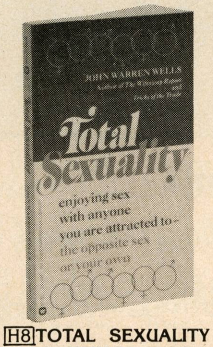
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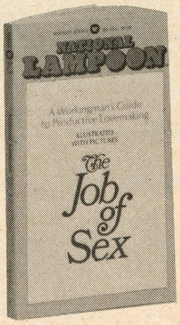
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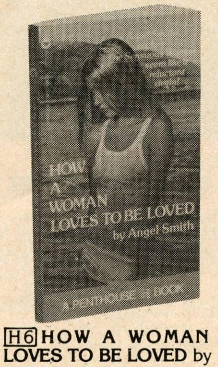
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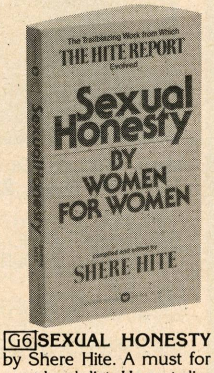
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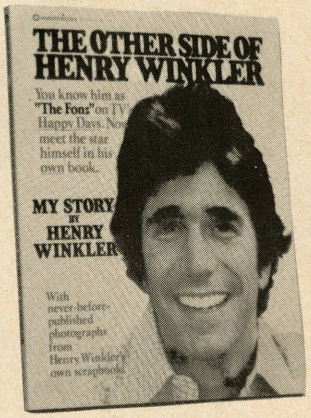
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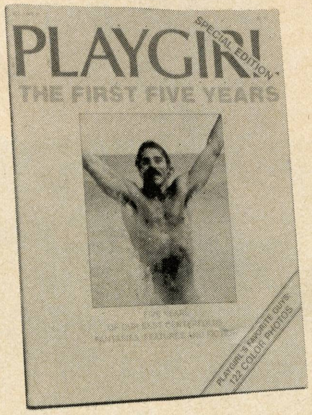
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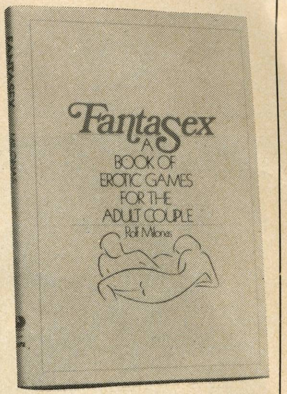
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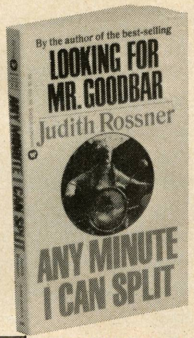
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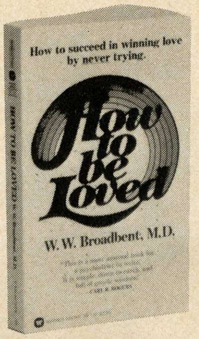
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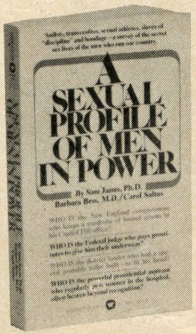
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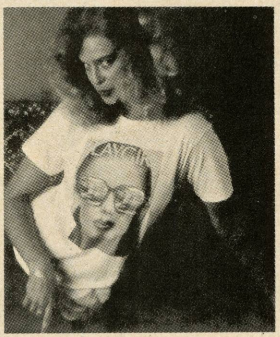

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Pretty Faces and Macho Men

BY PHYLISS GOYER

Big guns of '78—Travolta, Reynolds, Clayburgh and Busey

Whatever else may be said of the year 1978, the official seventy-fifth anniversary of the Hollywood film industry, it was the year of John Travolta, the most exciting screen presence of the seventies. The power available to him in the industry today attests to it. If a producer wanted Travolta to do the life of Christ, Travolta wouldn't get an argument if he insisted on cutting the crucifixion.

1978 saw advertising budgets rise frequently to eclipse the cost of the films. The TV blitz and saturation bookings (and increased ticket prices) have made it possible for several films to break the $100 million gross figure that it took nearly seventy-five years for any film to earn. And the films that break that mark often do so in as little as three months. Travolta's, for example.

Another to break the $100 million mark was Burt Reynolds with *Smokey and the Bandit. The End* and *Hooper* also kept theaters filled in a year that found critics finally coming around to what fans have realized for some time: that Reynolds has carefully developed a light-comic screen presence that usually transcends the vehicles in which he is cast. He is still looking for the challenge of another *Deliverance*. When it comes, he can deliver. Until then, he guarantees your money's worth in laughs and action played tongue in cheek.

For a year that has proven to be the most successful in screen history, the number of films distinguished by their quality is remarkably low. True, this is written before the studios dump their load of films in the year-end Academy-Award qualifying derby. Whatever treasures have slipped in between type and print, they will have to catch up with the solid achievements we have chosen to applaud here.

The most impressive bid for stardom this year was that which propelled Gary Busey in the title role of *The Buddy Holly Story*. Columbia has scheduled a reissue of the film to coincide with the announcement of Oscar nominations. They're that sure. Much of the film was in the tradition of Sam Katzman *Don't Knock the Rock* flicks, but Busey was sensational, becoming Holly, in appearance, in performance and—most incredibly of all—in his live musical impersonations. Busey is a sorcerer.

His counterpart from the ranks of actresses, possibly his better, is the extraordinary Jill Clayburgh, who delivered perhaps the most complex and achingly intimate performance of the year in *An Unmarried Woman*, as the rejected wife who emerges from suffocating loneliness transmuted through pain, a fuller woman, at once strong *and* vulnerable. She's already picked up the Cannes prize for her performance and Oscar seems within grasp. Her performance and the role are not just excellent, but important as well.

Another actor fully come into his own this year was Warren Beatty, the star, coauthor, codirector and producer of one of the year's most satisfying hits, *Heaven Can Wait*. He qualifies for honors in each category, having retained the substance of this remake while making it fully contemporary at the same time. Beatty proves himself the compleat filmmaker of the classiest sort, a man with the good sense and the daring to improve upon one of nature's worthier creations.

After *Midnight Cowboy*, there was a tendency to write Jon Voight off as a limited talent who had had the role and the direction to create a single memorable moment on film. Forget the other good roles on film and stage; no, it was no fluke and Voight astounded us with the power and sensitivity of his performance as the paraplegic lover Luke Martin in Hal Ashby's *Coming Home*, eclipsing even Jane Fonda, who brought uncommon passion to the project, which reexamined our feelings about the war in Vietnam and its effects on us as a nation and individuals.

Beatty's film also marked a spectacular comeback for Dyan Cannon, who also brightened the latest Pink Panther sequel, matching Peter Sellers scene for scene. *Grease* restored the stride in Stockard Channing's aborted career.

The year brought us a good number of young, virile and attractive new male players with star promise. There was Marc Singer in *Go Tell the Spartans* and Stan Shaw and Scott Hylands in *The Boys in Company C*, two other Vietnam War films. The latter also spotlighted Andrew Stevens, who went on to create a sensation as the star of TV's *The Bastard*. Brad Davis, so good as the poor white trash George in *Roots*, made a knockout feature starring debut in *Midnight Express*. Meanwhile Nick Nolte scored a personal success with *Who'll Stop the Rain?*

It wasn't all pretty faces and macho, though. One of the hottest actors in town right now is *Saturday Night Live*'s John Belushi, whose *National Lampoon Animal House* proved to be one of the year's biggest winners. It was a big year, far from the best, but generating enough opportunities to provide strong contenders for the juicy roles Travolta will have to be turning down. That's how pictures get made, just like Hertz keeps Avis rolling. ■

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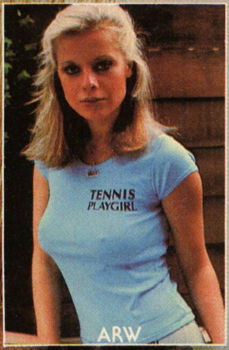
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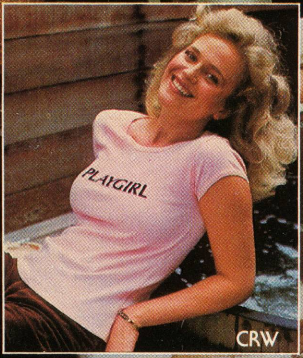

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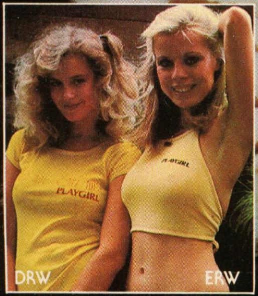
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SUPERMAN TAKES OFF!

IT'S A BIRD... IT'S A PLANE... IT'S CHRISTOPHER REEVE IN A ROLE THAT WILL CATAPULT HIM TO STARDOM.

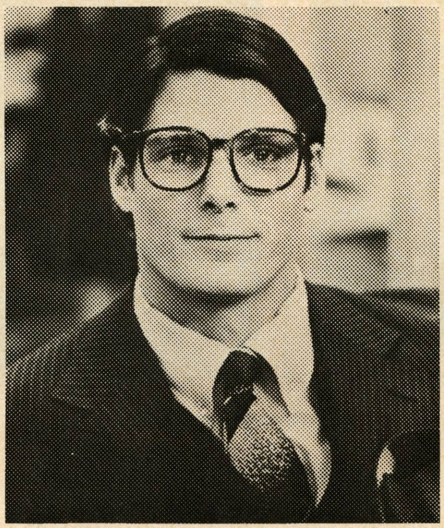
When Christopher Reeve was fourteen—and had already been involved in community theater in his native Princeton, New Jersey, for five years—one of his directors made a prophetic promise/warning: "Chris, you know, you better decide what you want, because you're going to get it."

What Chris Reeve is getting now—and indications are it's very much what he wants—is a ride on the tidal wave of publicity generated by the release of Superman, a film that took a nearly unprecedented eighteen months to complete and which consumed over $30 million in the process.

If Superman clicks—and producers Ilya Salkind, thirty, and Pierre Spengler, thirty-one, are counting on the post-Star Wars escapist mood of moviegoers to justify their inflationary expenditures—Reeve is certain to become Hollywood's next hottest leading man.

At the very least Reeve will be able to say that he grew in the role. When he won the part of Krypton's leading emigre, Reeve was a self-described "toothpick." The filmmakers, concerned about his less-than-super physique, invited Reeve to get into a special costume with built-in foam rubber muscles, but he figured even if he were portraying a character from a comic book, he wouldn't treat it like a joke.

Clearly a "method" actor, Reeve let it be known if they wanted their Superman to have bulging biceps and an imposing chest, he'd go to a gym and put them on himself. So began the Arnold Schwarzenegger phase of his career. His trainer was Dave Prowse, the actor/athlete who played Darth Vader in Star Wars and a couple of months later the new Christopher Reeve emerged with thirty extra pounds of muscle, including two extra inches on his biceps and an equal amount of new girth around his chest. Reeve now reports a four-times-a-week gym habit, lest his newly acquired brawn begin to sag.



Christopher Reeve: The innocent among cynics—left as superhero Superman and above as the mild-mannered Clark Kent.

The man who plays the original comic book superhero has been called an overnight success who was plucked from the ranks of the unknown. Reeve—and the millions of soap opera fans who watched his progress on Love of Life—would take issue with that. It was on that show that he became known as Beeno Harper, a slick, two-timing womanizer. And when it became time for Reeve to move on, he was conveniently written out of the show when his character was convicted of bigamy and sent off to prison.

Reeve's last role before learning how to fly saw him play opposite Katharine Hepburn in the Enid Bagnold play A Matter of Gravity both on Broadway and the road. Earning that role, says the young actor, was perhaps even more satisfying than winning the part of Superman, because in the former case he was cast on the basis of his skill as an actor; but becoming Superman, he suspects, had a lot to do with his resemblance to Clark Kent. It wasn't a point that he would quibble over and Reeve accepted the part and along with it the chance to work with legendary actor—Marlon Brando—who plays his Kryptonian father.

Reeve dates his interest in the theater to a day when he was nine years old and someone interrupted a science test looking for a volunteer to play a small part in a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Yeoman of the Guard. Despite a nontheatrical background—his mother's a newspaper reporter, his father's a novelist, translator and professor and his stepfather's a stockbroker—Reeve found himself quickly caught up in the dedicated theatrical community of Princeton. He acted in professional repertory theater all the way through high school and managed to combine theater and getting a college degree by participating in regional theater in Britain and in the Comedie Francaise in Paris.

His first movie role was considerably smaller than the giant-sized one he's associated with now. "I thought for awhile I would like to do a movie," he recalls. "Then I was offered a submarine drama, Gray Lady Down, with Charlton Heston, David Carradine and Ned Beatty. It was quite a small part, but to be honest, it would have satisfied my ego for the time being, even if this hadn't come along."

"I know it sounds immodest, but I was always sure I would make it big one day. It's just the timing that has taken me by surprise," says Reeve, who anticipated a longer period of apprenticeship and obscurity.

Now Reeve's thoughts are primarily on recovering from the eighteen-month ordeal of making a movie. "First I want to take a break; then, decide where I want to live—in New York or Los Angeles; then, get away from the stress of being terrific every day. It's been a year and a half of opening nights and I've had to be at performance level every day."

Fred Robbins, Mutual Radio's and Playgirl's veteran celebrity interviewer, spoke to a buoyant Reeve in London where the interior scenes for Superman were shot. Reeve talked casually about his impending stardom, working with Brando and how becoming Superman has and will change his life.

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EXTRA

★★★ THE DAILY PLANET ★★★

"I try to stay away from the women who are just after 'Superman.' "

EXTRA

★★★ THE DAILY PLANET ★★★

"If I felt that Superman was pulling a 'fast one' on Lois, I'd have the scene rewritten."

Playgirl: A New Jersey boy becomes Superman. Quite a thing, eh?

Reeve: I don't think of it so much in terms of where you come from. Coming from New Jersey is less important than working your way up so that someone will say, "Hey, why don't you play Superman?" It has absolutely nothing to do with New Jersey really, except that where I came from was very helpful to me.

I grew up in Princeton, which had a very good repertory company, so I was able to start as an actor when I was around nine or ten. I played all the small kid's parts when I was young. So growing up in that town had a lot to do with why I decided to be an actor by the time I was around twelve years old. That had a big influence on me. I'm very grateful to the town.

Playgirl: Are you from a theatrical family?

Reeve: No. No one in my family has ever been in the theater. And no one pushed me to go into theater. I simply lucked into it on my own, and I was very glad the people in that company were so good to me. It was a true theater community; the way you would like to imagine it, so it was a second home. And a very warm, happy one at that.

Playgirl: What got you hooked on acting? Did you see a play one day and say "I want to do that?"

Reeve: I remember one time I was in a fifth grade science class and somebody from the McCarter Theater came over because they were doing a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeoman of the Guard* and they needed a townsboy—sort of like a town crier—to fill in as an extra. I think I was the only one who stuck his hand up.

We were in the middle of a science test, and here came someone who said, "Do you want to be in a musical?" My hand shot up. I had to go out and sing for somebody, and they took me on the spot. Instant acceptance. So I went over and I remember that show used to play 10:30 and 2:30 matinees for school kids bused in from all over the state.

There was quite an ego trip involved when everybody else would be on their way to geography class and I'd say (at age nine) "Excuse me, I hate to run, but I've got to go do the matinee." People's faces fell . . . . yeah, there was that. That's how I got started, but that was just fun and games. But if you're really going to be an actor, the day has to come when you get over the ego trip and decide to work at it.

Playgirl: How did you relate to the other kids?

Reeve: I was on the baseball team. I was on the hockey team. I was on the student council. I was in the glee club. I was in no way trying to set myself apart.

Playgirl: What stimulated you into the serious aspect of acting?

Reeve: I guess it was what I felt I could do best. It was something I found on my own. I needed to find something on my own. And I just felt at home. You know when something is right. I had quite a bit of experience by the time I was fourteen or so, and I decided to join a professional workshop which was being taught at Rutgers University that summer. By that time my mind was pretty firmly made up.

I also remember the very good advice of a director named Milton Lyon—who also happens to live in Princeton—for whom I worked as a kid in musicals. We did *Finian's Rainbow* and *South Pacific*, very high-quality professional musicals, but done with a cast of housewives and students from Princeton. I was in about three or four of those. And one day, when I was about fourteen, Milton said, "Chris, you better decide what you want, because you're going to get it."

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Playgirl: As a kid, did you read the Superman comic strips?

Reeve: Absolutely not. I had a very vague idea of who Superman was from occasionally watching the TV show at the next door neighbor's house since our family did not own a television. You really couldn't grow up in the fifties without an *idea* of who he was, but I certainly didn't follow it either on television or in the comics.

Playgirl: What comic strips did you read?

Reeve: Didn't read any.

Playgirl: Follow anything on TV?

Reeve: Not really. I can remember programs. I remember *Zorro*, *My Three Sons* with Fred MacMurray.

Playgirl: *Batman*?

Reeve: No, he didn't come to television until the sixties—around the time of the *Monkees*—around 1966 or '67. At least that's the *Batman* I remember, with Adam West and Burt Ward. Superman is comedy but it's not a parody. *Batman* was deliberately a spoof.

I remember *Sky King*. Didn't he fly a plane everywhere and sort of drop in? I remember Ed Sullivan, the very early Ed Sullivan, before he had the Beatles on in '64. Sometimes on Sundays we'd end up over at the neighbor's, but not really much more than that.

Playgirl: Until this came along, Superman was just a peripheral thing in your mind?

Reeve: Oh yeah. Still is! I've looked back; gotten all the comic books from the publishers and I now have just about every Superman comic published. I've got the first edition, which was published in 1938. It's really interesting to watch the change over the years because each generation, each period, has its own interpretation of the man, or the myth.

You see him in the thirties with his hair slicked back; he looks sort of like George Raft. In the forties he becomes much more postwar clean-cut, with the crew cut—the flattop—and the whole thing. He changes in the fifties; again in the sixties. But in the early seventies you see a little hair over his ears, more curly, more mod looking. And Lois changes. It's great to watch them go through all that. The whole point is that Superman is a myth that everybody knows about, but it needs to be reinterpreted every time around. Superman really hasn't been seen in a long time. So this is a new look at him on a much bigger scale than has ever been done before. I can sort of rediscover the myth too, going with the guideline of who the man has been since the thirties.

Playgirl: So now in the seventies, having made an in-depth study of Superman's development since his creation, this, of course, is the definitive Superman character?

Reeve: Until I do it the next time! This is the first *real* Superman movie. The other movie, I think, was made out of the old shows.

Playgirl: What has playing the much sought after role of Superman meant to you?

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(Continued on page 101)

EXTRA

★★★ THE DAILY PLANET ★★★

"I try to stay away from the women who are just after 'Superman.' "

Playgirl: A New Jersey boy becomes Superman. Quite a thing, eh?

Reeve: I don't think of it so much in terms of where you come from. Coming from New Jersey is less important than working your way up so that someone will say, "Hey, why don't you play Superman?" It has absolutely nothing to do with New Jersey really, except that where I came from was very helpful to me.

I grew up in Princeton, which had a very good repertory company, so I was able to start as an actor when I was around nine or ten. I played all the small kid's parts when I was young. So growing up in that town had a lot to do with why I decided to be an actor by the time I was around twelve years old. That had a big influence on me. I'm very grateful to the town.

Playgirl: Are you from a theatrical family?

Reeve: No. No one in my family has ever been in the theater. And no one pushed me to go into theater. I simply lucked into it on my own, and I was very glad the people in that company were so good to me. It was a true theater community; the way you would like to imagine it, so it was a second home. And a very warm, happy one at that.

Playgirl: What got you hooked on acting? Did you see a play one day and say "I want to do that?"

Reeve: I remember one time I was in a fifth grade science class and somebody from the McCarter Theater came over because they were doing a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeoman of the Guard* and they needed a townsboy—sort of like a town crier—to fill in as an extra. I think I was the only one who stuck his hand up.

We were in the middle of a science test, and here came someone who said, "Do you want to be in a musical?" My hand shot up. I had to go out and sing for somebody, and they took me on the spot. Instant acceptance. So I went over and I remember that show used to play 10:30 and 2:30 matinees for school kids bused in from all over the state.

There was quite an ego trip involved when everybody else would be on their way to geography class and I'd say (at age nine) "Excuse me, I hate to run, but I've got to go do the matinee." People's faces fell . . . . yeah, there was that. That's how I got started, but that was just fun and games. But if you're really going to be an actor, the day has to come when you get over the ego trip and decide to work at it.

Playgirl: How did you relate to the other kids?

Reeve: I was on the baseball team. I was on the hockey team. I was on the student council. I was in the glee club. I was in no way trying to set myself apart.

Playgirl: What stimulated you into the serious aspect of acting?

Reeve: I guess it was what I felt I could do best. It was something I found on my own. I needed to find something on my own. And I just felt at home. You know when something is right. I had quite a bit of experience by the time I was fourteen or so, and I decided to join a professional workshop which was being taught at Rutgers University that summer. By that time my mind was pretty firmly made up.

I also remember the very good advice of a director named Milton Lyon—who also happens to live in Princeton—for whom I worked as a kid in musicals. We did *Finian's Rainbow* and *South Pacific*, very high-quality professional musicals, but done with a cast of housewives and students from Princeton. I was in about three or four of those. And one day, when I was about fourteen, Milton said, "Chris, you better decide what you want, because you're going to get it."

EXTRA

★★★ THE DAILY PLANET ★★★

"If I felt that Superman was pulling a 'fast one' on Lois, I'd have the scene rewritten."

Playgirl: As a kid, did you read the Superman comic strips?

Reeve: Absolutely not. I had a very vague idea of who Superman was from occasionally watching the TV show at the next door neighbor's house since our family did not own a television. You really couldn't grow up in the fifties without an *idea* of who he was, but I certainly didn't follow it either on television or in the comics.

Playgirl: What comic strips did you read?

Reeve: Didn't read any.

Playgirl: Follow anything on TV?

Reeve: Not really. I can remember programs. I remember *Zorro*, *My Three Sons* with Fred MacMurray.

Playgirl: *Batman*?

Reeve: No, he didn't come to television until the sixties—around the time of the *Monkees*—around 1966 or '67. At least that's the *Batman* I remember, with Adam West and Burt Ward. Superman is comedy but it's not a parody. *Batman* was deliberately a spoof.

I remember *Sky King*. Didn't he fly a plane everywhere and sort of drop in? I remember Ed Sullivan, the very early Ed Sullivan, before he had the Beatles on in '64. Sometimes on Sundays we'd end up over at the neighbor's, but not really much more than that.

Playgirl: Until this came along, Superman was just a peripheral thing in your mind?

Reeve: Oh yeah. Still is! I've looked back; gotten all the comic books from the publishers and I now have just about every Superman comic published. I've got the first edition, which was published in 1938. It's really interesting to watch the change over the years because each generation, each period, has its own interpretation of the man, or the myth.

You see him in the thirties with his hair slicked back; he looks sort of like George Raft. In the forties he becomes much more postwar clean-cut, with the crew cut—the flattop—and the whole thing. He changes in the fifties; again in the sixties. But in the early seventies you see a little hair over his ears, more curly, more mod looking. And Lois changes. It's great to watch them go through all that. The whole point is that Superman is a myth that everybody knows about, but it needs to be reinterpreted every time around. Superman really hasn't been seen in a long time. So this is a new look at him on a much bigger scale than has ever been done before. I can sort of rediscover the myth too, going with the guideline of who the man has been since the thirties.

Playgirl: So now in the seventies, having made an in-depth study of Superman's development since his creation, this, of course, is the definitive Superman character?

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(Continued on page 101)

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Photographic Illustration by Christian Micoine

BONDAGE:

THE GENTLE ART OF RESTRAINT

BY JACK OWEN JARDINE

Susan is bound, gagged, blindfolded, jaybird-naked and loving every minute of it.

Her wrists and ankles are tied respectively to rings in the four corners of her own waterbed. Spread-eagled, she can move her head from side to side and roll her torso less than a quarter turn. She can neither see nor speak, but she hears movements in the room. She is acutely conscious of her pubic hair; the kiss of air on her labia underscores her extreme vulnerability.

Unseen, her lover stands over her, a peacock feather in his hand. He touches the fringe of the feather's eye to Susan's defenseless flank, draws it slowly up her body and traces the curve of her right breast. She arches away from it, as she's been doing for the last twenty minutes. He applies the feather to the inside of her thigh. Her leg muscles quiver as it proceeds towards its target, which he now, methodically, begins to whip with the feather's iridescent tip.

It stings, but does no damage.

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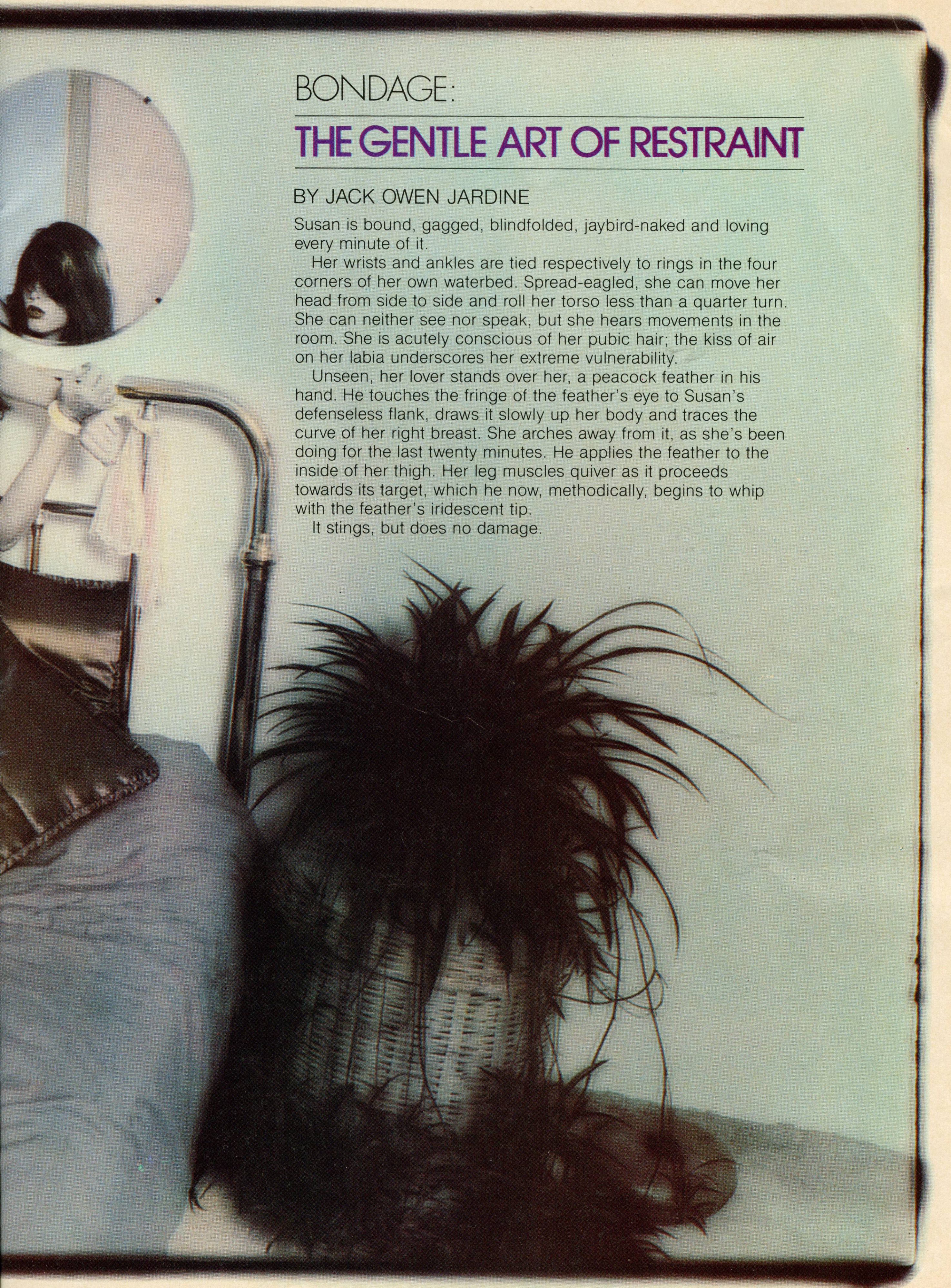


Susan explodes in orgasm. Her skin splotches, her veins stand out, every muscle strains against her bonds and a mist of sudden sweat gleams on her body as she moans her climax.

Instead of releasing her, or even proceeding just yet to full intercourse, her lover leaves her tied while he oils her entire body. He takes his time, lingering over her nipples and again at her crotch. For Susan, orgasms seem to drip from his fingers.

"In normal sex, I never feel so free to come as I do when I'm tied hand and foot," Susan explains. "Bound, there's nothing else I could possibly be held responsible for, so I'm free to focus on the Big O. Once I get started, I can keep coming all night."

Most people who are aware of it at all associate bondage with the initials B & D, in which D stands for Discipline, usually involving corporal punishment for ritually committed infractions. But young women like Susan are finding that spanking, whipping and humiliation do not have to be a part of their bondage experiences. Not that they haven't tried these variations, for most who dabble in unconventional sex try a good many things before they settle down to their favorites; they've merely decided they like their bondage straight, without "discipline."

This is not to say that they necessarily want it without fantasies, or that their fantasies are not laced with inherently degrading images. Realization that her politics and her libido are at odds with each other has troubled many a feminist, including Robin Morgan.

"I began work on this subject—sadomasochistic fantasies—before I knew such a name for it existed. I was less than ten years old, but intelligent, curious and self-respectful enough to be irritated by feeling a vague sexual stimulation at the thought of someone dominating me," writes Morgan in her book *Going Too Far: The Personal Chronicle of a Feminist.* "Naturally, I had no way of knowing that I was not alone in both my tendency and my search for an understanding of it. It would be many years before I would have an inkling that this experience was shared at all—let alone so widely, and even by my feminist peers."

Painfully and with unflinching thoroughness, Morgan works out a political metaphor to explain her perplexing and ideologically embarrassing sexual appetite, hoping the metaphor will prove useful to other women who, like herself, "have agonized over their own desire—never even knowing what that desire meant, or how it was deserving of their pride."

Morgan presents masochistic fantasies as an unconsciously evolved survival technique. Women have learned to feel degraded, she contends, by the simple realities of civilization, most of which is still male dominated despite the gains of feminism over the past fifty years. Woman is degraded not only in her view of herself, but in her view of Man's view of her. "To survive this realization, she must convince herself first of its irrelevance and then even of its inevitability, and construct an effective pleasure out of that very situation. This is the only way she can retain any pride. She even feels an echo of some ancient, almost forgotten freedom, power and creativity in the way she has instinctively known how to divert her pain into pleasure."

Perhaps Robin Morgan's logic is needed more by the sexually submissive feminist who gets off on being abused and humiliated than it is by the sensual adventuress who uses restraint as a means of focusing her libido.

As for the fantasies which tickle our libidos, each one of us picked up the raw material for our own bizarre scenario from an essentially partriarchal culture, long before we were old enough or wise enough to question that culture's values. In a patriarchy men have power and women are powerless. Morgan contends that women's sadomasochistic fantasies are themselves symbols for realities of dominance and submission, "which are in *themselves* metaphors for power and powerlessness." Men, she contends, having power, can play at powerlessness, while women cannot.

Being able to get off on the inevitable, then, is an accomplishment even a feminist can be proud of.

Los Angeles gynecologist/sexologist Allen L. Lawrence, M.D., tells of one patient whose interest in bondage was a substitute for having sex with really powerful men. If a date struck her as "wishy-washy" she'd compensate for his lack of power by letting him tie her up. Then she could feel properly overwhelmed and have her orgasm.

"For many women," Dr. Lawrence contends, "the reality of the bondage fantasy is not having to make the decision about what is done. It's '*I'll lay back and you do to me*' time. It's an exaggerated way of saying, 'Nobody ever really gives to me, but if you tie my hands behind my back and tie my feet to the bed, what really happens is that I don't have to be a party to it—I can lay back and let it happen. Ordinarily I can't do that, I should be busy pleasing my partner, but in bondage I have no choice.' "

For many others the underlying attraction of bondage games has little to do with assuaging preprogrammed guilt about enjoying sex. It's far more practical than that. *Bondage prolongs sex.* For them, no longer is intercourse a *slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am* proposition, over before their juices are warm. In how many homes does the sound of his postcoital snoring presage the furtive buzz of her postcoital vibrator? By contrast, enthusiasts point out, bondage "scenes" typically last three to four hours, and when vibrators come into play, there's nothing furtive about it at all.

There are three requirements for "pure" bondage: 1) physical restraint, 2) sexual vulnerability, 3) trust in one's partner.

The exact degree of physical restraint can range from mild to severe, according to taste. Generally, the more severe the bondage the more elaborate the equipment must be. If you insist on going first class, bondage can be as expensive a hobby as golf. But there's nothing wrong with ordinary rope. One of the bondage world's acknowledged rope masters is photographer Bob Park, whose interest in restraint dates back, he says, to some *True Detective* "damsel in distress" magazine covers he saw when he was seven or eight years old. In the thirty-odd years since then, he's tied up approximately two hundred women of various ages for his and their own sexual enjoyment—sometimes eight or ten at a time at parties, he says.

The best all-purpose rope, according to Park, is cotton clothesline which has been put through at least three washer cycles to

(Continued on page 53)

HOW TO TELL IF YOU'RE FIT TO BE TIED

Place a check next to the numbers of the items which you find stimulating.

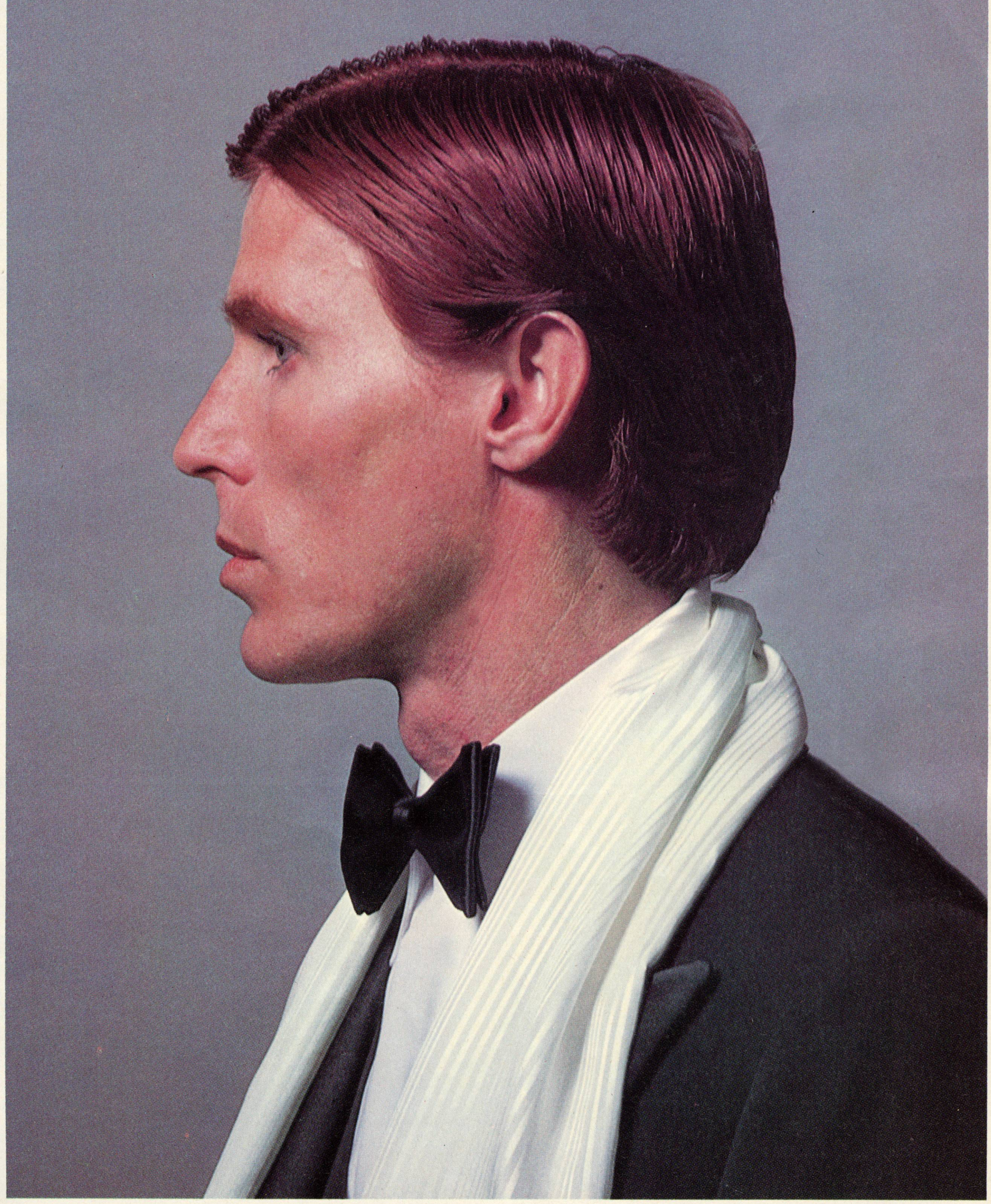
1. You try not to miss reruns of any of the *Avengers* episodes featuring Diana Rigg.
2. You consider Wonder Woman's magic lasso her most interesting piece of equipment.
3. You got wet watching Paulette Goddard in bondage on the Late Show version of DeMille's *Untamed.*
4. You have imagined in detail everything that could have happened to Patty Hearst as Cinque's prisoner.
5. You have vivid childhood memories of playing hostage games with a tribe of savage neighborhood boys.
6. You think the most interesting part of religious history is what they used to do to witches.
7. Handcuffs and/or straitjackets fascinate you.
8. Looking at dogs or horses, you've wondered what it must feel like to wear a leash, a leather harness or a bit in your mouth.
9. One of the best orgasms of a recent love affair was after your partner pinned your arms to your sides while thrusting into you.
10. You enjoy the sensations of skintight clothing, narrow skirts, girdles and spike heels.
11. You've already called your boyfriend and read part of this article to him.

Scoring: Count the number of check marks you've made. Add up your score.

Zero to 3: you might enjoy it now and then for variety, but bondage will never be a big thing in your life. Four through 7: you may not want to be tied down, but you will definitely get off on being tied up. 8 or 9: you knew you'd qualify before you took this test, now didn't you? 10 or 11: Put your hands behind your back, please.

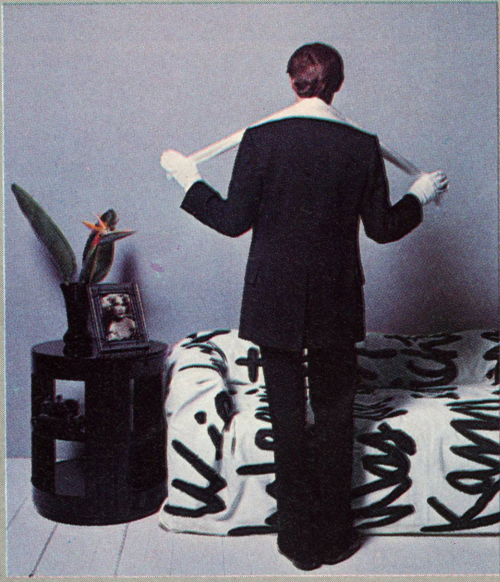
THE GIGOLO

Recognize this man? He might just be your favorite rock star.



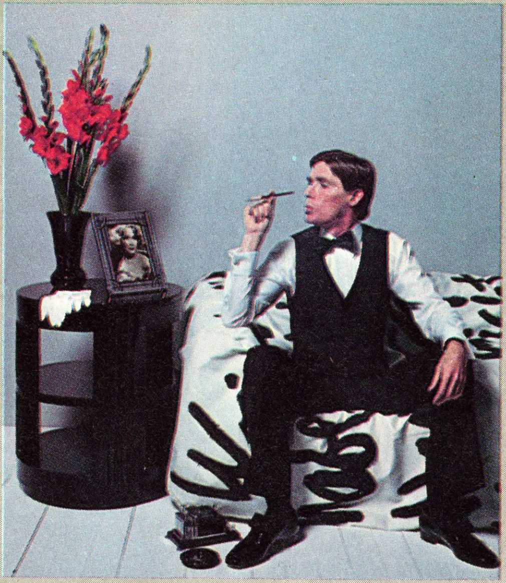
Life imitates art in the strangest of ways. Take the fellow pictured right. He is not who you think he is. His name is usually Robert Van Cleve, depending on whom you talk to. Though quite a few facts surrounding the recent escapades of this Great Imposter remain sketchy, one thing is for certain: At least one woman thought Van Cleve was none other than rock star David Bowie, and she spent what has been rumored at over $200,000 on him in Hawaii and San Francisco before she found out otherwise.

What seems on the surface an unfortunate occurrence and nothing more is in fact a lot more. The real David Bowie has done a new, as-yet-unreleased movie titled *Just a Gigolo* for the German film company Leguan. For those of you who may not know, a gigolo is a man who allows himself to be supported by a woman's monies, usually for sexual favors in return.



There were a number of news reports last year of David Bowie being sighted in both Hawaii and San Francisco passing out $100 bills to anyone who would take them, as payment for such things as bottles of wine, good restaurant service and even serenades from street musicians. Guess what? It wasn't the real David Bowie, but our man Van Cleve.

According to Debby Chesher, his manager, Van Cleve didn't go around saying, "Hey, I'm David Bowie!" In fact, Chesher adds, "He's actually better looking than Bowie. His teeth are



straight." Another point Chesher immediately raises is that Van Cleve never registered in any hotels as David Bowie during his personal ruse. So why all the fuss?

Legally, it is unlikely Van Cleve could be prosecuted for permitting others to think he was in fact the real Bowie. After all, you can't tell someone else how to think. Morally, however, Van Cleve's charade leaves much to be desired. Chesher comes to his needed defense, noting, "He was having fun, basically." Basically, someone passively posed as someone else, who just happened to be famous, dressed like that someone else, gave away an undisclosed quantity of $100 bills which weren't his to give away, supposedly wallpapered a hotel suite with the green and sat back to see what would ultimately happen, while the real someone else was in Europe, seemingly minding his own business.

Bowie's people are rather upset, with certain justifiable cause, even to the point of criticizing these very pages you are reading. "Personally," fumes Barbara DeWitt, the real David Bowie's publicist, "I find the whole thing absolutely disgusting." Indeed. Reliable sources readily point out that Van Cleve is currently out of jail on parole and that he was ultimately apprehended by the proper authorities in L.A. not because of his looks but because the Hawaii trip was in violation of a previous parole. Van Cleve has served time, according to Chesher, for burglary.

Dress a la Dietrich: Repeat Performance, Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California. Tuxedo & scarf: Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills. Dress shoes: Lew Ritter, Beverly Hills. Art Deco furnishings & accessories provided by Rue Rubidoux, Melrose Avenue. Styling & wardrobe: Chinamoon. Makeup: Lois Good. Photography by Saint-Jivago.

Stan Diamond, Bowie's lawyer, commented: "I think Mr. Van Cleeve should develop his own persona and image instead of trying to be a David Bowie lookalike. Of course, my client will not tolerate anyone trying to further their own career at his expense. He will not allow anyone to exploit his name or a likeness without permission."

And what of the poor Madame X? Although hopefully a bit wiser, she is nonetheless a tad poorer for wining, dining and, relatively speaking, buying what turned out to be improperly labeled goods. It all sounds a bit surreal, with a sprinkling of the old public relations game added for spice. After all, there is no such thing as bad publicity, someone once said. ■

GENTLE RESTRAINT

(Continued from page 48)

remove all the sizing and make it soft and pliable. Cut about fifty feet of it into two-, four- and 6-foot lengths—four each is a handy assortment. Under two feet is useless and much over six becomes unwieldy. Not only is clothesline easy to work with, it's easy to remove in case of an emergency in which it suddenly becomes necessary to release you quickly from your restraints, as in the case of a muscle cramp or the unexpected arrival of vacationing relatives. Clothesline can be cut through with a sharp knife more readily than costly leather cuffs or steel shackles could be removed.

Sexual vulnerability—the availability of your most intimate body parts to stimulation by your partner—is the crux of gentle restraint. Your breasts, buttocks, genitals and whatever other areas you find particularly sensitive, should be displayed so they invite fondling. Vibrators can be used inside and out. Fur, oil, ice cubes, your partner's hands, mouth and genitals can all be used on you to erotic advantage when you're bound hand and foot.

Since most bondage positions are spread-legged to expose your crotch, you should take into account the structure of your pelvis and hips, as well as the muscles of your thighs. Only by knowing your own body and what it will do in various positions—some people are born pretzels while others just don't bend that way!—can you make intelligent choices of bondage positions. Remember, you are likely to be in one position for hours. Even the most comfortable sprawl becomes annoying after about twenty minutes—which is why people normally move so often in their sleep.

Muscle cramps, such as the common charley horse, are a risk you should know about before being trussed up in stressful positions. A sharp knife should be instantly available to cut you loose in case a cramp develops. If your trip includes being gagged, work out some nonverbal signal that means you're in real trouble and need your partner's help. *Never* use your emergency signal for something trivial.

Two areas of concern to keep in mind when trussing or being trussed are blood circulation and nerve function. If your hand starts turning blue, the rope around your wrist is too tight. Loosen it. If you lose sensation in one or more of your fingers or toes you're doing something wrong—and if you keep on doing it you may cause permanent or relatively long-term damage. Injured nerves can take one or two years to repair themselves.

"Ignorance of anatomy," Dr. Lawrence warns, "getting carried away and lost in what you're doing and not paying attention to the other person, are the main things to guard against."

To preclude circulation troubles, cuffs are preferable to ropes for securing the wrists. Inexpensive pet collars are ideal for this. If price is no barrier, go ahead and splurge on hospital restraints. (Check your Yellow Pages under Hospital Supplies.) They're padded, generally with fleece, and their Velcro fasteners make them infinitely adjustable. Many bondage enthusiasts are amateur leathersmiths, thereby cutting the cost of equipment to about one-tenth what you'd pay a bondage supply house. Your local sex boutique should be able to steer you to a competent leatherworker if they don't sell what you want themselves.

You don't have to have leather restraints. Any sturdy material can be fashioned into a straitjacket. Ace bandages make a delightfully snug mummy wrap. Neckties have a certain impromptu elegance. Sheets can be torn into strips. Nylons can be knotted. Even pantyhose can make a versatile restraint: wrap handkerchiefs around your ankles before you take the pantyhose off.

Speaking of ankles, if you tie them together, cross them first. You'll be more comfortable—*and* more accessable to your partner.

According to Bob Park, bondage games are safer, more practical and more fun for the woman when she has more than one partner working on her at a time—the range of positions is greater.

But how does a woman find two other people (a) who know what they're doing, and (b) whose motives she can trust completely? Here, the sexual double standard still prevails, for reasons of safety rather than from any notion that males "should" have more freedom of association than females. In our culture, it is much safer for a man to go out recruiting women to tie up than it is for a woman to go out recruiting men to tie her up.

The men most likely to be "into" bondage wear three-piece suits rather than blue collars. They're usually teachers, lawyers, dentists and the like, not truckdrivers. Asked what advice he'd give a twenty-five-year-old woman in Ohio who thinks she'd like to be tied up, but doesn't have a bondage-minded partner, Park (who now lives in California) sighed, "God help her. I'm from Ohio. If she's serious, give her my address."

As for advertising in the "swinging media," Park says it's common knowledge that most of the single women advertisers are hookers, not the sincere submissive females they claim to be. Advertising there will get you a potful of kooks, cranks and cops, he warns.

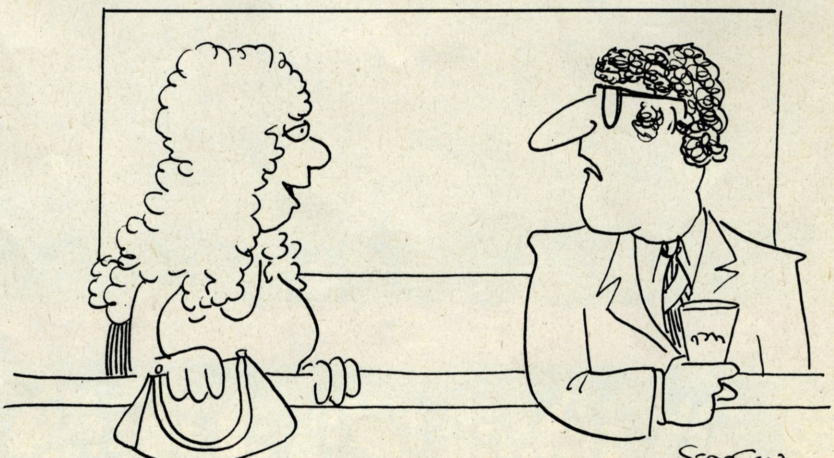
A good rule of thumb: don't let anyone tie you up that you haven't been to bed with often enough to feel you know him well, both socially and sexually—unless, of course, you're experienced enough in the "culture" to trust personal recommendations, which is how people like Bob Park acquire new playmates.

And don't get tied up until everybody involved has had a chance to talk about it and explore just what's going to happen. For your first few sessions with a particular partner, you don't want any surprises at all. You want restraint, vulnerability and sexual stimulation.

Most bondage enthusiasts share Bob Park's opinion that the point of it all is to give the "slave" a better time sexually (including a more intense orgasm) than she is likely to have in more conventionally erotic circumstances. Park stresses that no matter how outlandish the game becomes, it is still a *game*, and it is not the basis of a relationship. "Slaves do not spend their lives in chains," he says. "Just some horny time they've agreed to in advance."

Park advises against patterning your game after the fiction in most porno magazines, which he contends is written mainly by imbeciles and intended strictly as jack-off material. Hardly anybody who sells the stuff is really into it. "Talk with each other about what turns you on," he suggests. "Share your *own* fantasies, and work out the ground rules together before you wear the ropes. You can always revise them next time."

One final thought. You're neither sick nor dysfunctional just because you enjoy being tied up now and then when you have sex. If it's the *only* way you can get excited enough to get off, you might consider consulting a shrink, but if bondage games are optional attractions in your sex life, by all means feel free to lie back and enjoy them.■



"Now, do you mind if I ask you a personal question? Does that nose come off with your glasses?"

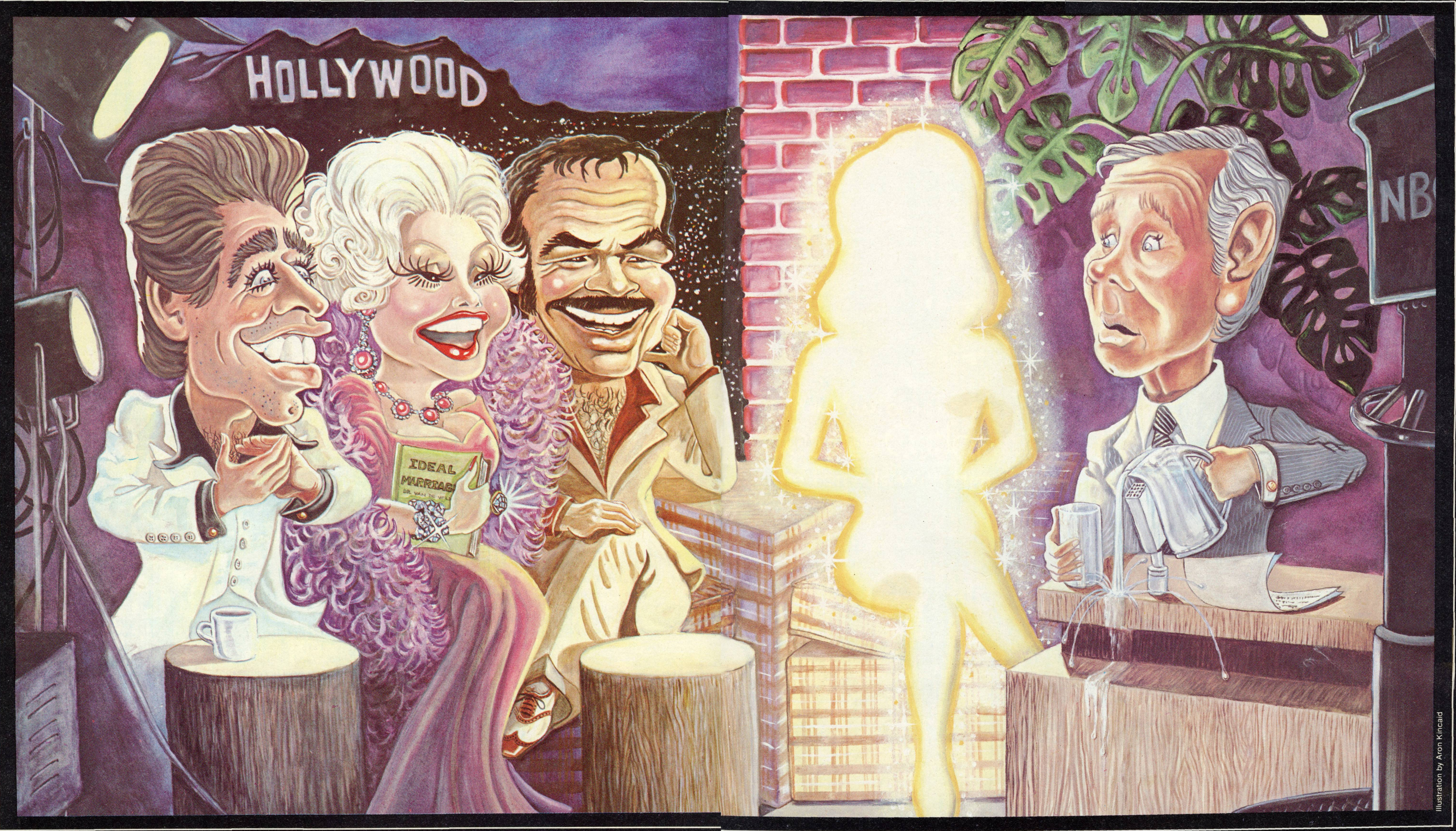


Illustration by Aron Kincaid

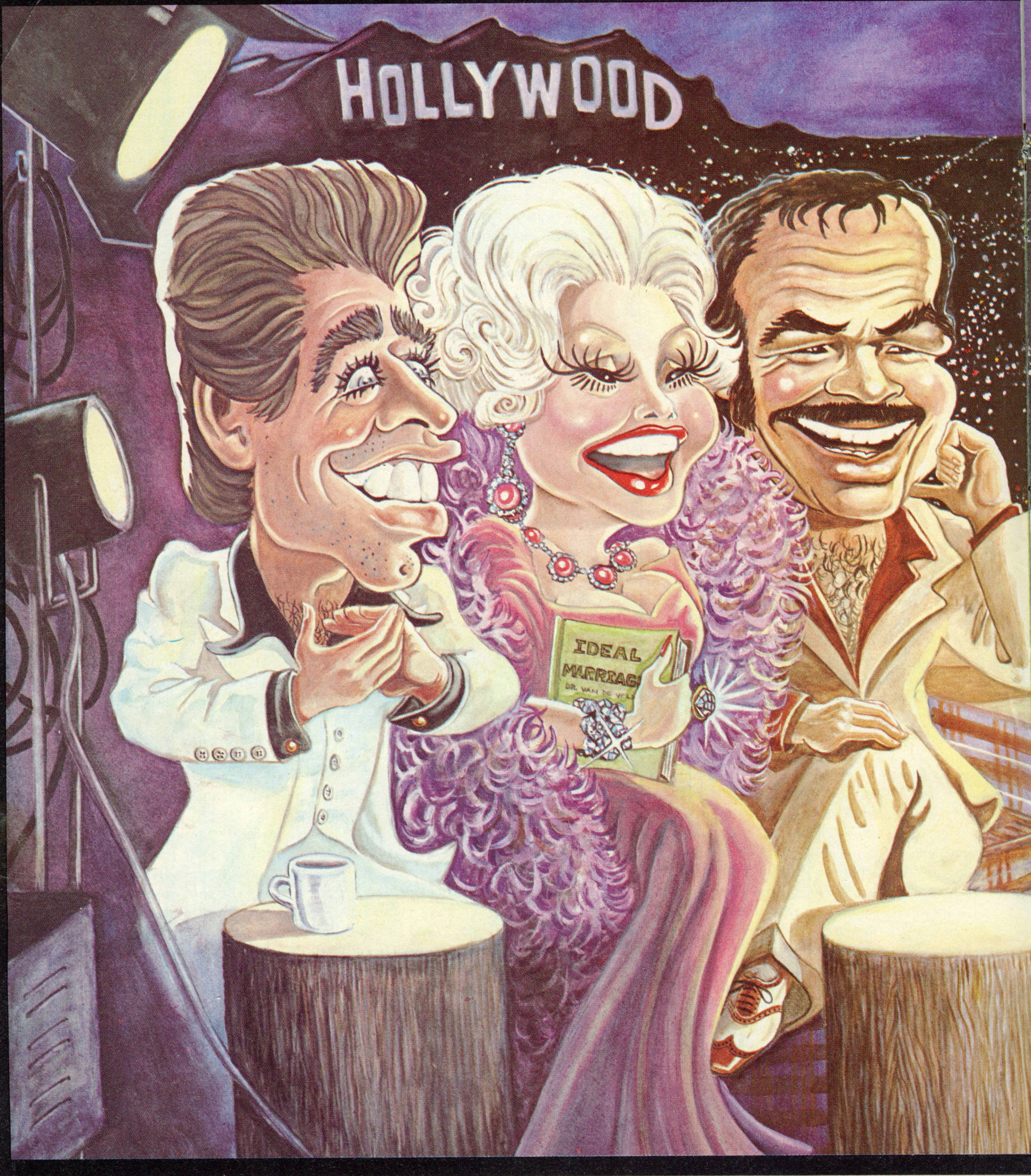
HOW TO GET FAMOUS

BY RICHARD J. PIETSCHMANN

Not too many years ago, it was hard to get famous. You had to be very talented, very rich, or very notorious. And even then it was hard. Jesse James and Billy the Kid became really famous years after they'd made their last withdrawals. Word just didn't travel very fast until the mass media created a mass culture. For example, if you didn't happen to be in the Topeka bank the day Jesse or Billy knocked it over, or in the saloon the next day, chances are you never heard about the event. Finally, though, bank robbers did get the recognition artists crave and became the forerunners of modern fame. They got their pictures posted up for everyone to see.

Now it's a lot easier to get famous. One day you can be a twenty-two-year-old actor from Englewood, New Jersey, and the next you can be "The Man," John Travolta. One day you can be a twenty-one-year-old golfer from New Mexico, and the next you can be Nancy Lopez, toast of duffers, everywhere. One day you can be an obscure advisor to a politician, and the next you can be John Dean, celebrity stoolie and talk show guest.

The truth is that near-instant communications and a national thirst for celebrity has made "bitch goddess" fame accessible to almost everyone. There are degrees of fame, of course, as well as the well-known fleeting fame. Artist/filmmaker Andy Warhol perhaps best analyzed our recog-


HOLLYWOOD
IDEAL MARRIAGE
DR. VAN DE VELDE

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BY RICHARD J. PIETSCHMANN

Not too many years ago, it was hard to get famous. You had to be very talented, very rich, or very notorious. And even then it was hard. Jesse James and Billy the Kid became really famous years after they'd made their last withdrawals. Word just didn't travel very fast until the mass media

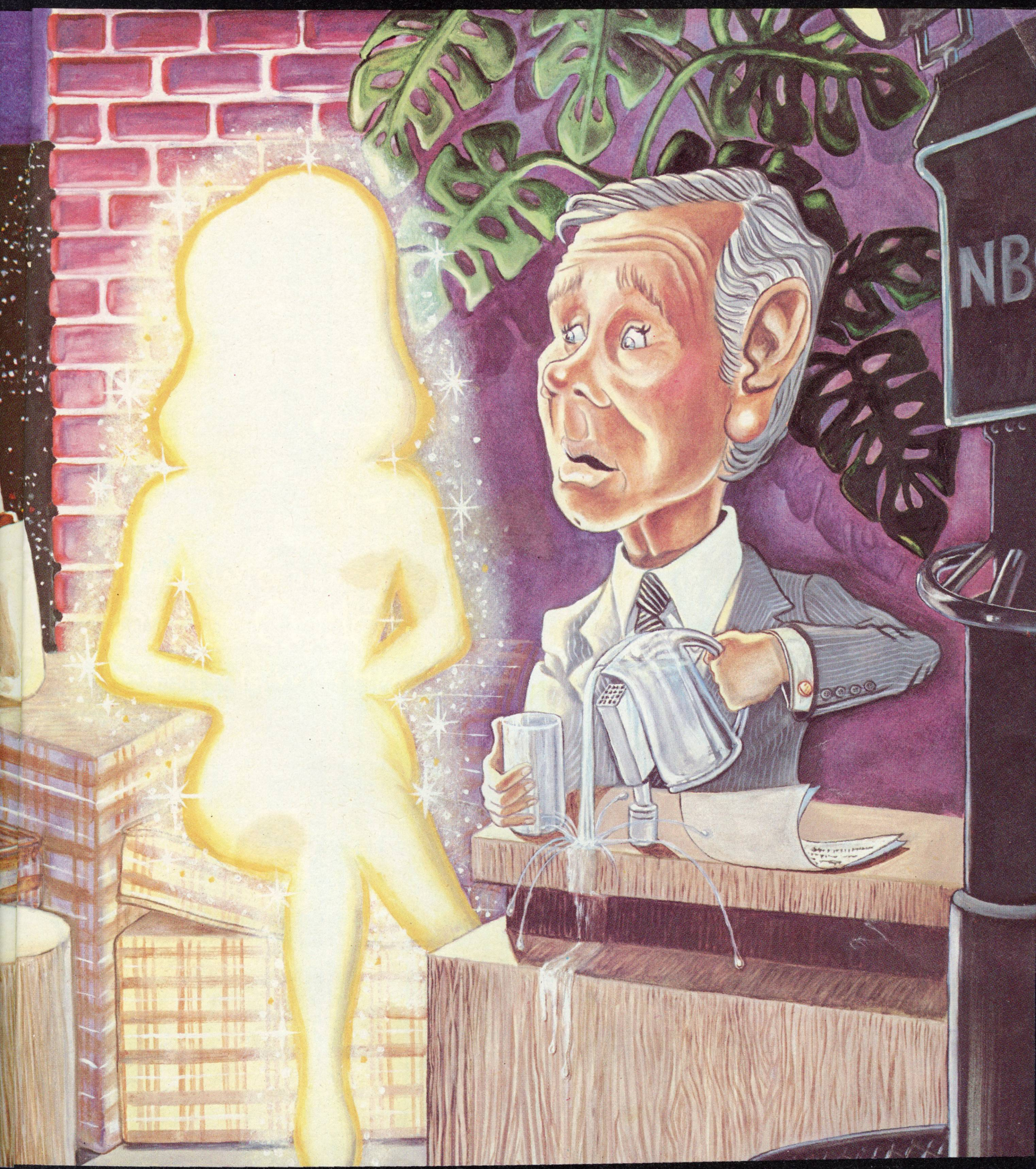

Illustration by Aron Kincaid

created a mass culture. For example, if you didn't happen to be in the Topeka bank the day Jesse or Billy knocked it over, or in the saloon the next day, chances are you never heard about the event. Finally, though, bank robbers did get the recognition artists crave and became the forerunners of modern fame. They got their pictures posted up for everyone to see.

Now it's a lot easier to get famous. One day you can be a twenty-two-year-old actor from Englewood, New Jersey, and the next you can be "The Man," John Travolta. One day you can be a twenty-one-year-old golfer from New Mexico, and the next you can be Nancy Lopez, toast of duffers everywhere. One day you can be an obscure advisor to a politician, and the next you can be John Dean, celebrity stoolie and talk show guest.

The truth is that near-instant communications and a national thirst for celebrity has made "bitch goddess" fame accessible to almost everyone. There are degrees of fame, of course, as well as the well-known fleeting fame. Artist/filmmaker Andy Warhol perhaps best analyzed our recognition happy mania by wryly observing that in the future everyone would be famous for fifteen minutes.

So if you really crave fame, there are ways. First of all, you've got to realize that the press conference is the tool of fame; the talk show the key to the club. Without the media, there can be no fame. And to get the jaded attention of television, radio, magazines and newspapers you must be at least somewhat unique. All those weirdly garbed people who for years have made fools of themselves just to get on *Let's Make a Deal* weren't doing it as much for money as for the automatic fame an appearance on television bestows. The same goes for the newer *Gong Show.*

True fame, however, implies a positive contribution of some sort. Jerry Lewis may have become famous by portraying a buffoon, but he was *trying* to make people laugh, and true fame is also being able to admit it without flinching.

In fact, *dealing* with one's own fame may be tougher than gaining it, but that's another story entirely. If what you want is fame, maybe we can help you out.

Test Your Fame Quotient

If you're suited for or preparing properly for fame, this FQ test will tell you if you're on the right track. Score 5 points for each *Always* answer, 3 points for each *Sometimes,* 1 point for each *Never.* (Note: automatically add 10 points to your final score if you are Cheryl Ladd's sister.)

1. You constantly check the mirror . . . any mirror, anywhere.	Always Sometimes Never
2. You practice the use of voice and body movement on others.	Always Sometimes Never
3. The other dancers stop to admire your Latin Hustle.	Always Sometimes Never
4. You study television to see what makes personalities special and different.	Always Sometimes Never
5. You respond to attention by taking charge.	Always Sometimes Never
6. You thrive on hard work and long hours when it's something that excites you.	Always Sometimes Never
7. You can talk like Donald Duck or Bugs Bunny.	Always Sometimes Never

Scoring.

33–35 Points—you should already be famous.

30–32 Points—fame could be just a press agent away.

20–29 Points—fame's fringe; if you get famous it'll be because of hard work.

10–19 Points—what about becoming the power behind the fame?

7–9 Points—an appearance in traffic court could be the closest you get.

Dealing with Fame—Single-minded pursuit of celebrity often obscures many of the practical values that even the famous must observe. Elton John became so famous he began to lose grip, much as Mama Cass, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin had before him. But John brought himself down to earth, say friends, by purposely buying a *losing* soccer team and immersing himself in the team's fortunes.

Without a strong foundation, it is difficult indeed to deal with fame. "It's real easy to think this (fame) is real terrific," Karen Carpenter recalls A&M Records chief Herb Alpert telling her and her brother, Richard, as the Carpenters were beginning to hit a few years ago. "This can stop as fast as it happened," Karen remembers Alpert saying. "One day you can own the street, and the next day you can be sweeping it."

Using Television—We've come a long way since an anonymous poet described fame as living in poverty and ending up as a statue. Now the test of fame is appearing on the *Johnny Carson Show* for scale, which is only four hundred dollars. Fame descended virtually overnight on Elvis Presley, the Beatles and Linda Ronstadt after capturing the imagination of America over the tube. The same could be said, of course, for Richard Nixon and John Dean. Nevertheless, television has become the key to instant celebrity. The lesson is to learn how to *use* television. Learn, for example, how to look into the camera, not at the person with whom you're talking. Learn to wear "TV" colors and to choose plain clothing. Remember not to wear eyeglasses (and never sunglasses: "No one trusts you if you wear shades," confided NBC newswoman Kelly Lange). And learn the secret to "TV talk"—keep it short, simple and laced with humorous anecdotes. Remember, television most likely will be the deciding factor in whether or not you make it.

Get a Good First Name—A good leg up toward creating a unique persona is latching onto a catchy first name. Consider some of the ultimate first-namers: Bing, Elvis, Cher, Bianca, Raquel, Marlon, Groucho, Jackie, Liza, Mick and Merv. It isn't a bad idea, either, to think ahead and find a last name that's strong enough to carry your entire image (if the one you've got now doesn't quite make it). Think of Harlow, Brando, Bogart, Travolta.

Can You Recognize Famous?

These are completion questions. Go ahead, make a fool of yourself.

1. It's good to be famous because:
   a. You get good tables at restaurants.
   b. They bump other people from airline flights to make room for you and leave the seat next to you empty.
   c. You get to drive red Ferrari convertibles without your hair ever mussing.
   d. You don't have to pay for anything and you never pick up the check.

2. You are famous when:
   a. People recognize you on the street, despite the sunglasses.
   b. You are begged to do TV commercials for outrageous sums of money, and you hautily turn the mercenaries down.
   c. Rod (Stewart, of course) depends on you to make his nightly at-home disco parties successful and Johnny (Carson, of course) expects you to guest-host.
   d. You usually end up picking up the check.

Answers:
1. d
2. d

Most Difficult Question To Deal with on the Road to Fame—Celebrity-seekers fix you with an eagle eye when they *think* you might be famous but aren't quite sure. This happens especially at film premieres and whenever you may be hanging out with someone who *is* certifiably famous. If you have generated fame suspicion the fan will nail you with his or her eyes and demand, "Are you somebody?" You *are* somebody, of course, but you may not yet be *somebody.* How you handle this common situation may be an indication of how you will later handle celebrity.

You've Got To Want Fame Real Bad—Leif Garrett, the youthful actor/singer who's such a hit these days, says with typical candor that he enjoys fame so much he can "taste it." Garrett goes on to say that he "wouldn't trade anything" for his fame, and that it's "a total rush" and that "there's nothing like it." He explains that drive is the real key to fame. "The person who wants (fame) bad enough usually gets it." English pop-rocker Leo Sayer agrees, advising those who seek fame to "put the hunger of being a star into your performance." Sayer says most important are the "push and the clout," and that he was "*determined* to be discovered."

Anatomy of a Fame Game Plan—Demis Roussos is in frank, flat-out pursuit of fame. The bulky caftan-clad European crooner is absolutely intent on conquering the United States with his captivating singing and messianic appeal the way he has Europe, where he has sold an amazing thirty-

(Continued on page 64)

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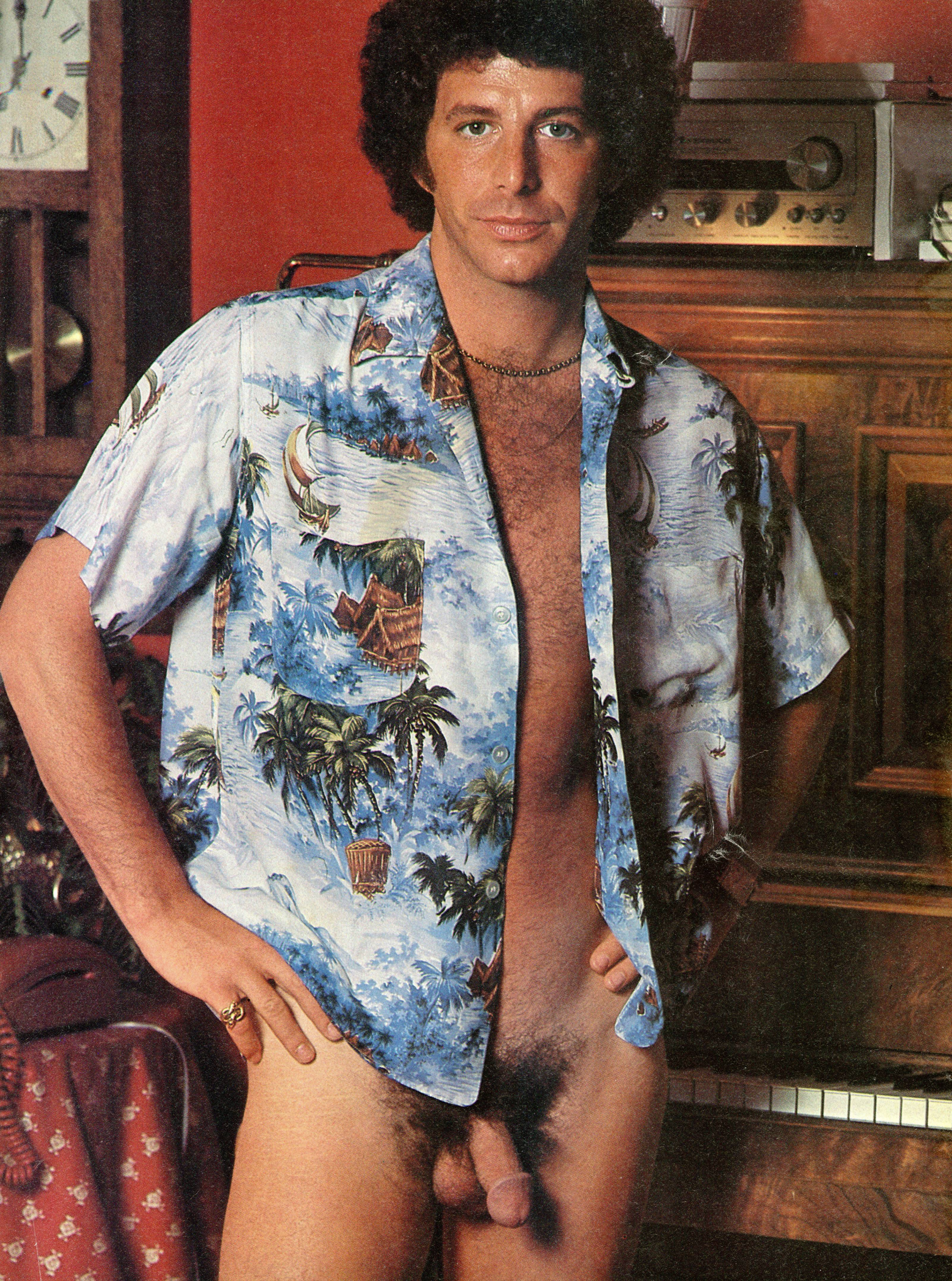
PLAYGIRL'S MAN OF THE MONTH

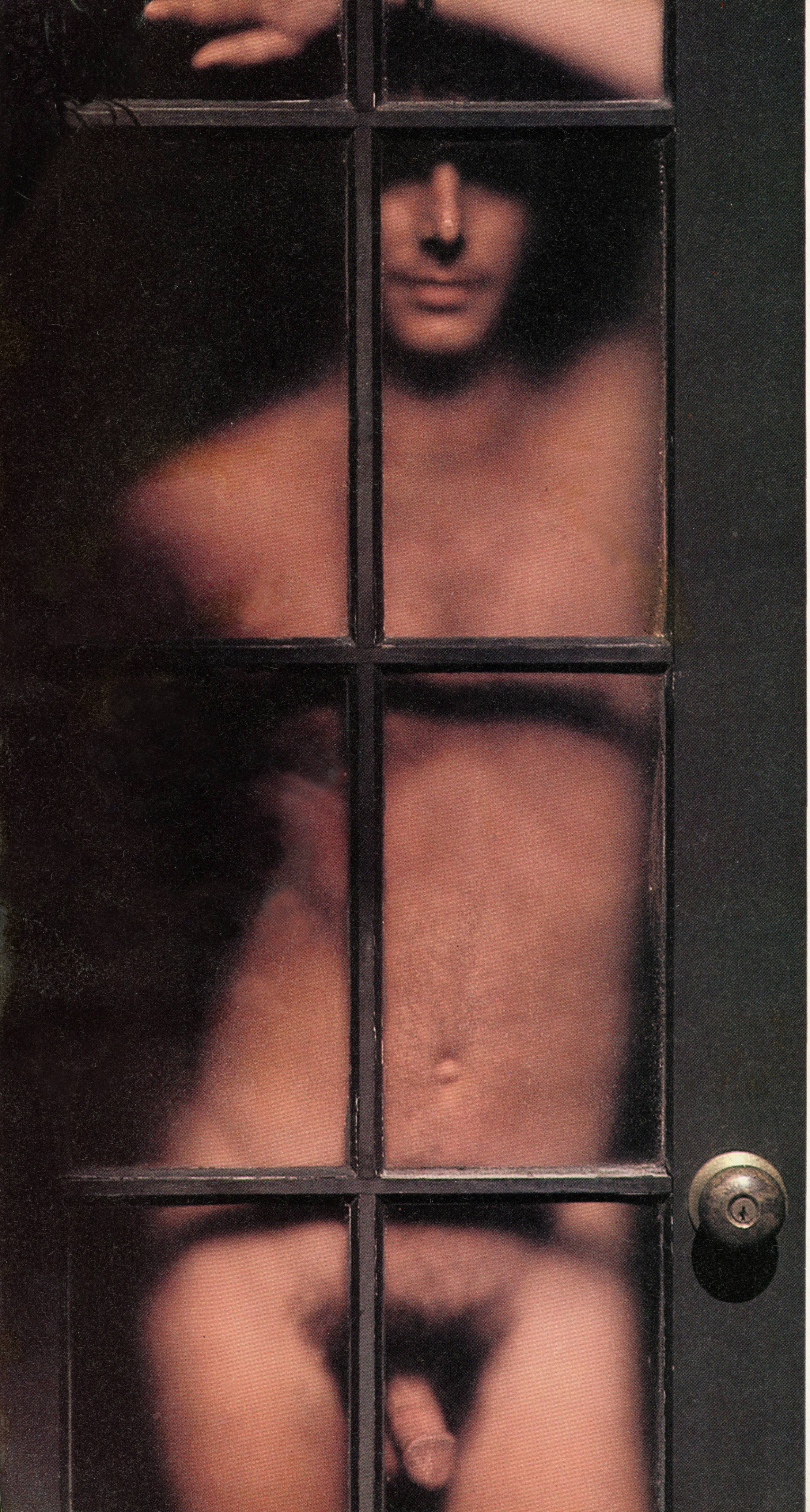
Jesse Cutler

The Force Is With Him

One meeting with Jesse Cutler and you decide he's the kind of person who gets what he wants—because he works damn hard for it, because he's gifted and because he's the kind of man who's hard to turn down. He's not just alive, he's nuclear-powered. He doesn't just wake up in the morning, he erupts. When you have a conversation with him, he doesn't talk to you, he captures you. The force is with him.

It's been that way since he was a kid. At twelve he joined with two other barely pubescent friends and started a rock group called the Young Executives. Nothing unusual about that. Picking up a guitar is as normal for a boy as putting on a football helmet. But these kids became the darlings of New York—playing at parties for the Beautiful People (including one for the Rolling Stones); they cut a record with Sammy Davis; were seen at the New York World's Fair and on *American Bandstand.*





"When I was fourteen, my friends were all ten years older," Jesse recalls. "It was definitely not a normal childhood."

For a while, like all child stars, he had his own tutors, but after a couple of years his father suggested he sign up at a private school on Long Island. That's where, when a teacher asked the class what famous person they'd like to be, he realized he wanted to be Frank Sinatra. He's working on it. (His Italian style, his Italian good looks, his Italian confidence don't hurt a bit.)

Jesse's been writing songs since he was fifteen. His album is available now, and he's already busy on a second. His songs—they're romantic and you can dance to them—always are about his life with women.

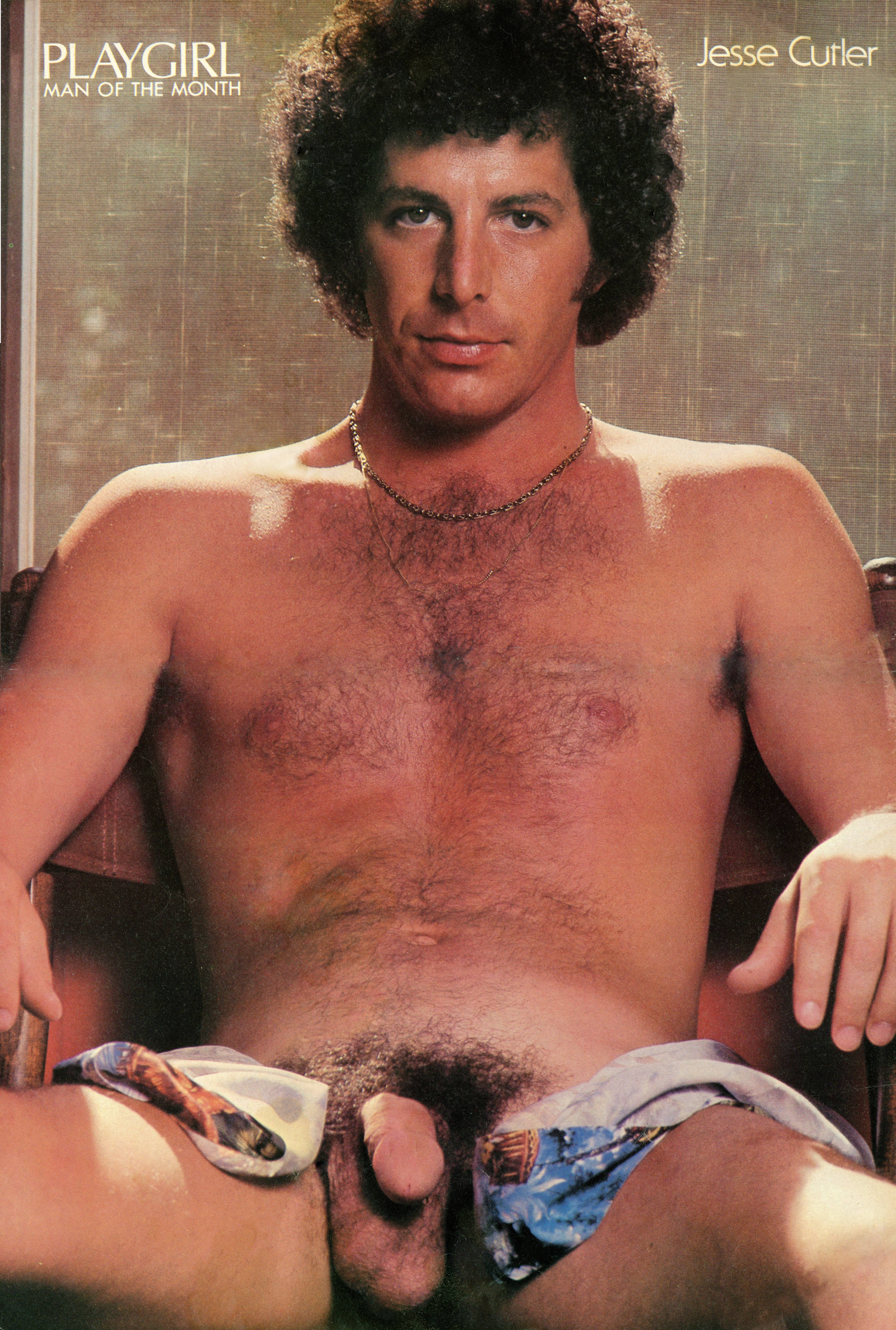
"Women have been my inspiration. I try to capture the mood of a relationship that may have lasted for years in a song that lasts for three minutes," he explained. "It's a challenge. I write on the extremes: the peak moments of true happiness, and the lows: loneliness, jealousy, anger."

"I think it's very important to have deep relationships. Too much turnover makes you very dry. The juices all evaporate."

He talks like a man who takes it all seriously, but not *too* seriously. "When a relationship ends you should never think that the door is closing behind you. Every day a new door will open. There are a lot of bodies in the world—a lot of people."

But not a lot of Jesse Cutlers. Successful at the age of twelve; again in his early twenties (he was involved in arranging the music for and playing in *Godspell* in New York from its early off-Broadway beginnings through the movie), his own juices are flowing and life looks terrific.

"I believe in my destiny," says Jesse. "And there's so much I want to do." ■


PLAYGIRL
MAN OF THE MONTH
Jesse Cutler

PLAYGIRL
MAN OF THE MONTH
Jesse Cutler

Safe Keeping

Keep it together...with PLAYGIRL'S new super safety pin keyring. You'll never misplace your keys again with this 14-carat gold-plated fastener decorated with our logo on a pink background. But our PLAYGIRL pin is more than a keyring. Use it to carry all those special trinkets, or wear it around your neck on a long gold chain. Super gift idea.

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HOW TO GET FAMOUS

(Continued from page 56)

five million albums. Demis gets twenty thousand fan letters a month, most of them from women, most of them containing sexual allusions either frank or veiled. Among European women, one of the most expressed sexual fantasies is crawling under Demis Roussos' commodious caftan.

But limited fame no longer interests Demis. It bothers him that he is not celebrated in the United States, because the true test of world fame is whether you are famous in America.

"The American market is the most prestigious for an artist," Roussos explains as he sprawls in his rented bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, a half-world away from his Monte Carlo mansion. "An artist is not really a star until he is a star in the United States." And Demis is in Los Angeles (where he plans to move with his family as soon as he reaches star status in this country) to appear for the first time on American television.

It's the last frontier for Demis Roussos, already a wealthy man, but not quite famous enough. So for two years he and his record label (Mercury) have planned and plotted and spent vast amounts of money. All the stops have been pulled. Demis will become a star . . . or else. Already it has begun. His first album and single in the United States, released last summer, were moderate successes. Now comes the touring in this country (this spring) and the next album.

Demis smiles his friendly, hungry grin. "I'm a good horse to bet on," he says, "but I'm not just a big Shaun Cassidy."

What's the Good of Being Famous?—Actor/comedian Henry Gibson tells a true story that says it all. Henry was in New York a couple of years ago doing a film and when the day's filming ended he was stuck during the after-work rush hour and couldn't find a cab to get back uptown to his hotel. So Henry hopped a bus and found a place to stand. Soon he felt someone's eyes on him, recognizing him (just about everyone who's famous talks about these same "feelers" for on-the-street recognition) and he looked down at a woman who was staring at him. "I don't know if I should be saying this," the woman stumbled, "but what's the use of being famous if you have to ride the bus?"

Random Notes on Getting Famous—Martin Mull, the ubiquitous actor, talk show host and comedian, thought a minute about his advice on the best way to get famous, then brightly suggested, "Find someone who's famous and stick to him." Mull was being only partly funny (or is it half-serious?), but not everyone is a personal friend of Irving Azoff, the diminutive personal manager of the Eagles, Boz Scaggs and other heavies. Here are a few other ideas:

- Take a good look at yourself. Will getting teeth, nose or other parts fixed improve your appearance and confidence? Watch it if you seem to have a flair for character acting. Unusual-looking (even ugly) actors work all the time.
- Take lessons: In almost anything that could affect your character, confidence, courage, diction, dancing, acting, poise or ability to speak another language. It all helps. Famous people never stop taking lessons.
- Get a press agent. Some of them come very cheap (as in a flat fee per "mention") and are worth it if you want to get your name in front of the right people.
- Get the right friends. Contacts (or as Leo Sayer says, "clout") counts.
- Find your persona. Develop an image (outrageous, inaccessible, sexy, intellectual) at all costs; then play it for all it's worth. You've got to stand out from the crowd.
- Move to where the action is. After you've groomed yourself for fame, lose no time heading for the centers of celebrity. That means Los Angeles or New York, mostly Los Angeles because of television and the high concentration of the famous.
- Dress to reinforce your image. Martin Mull uses those loud Hawaiian shirts under Cardin suits—very effective, and already a real trademark.
- Develop an instinct for where it's happening. Attendance at the right party can mean the first step toward fame. The same goes for the *people* who are happening.
- Fly TWA Flight One. Everyone who is anyone traveling between Los Angeles and New York seems to be aboard this flight, for one reason or another. What a great way to develop powerful friendships with the famous.

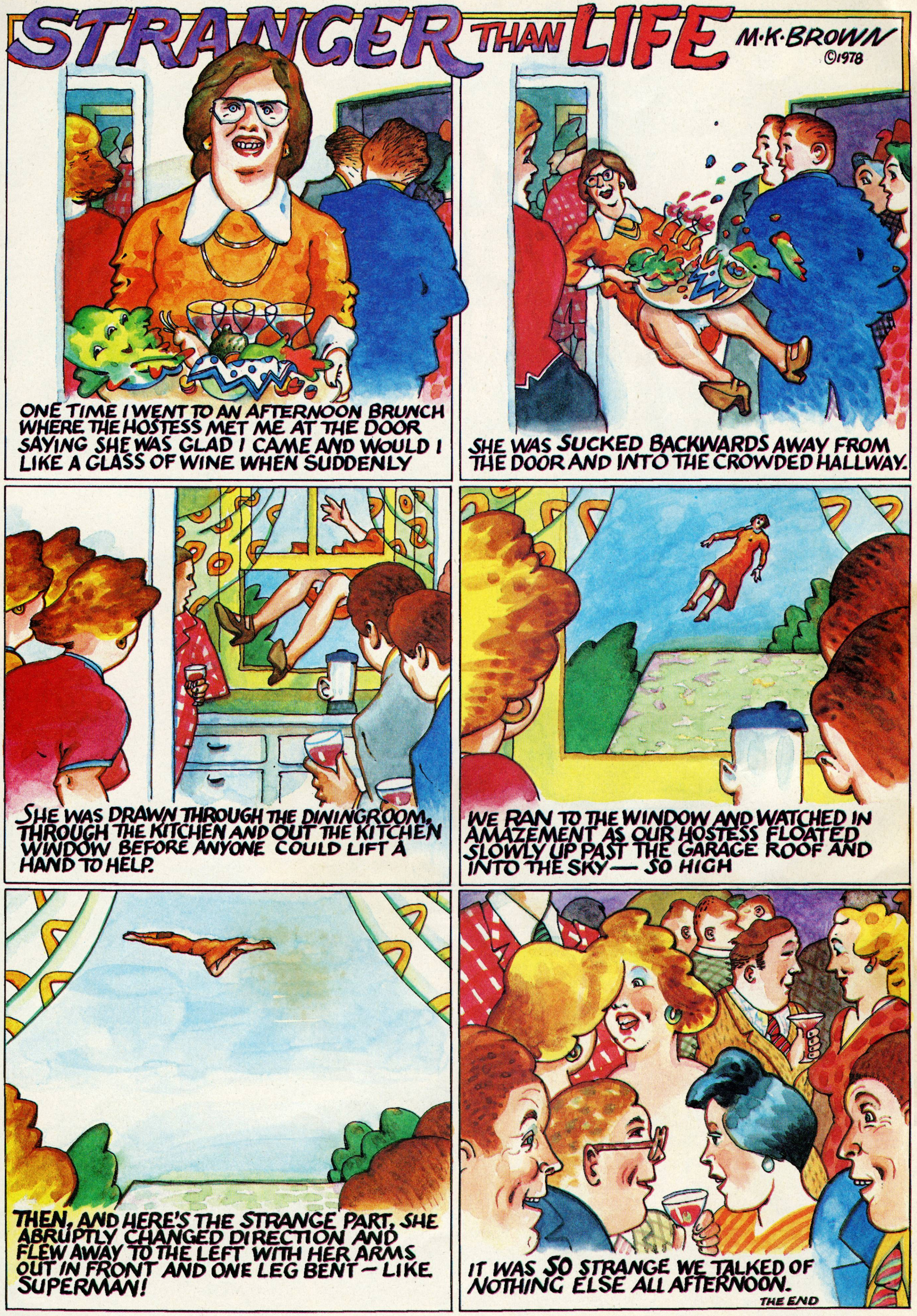
Bob Hope's Secret—How has Hope stayed on top and famous for half a century? It may be because he makes a conscious effort to remember people with whom he's worked. A common Hope story, one that's often repeated, is him coming on to a set, spying a crew member he hasn't worked with in a decade and asking him, by name, how his family is, also by name. A prodigious feat, perhaps, but it certainly has paid off for Bob Hope in goodwill and people willing to work hard for him. "Every single step up the ladder is important," says Leo Sayer, "even the light man."

Plain Hard Work—Having talent or beauty or friends often isn't enough, according to most celebrities. It also takes a lot of hard work to make it. "I never got anything I didn't work hard for," says Grammy-winning musician George Benson. "I appreciated making it more because of that," George adds. Bruce Jenner, the athlete who's turning Olympic gold into show business gold, says from his perspective fame "comes down to one word, work." Jenner says he put twelve years into training for the decathlon "and in forty-eight

(Continued on page 85)

STRANGER THAN LIFE

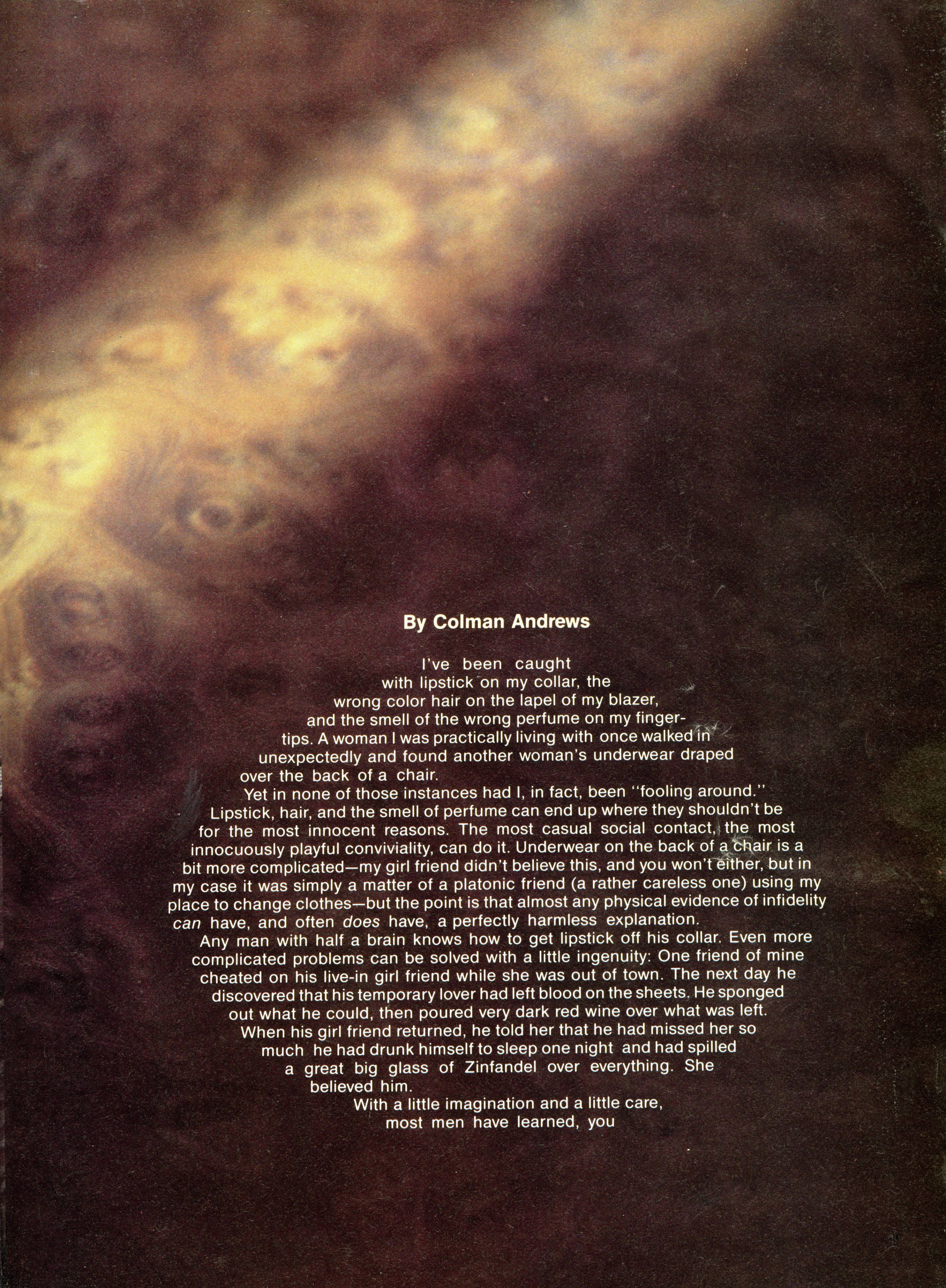
M·K·BROWN
©1978


ONE TIME I WENT TO AN AFTERNOON BRUNCH WHERE THE HOSTESS MET ME AT THE DOOR SAYING SHE WAS GLAD I CAME AND WOULD I LIKE A GLASS OF WINE WHEN SUDDENLY
SHE WAS SUCKED BACKWARDS AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND INTO THE CROWDED HALLWAY.
SHE WAS DRAWN THROUGH THE DININGROOM, THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW BEFORE ANYONE COULD LIFT A HAND TO HELP.
WE RAN TO THE WINDOW AND WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AS OUR HOSTESS FLOATED SLOWLY UP PAST THE GARAGE ROOF AND INTO THE SKY — SO HIGH
THEN, AND HERE'S THE STRANGE PART, SHE ABRUPTLY CHANGED DIRECTION AND FLEW AWAY TO THE LEFT WITH HER ARMS OUT IN FRONT AND ONE LEG BENT — LIKE SUPERMAN!
IT WAS SO STRANGE WE TALKED OF NOTHING ELSE ALL AFTERNOON.
THE END

HOW TO TELL IF HE'S FOOLING AROUND

Maybe your man has stepped out on you. Maybe he hasn't. Yet there are some subtle clues it wouldn't hurt to know about.

Photography by L. Barnett
and A. Montes de Oca



By Colman Andrews

I've been caught with lipstick on my collar, the wrong color hair on the lapel of my blazer, and the smell of the wrong perfume on my fingertips. A woman I was practically living with once walked in unexpectedly and found another woman's underwear draped over the back of a chair.

Yet in none of those instances had I, in fact, been "fooling around." Lipstick, hair, and the smell of perfume can end up where they shouldn't be for the most innocent reasons. The most casual social contact, the most innocuously playful conviviality, can do it. Underwear on the back of a chair is a bit more complicated—my girl friend didn't believe this, and you won't either, but in my case it was simply a matter of a platonic friend (a rather careless one) using my place to change clothes—but the point is that almost any physical evidence of infidelity *can* have, and often *does* have, a perfectly harmless explanation.

Any man with half a brain knows how to get lipstick off his collar. Even more complicated problems can be solved with a little ingenuity: One friend of mine cheated on his live-in girl friend while she was out of town. The next day he discovered that his temporary lover had left blood on the sheets. He sponged out what he could, then poured very dark red wine over what was left. When his girl friend returned, he told her that he had missed her so much he had drunk himself to sleep one night and had spilled a great big glass of Zinfandel over everything. She believed him.

With a little imagination and a little care, most men have learned, you can hide your extracurricular activities quite easily and for a surprisingly long time—particularly from a woman who doesn't really want to believe that you're cheating on her in the first place. So the obvious telltale signs of infidelity aren't necessarily the obvious telltale signs of infidelity at all.

Some things, however, are. Psychiatrist Mary Ann Bartusis has written a book about infidelity; how to recognize it and cope with it. It's called *Every Other Man,* a title based on the fact that 50 percent of the men questioned in a recent national poll on the subject said that they had cheated on their women (and a full two-thirds said that they would do so under some circumstances). The section on what to do once you've discovered infidelity is a lot of nonsense: ("Have a good cry," she counsels; remember that the most important thing in a man's life is his job; a couple that wants to get back together should share tennis, ceramics classes, dining out, etcetera). But the section on recognizing infidelity in the first place is strong and clear, and it says basically what every man and woman I've asked about the subject says: The danger sign of infidelity is change.

What kind of change? Almost any kind of change. Change in dress; change in schedule; change in sexual attitudes; new clothes; new hobbies; new kinds of books.

Tim, a thirty-year-old tennis instructor and science fiction buff, recently ended a three-year marriage with Frances, an Austrian-born photographer. The two are still good friends, and Frances recently told Tim how she had known that he was having an affair with another woman. He passed the information on to me: "She told me that the first thing she noticed," he said, "was that all of a sudden I started letting her make little decisions—almost forcing her to. Things like where we'd go to dinner or whether or not we'd accept an invitation to a gallery opening. It was as if I didn't want any control of the relationship anymore, she told me. Also—and I swear I wasn't aware of this myself at the time—she noticed that I only wanted to fuck in bed, whereas before we'd sometimes fuck in the shower or on the living room rug or wherever." He paused and added, "Of course the thing that *really* gave it away, she said, was when she'd catch me doing little samba steps alone in the kitchen. . . ."

"The kitchen's a great place to find out what a man's been doing," says Betsy, a twenty-five-year-old radio program producer. "Men are usually very careful in the bedroom and the bathroom, and they usually even think to clean up the car, taking out the cigarette butts with somebody else's lipstick on them, and so on. But it never occurs to them to take a look around the kitchen. If I suspect that a man I'm going out with is fooling around, I just look to see how many coffee cups are drying in the drain tray. Plus the fact that most men don't wash their dishes very carefully, and there's always a little lipstick left on the edges of the glasses."

Ellen, who is forty-five, has three children and is happily married, remembers with some humor the days when she lived with a succession of men—"most of whom," she says, "were either rats or mice, and I could never make up my mind which I liked least." According to Ellen, the first thing to watch out for is a sudden nervousness about the telephone. "I mean, the phone is no big thing. It rings or it doesn't ring. It's business or it's a friend or it's for somebody else. But all of a sudden there's a little "ring ring," and the guy practically knocks over the wing chair. And all of a sudden he's jumping up to get it every time when he used to treat you like his personal switchboard operator. And there's another thing: I don't think I ever lived with a man who was stupid enough to suddenly take the phone into the next room and start speaking in a very low voice, but I knew a couple of them who *were* stupid enough to suddenly start talking too loud or too specifically, like: 'Oh, hello, MR. WHITE. How are things at the OFFICE? What time is the SALES MEETING?' Dumb stuff like that."

"She noticed that I only wanted to fuck in bed."

Like most of the people I questioned, Ellen also stresses that men who are fooling around usually start becoming a lot nicer all of a sudden, a lot more affectionate and thoughtful. "Suddenly the guy'll be willing to go see those soppy romantic movies with you that he'd never go near before, and he'll agree with you in all kinds of dumb things. And on Sunday afternoons when you just want to sew a dress or something, he'll suddenly be all full of romantic ideas, like let's go have a picnic and then walk on the beach at sundown and crap like that—which is usually because he can't see *her* on Sundays because she's a secretary or something and has to go see granny in the rest home."

"In general," she adds, "guilt makes them step out of character. That's how you catch them—if you *want* to catch them."

It's no secret that some people don't want to know *what* their lover is up to—just as some cheaters obviously want to be caught. "You really must admit," says Edie, a successful novelist in her late twenties, "that there is cheating and there is *cheating.* Some men just know how to make a lot of women extremely happy at more or less the same time, and they're polite enough to learn how to lie beautifully in order to do it. One of my best lovers ever must have had a flat tire on the freeway fifty times—and I believed his alibi every time. On the other hand, sometimes men cheat on you because they want to hurt you. It's an attitude, a state of spite. I never give men like that a second chance."

June is a brilliant young family therapist. She won't reveal her age, saying "If people found out how young I was, they wouldn't trust me as much—and I mean my colleagues as much as my patients. Let's just say that I'm a good five or six years younger than most of the beginning therapists that come through here."

Despite her youth, June has had a great deal of experience with the matter of infidelity—"almost all of it other people's, at least so far," she adds. According to her, "Unless a person is a real veteran at fooling around, the one thing you can count on is that they won't be indifferent to you. They'll either be very, very warm and supportive, always telling you what a wonderful person you are and how much they appreciate all you do for them, or they'll start getting short-tempered and abusive. Most of the time, in fact, they'll vacillate between the two states.

"Another thing is that they'll suddenly become preoccupied with their performance in bed. You know: 'Honey, do you think I sweat too much when we make love?' and things like that—things it never would have occurred to them to ask before. And I've learned that, on the brink of an affair or when it's just about over, men tend to get very moralistic about other people, very disgusted if they hear about somebody else having an affair."

Old-fashioned evidence can be useful, too, though, she adds. "If a man forgets his watch someplace and he says he can't remember where, for instance, it's time to watch out. There are very few things a man does that he takes his watch off for. Then there are always little things like finding sand in his shoes when he works downtown. But about the best trick is one my mother used to use: She'd check the mileage on my father's car in the morning and at night, and then ask him about his day. If there were 150 miles on the odometer, he'd damned well better not tell her he'd been at the office all day."

Suspicion and jealousy are not particularly attractive emotions, nor are they particularly effective ones, of course. Being suspicious or jealous of your lover will *never* stop him from fooling around if he's set his mind to doing it. It might even be the final thing that makes it happen. On the other hand, we all like to know where we stand in a relationship, and a certain sensitivity to one's mate is never out of place.

June suggests that that sensitivity usually comes too late. "If people would put the kind of care and attention into loving and learning about a person in the first place that they later put into trying to find out if he or she is fooling around, maybe the fooling around would never happen." ■

PLAYGIRL
FASHION & BEAUTY GUIDE

THE SUN SET
Swimsuits to
Warm Up Your Winter

RESORT TO TAN
A January Tan
That'll Last 'til June

Photography by Rick Strauss.
Makeup and hair by Sandra Kartoon Jordan.
Photographed at Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats,
courtesy Kawasaki Motors Corp.
For information on model Michelle Roth's
makeup by "i" cosmetics, see page 122.

THE SUN SET

Hot sun. Hot bodies. Hot suits. What a combination and what a way to live it up this winter! When the temperature seems to creep steadily downward and your mood follows suit, treat yourself to a warm-weather resort . . . a resort weekend or a whole, wonderful, warm week. Join the sun set. Palm Springs . . . Miami Beach . . . the Bahamas . . . Cabo San Lucas . . . Rio!

And while you're splurging, pamper yourself with a new swimsuit, too. These '79 suits are the freshest to surface in years. You'll love the tan you get with the plunging fronts and scooped-out backs. These high-cut suits make your legs look longer than ever. And brilliant sun-goddess colors will lift your cold-weather spirits in a minute. Can you think of a better way to fight the winter blahs?

About as bare as a one-piece suit can be, this maillot from Kamali is a slither of silvery Antron nylon and Lycra spandex that clings just enough to emphasize your every beautiful curve, $60.

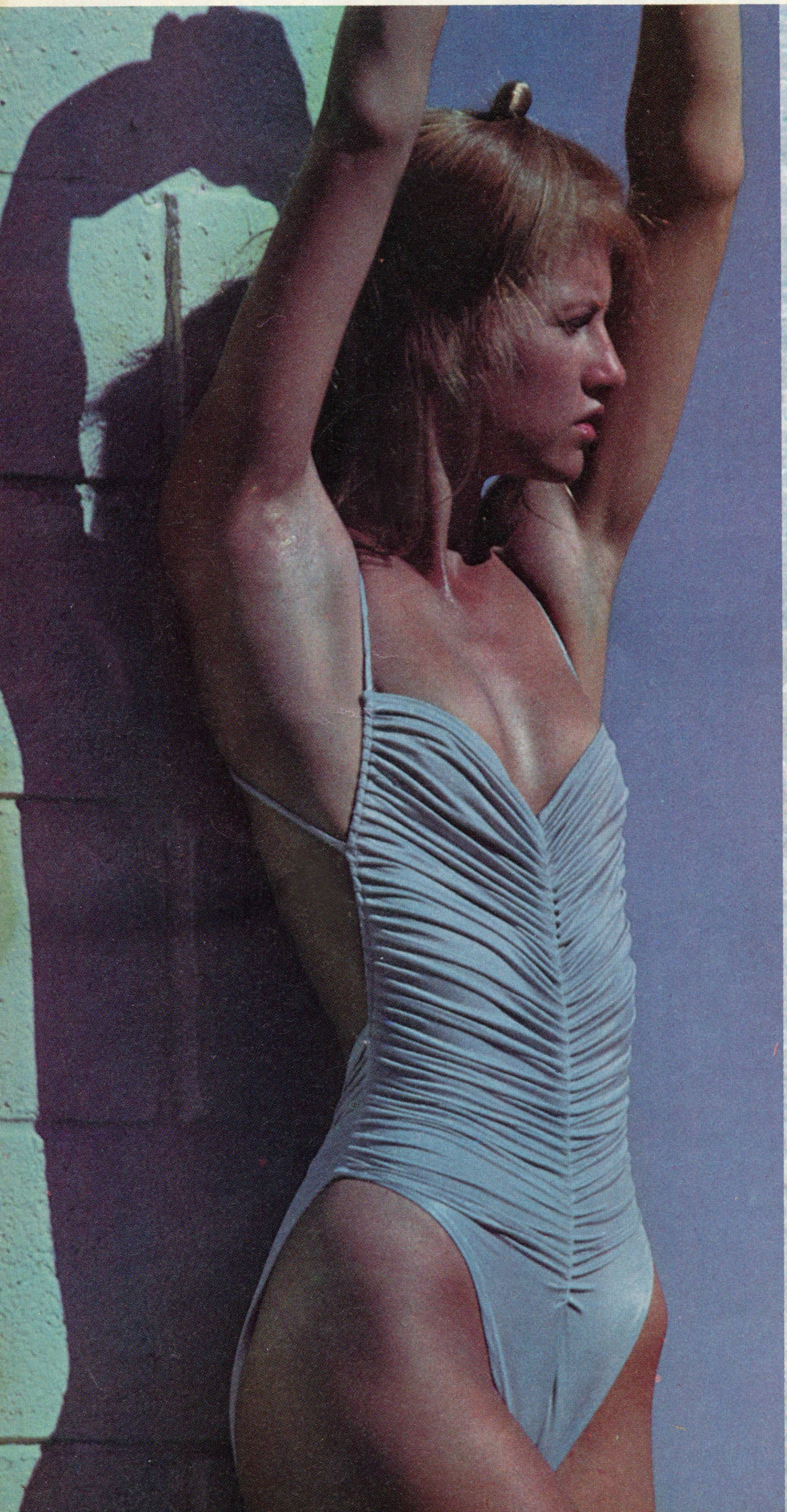
Desert sand neutrals, beautifully pale against your gorgeous deep tan. The loose-knit, cotton string bikini, $34, and the strapless maillot, $44, both designed by Marcia Friedman for Le Bag of Los Angeles.

Photographed by Rick Strauss at the great Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah Location courtesy Kawasaki Motors Corp. Makeup and hair by Sandra Kartoon Jordan. Shell hair ornaments by Karen Callan.

Put your resort tan in focus in this shimmering chevron-striped suit by Marc Vigneron for Cole of California. The cutout back allows for a wonderful tan, and those clever stripes make your figure look great. Of nylon and spandex, about $30.

THE SU

Hot sun. Hot bodies. Hot suits. What a combination and what a way to live it up this winter! When the temperature seems to creep steadily downward and your mood follows suit, treat yourself to a warm-weather resort . . . a resort weekend or a whole, wonderful, warm week. Join the sun set. Palm Springs . . . Miami Beach . . . the Bahamas . . . Cabo San Lucas . . . Rio!



About as bare as a one-piece suit can be, this maillot from Kamali is a slither of silvery Antron nylon and Lycra spandex that clings just enough to emphasize your every beautiful curve, $60.

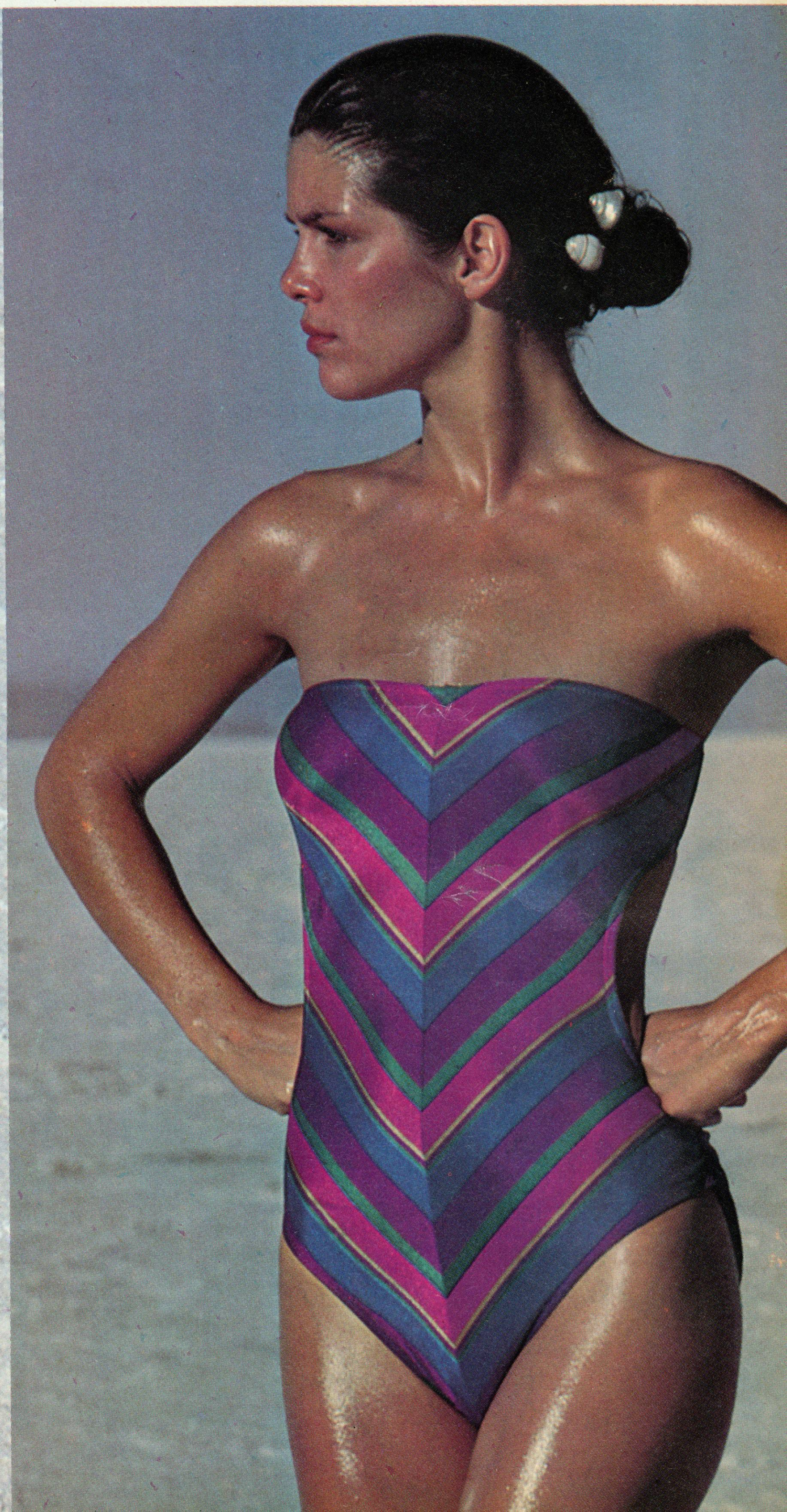
Desert sand neutrals, beautifully pale against your gorgeous deep tan. The loose-knit, cotton string bikini, $34, and the strapless maillot, $44, both designed by Marcia Friedman for Le Bag of Los Angeles.

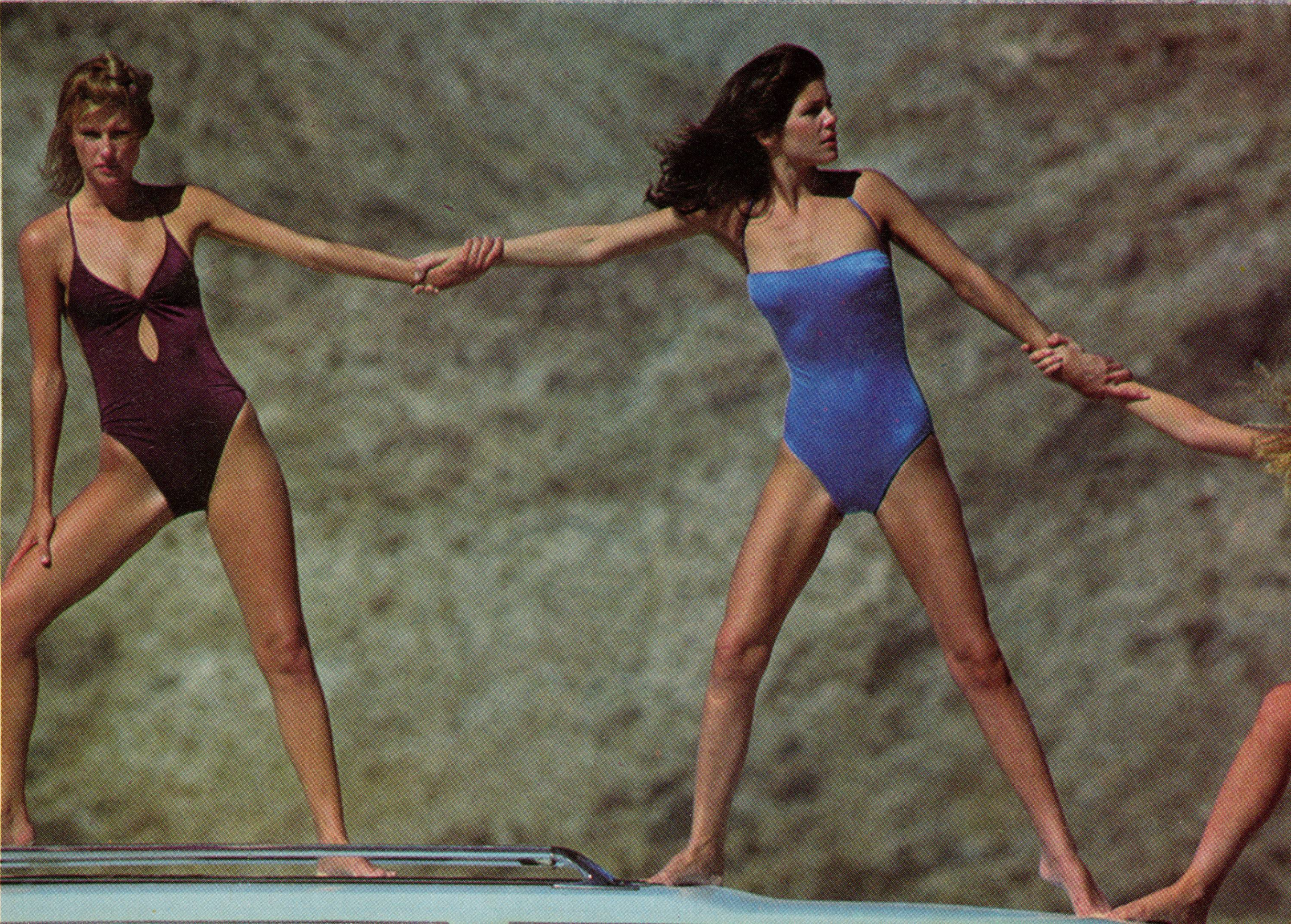
Photographed by Rick Strauss at the great Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. Location courtesy Kawasaki Motors Corp. Makeup and hair by Sandra Kartoon Jordan. Shell hair ornaments by Karen Callan.

UN SET

And while you're splurging, pamper yourself with a new swimsuit, too. These '79 suits are the freshest to surface in years. You'll love the tan you get with the plunging fronts and scooped-out backs. These high-cut suits make your legs look longer than ever. And brilliant sun-goddess colors will lift your cold-weather spirits in a minute. Can you think of a better way to fight the winter blahs?

Put your resort tan in focus in this shimmering chevron-striped suit by Marc Vigneron for Cole of California. The cutout back allows for a wonderful tan, and those clever stripes make your figure look great. Of nylon and spandex, about $30.





Left: Take a brief bikini (here the top doesn't show, but picture it as sexy and skimpy as the bottom) and add a matching shirred camisole and your sunset wardrobe is complete. All of Antron nylon and Lycra spandex, from Connie Banko. Bikini, $26, camisole, $24.

Below: Three lean, leggy beauties. *left*, a bare, bare front and a crisscrossed back, in deepest aubergine, $26, by Dusanka Schmidt for Daffy. *Center*, a jewel of a bandeau suit that reverses from sapphire to turquoise. From DeWeese Designs, $34. *Right*, a strapless and shimmering lavender maillot that highlights your perfect body. From McCadden Pl., $26. All three suits of Antron nylon and Lycra spandex.

Right: What a pair. The strapless, shirred maillot is simply perfect in a delicious shade of red raspberry. From DeWeese Designs, $33. *At right*, taking the deepest plunge in front and back, a sea-green suit with shoulder ties from Connie Banko, $34. Both of Antron nylon and Lycra spandex.

Your best beauty asset could be a beautiful suntan—a healthy bronze skin that needs nothing more than the gleam from a kiss of lip gloss. But whenever the subject turns to tanning there's good news and bad news.

You already know the bad news, but it's worth repeating: Medical research has found evidence that sunshine penetrates the skin like X-rays. The sun's ultra-violet rays (yes, they're part of that glorious sunshine) have been shown to be a major cause of skin cancer.

The good news is that you can block those dangerous rays and still get a gorgeous tan. It won't be that quick tan you get after two eight-hour sunbaths at your favorite weekend resort, but you won't look and feel like a baked lobster or peel for days, either. A slow, safely acquired resort tan will stay beautiful from now until summer if you nurture it properly. Above all, don't rush the process, and follow some simple rules:

1. Don't sun yourself unprotected. Protected doesn't mean just wearing a sun hat; it means being liberally coated with a frequently applied sunblock or sunscreen until your skin has built a strong tolerance to the sun's rays. The only true sunblocking agent is zinc oxide; it stops the penetrating ultra-violet rays. It also looks funny. You've seen those white-nosed lifeguards and tennis players—they're wearing zinc oxide. But blocking those rays is the only totally safe way to sun. You can cover your body with zinc oxide and stay in the sun, fearless of its harmful rays. You'll also look like Pillsbury's Doughboy.

The more aesthetic alternative to zinc oxide is PABA (scientifically, para-aminobenzoic acid), an ingredient that is in many commercially available products. If your suntan lotion does not contain at least 5 percent PABA (or, for those allergic to PABA, try Texas Pharmacal's A-fil, a sunscreen which contains 5 percent solutions of titanium dioxide and menthyl anthranilate), your skin won't be sufficiently protected. Once your tan has progressed you can diminish the amount of PABA you use. Eventually, you could use lotions that promote faster, darker tans.

2. No matter how "tough" you think your skin is, approach the sun with caution. Small doses of the sun at first will help your skin build up the necessary tolerance. If you have access to a sun lamp, use it for five seconds twice a day for a week; the following week try ten-second exposures. Using five-second increments per week, gradually build to twenty-second doses twice a day. Your skin will be better prepared to tolerate the intensity of the outdoor sun.

3. Avoid the midday sun. Sun before 11 A.M. and after 3 P.M. for the least offensive rays (all rays weather your delicate skin). Unless it's your doctor, don't listen to anyone who says to sun between eleven and two. A quick, midday tan is no excuse for endangering the beautiful life of your skin . . . and you.

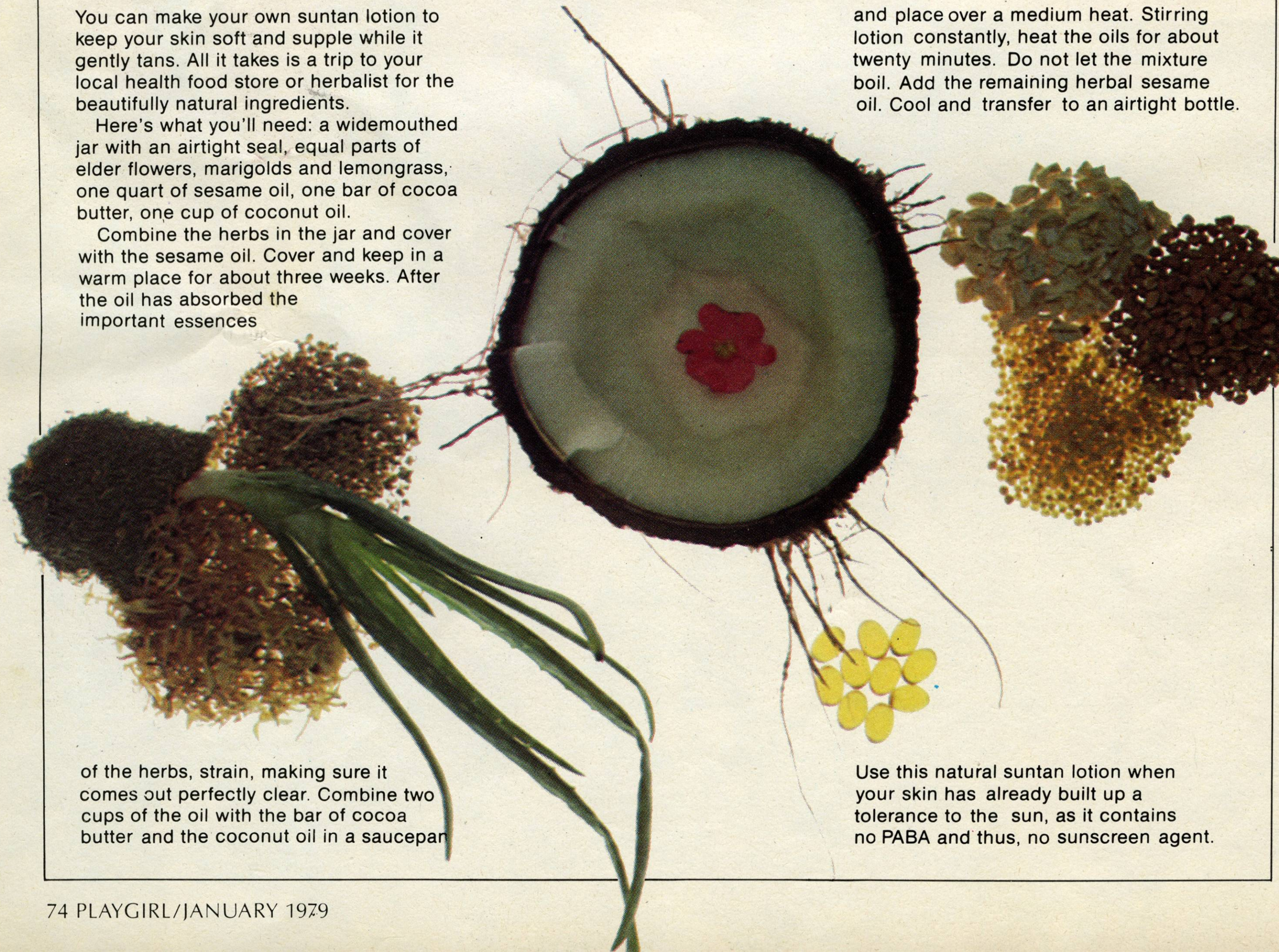
4. Always wear very dark gray or green-lensed sunglasses in the bright sun. Blue or fashion-hued lenses don't sufficiently protect your eyes. When you invest in shades test them in the bright sunlight before purchasing them.

ATTENTION NATURE GIRLS:

You can make your own suntan lotion to keep your skin soft and supple while it gently tans. All it takes is a trip to your local health food store or herbalist for the beautifully natural ingredients.

Here's what you'll need: a widemouthed jar with an airtight seal, equal parts of elder flowers, marigolds and lemongrass, one quart of sesame oil, one bar of cocoa butter, one cup of coconut oil.

Combine the herbs in the jar and cover with the sesame oil. Cover and keep in a warm place for about three weeks. After the oil has absorbed the important essences of the herbs, strain, making sure it comes out perfectly clear. Combine two cups of the oil with the bar of cocoa butter and the coconut oil in a saucepan and place over a medium heat. Stirring lotion constantly, heat the oils for about twenty minutes. Do not let the mixture boil. Add the remaining herbal sesame oil. Cool and transfer to an airtight bottle.



Use this natural suntan lotion when your skin has already built up a tolerance to the sun, as it contains no PABA and thus, no sunscreen agent.

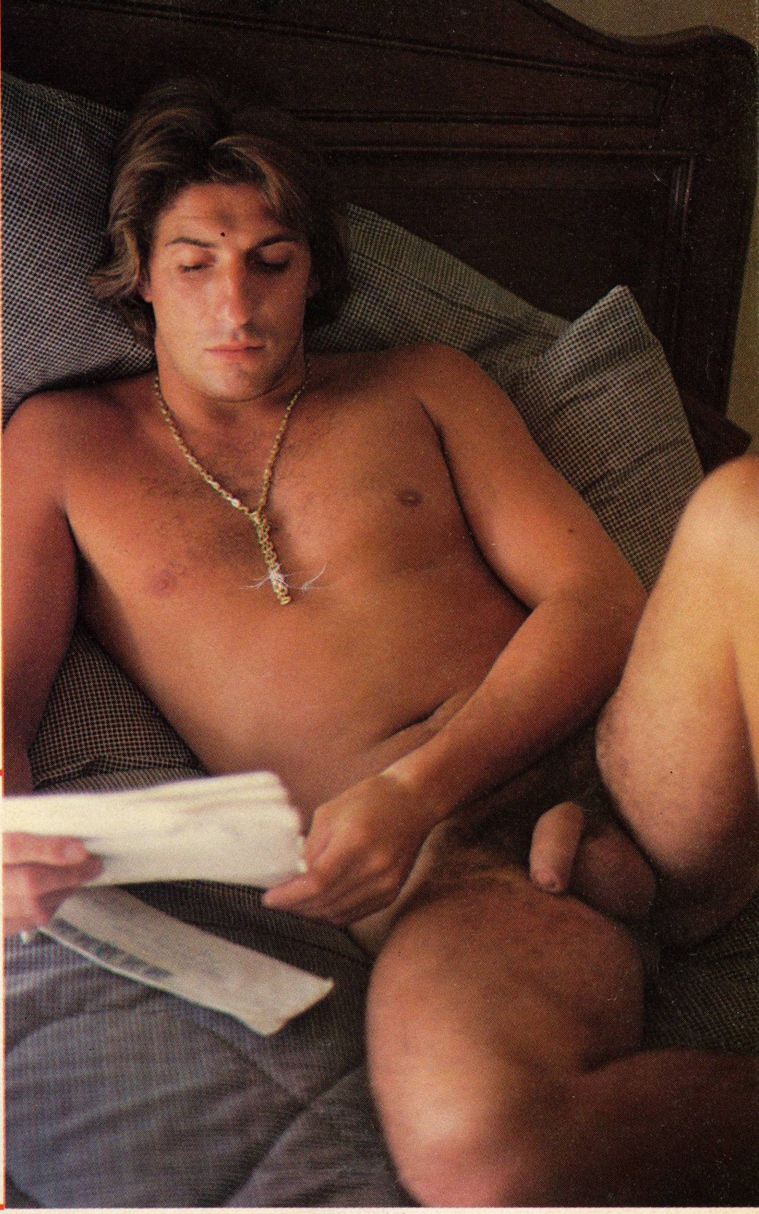
Photographed at the Great Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah; courtesy of Kawasaki Motors Corp.
Photography by Rick Strauss
Hair by Sandra Kartoon Jordan; shell ornament by Karen Callan, Ltd.

RESORT TO TAN

PreSun
butter up
aloe vera plus e
SUDDEN TAN
SUDDEN TAN

Special care for sun-kissed skin: *left to right*, PreSun 5 percent PABA gel protects against burn. For not-so-sensitive tanners, Bonne Bell's Butter Up lets all the rays in. Already burned? Soothe with rich Aloe Vera Plus E from Naturade. If there's no time for sun, Sudden Tan foam has its own bronzing agents. Bain de Soleil protects with PABA.

Tanning's a science and the Ultima II researchers have formulated an interrelated collection of sun care products for perfect bronzing. This system provides the right amount of protection as your skin builds a ray tolerance. There's even a peel-control formula to help extend the life of your tan.



A REVIEW OF OUR LAST DELIGHTFUL DOZEN

Not so long ago, the editorial staff was sitting around (a rare occurrence) looking at slides of the past twelve centerfolds, and wondering what they have been up to since appearing in *Playgirl*. Of course each of us had her favorite, and our once-amiable discussion soon turned into an all-out argument. Which one of our favorite men was The Man of the Year?

After much heated debate, we finally decided that the only fair way to determine the winner would be to let the *readers* vote for their favorite. We contacted the fellas, asked them what they've been up to, selected the photos . . . the rest is up to you.

Able-bodied architect Brian Dawson, *left and bottom right*, (April '78) is still practicing his craft in Los Angeles, California. Considering *his* super-structure, we've got designs on *him*.

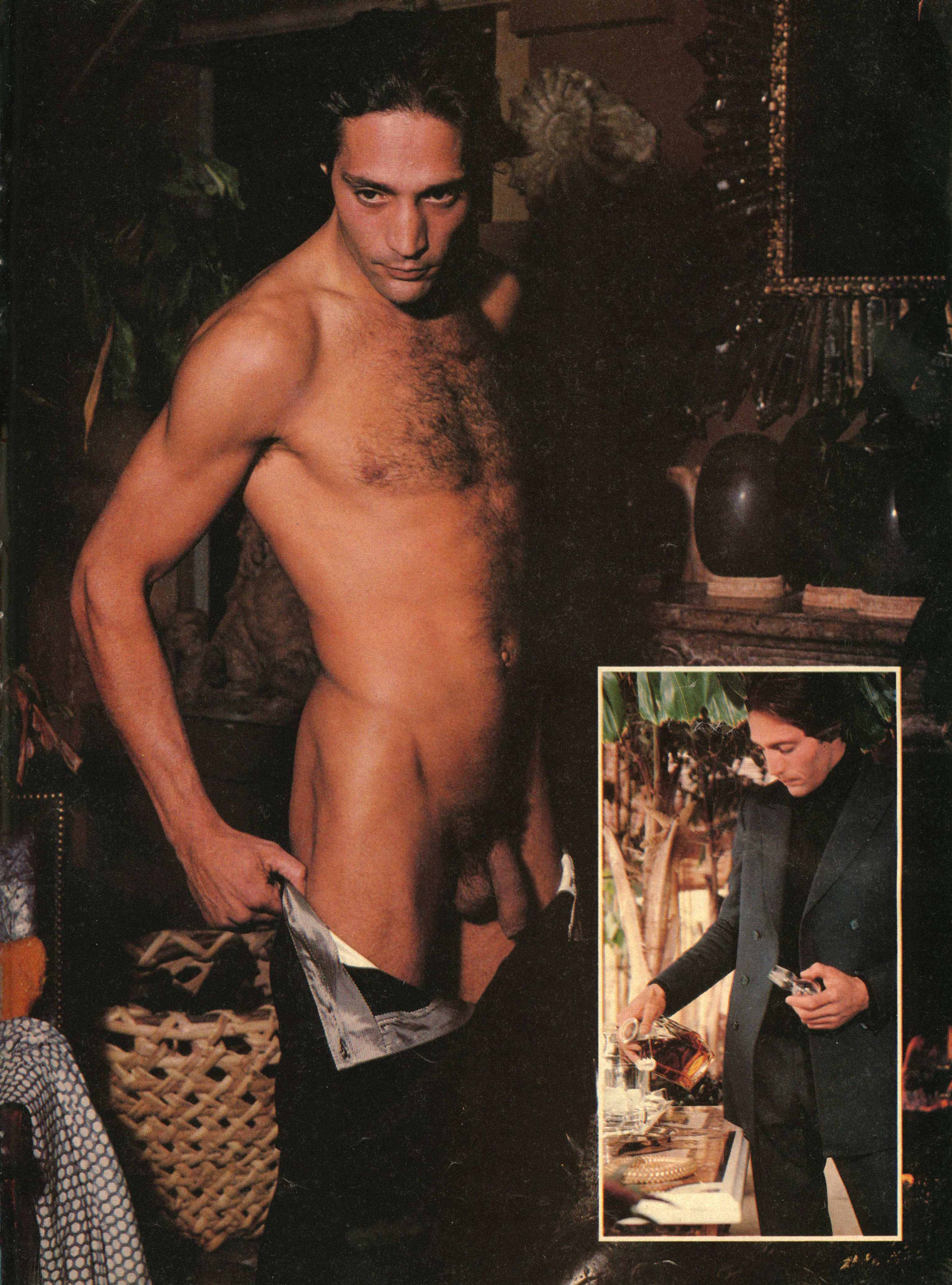
Norbert Blecha, *above and top right*, (May '78) is a native of Austria who came to the United States seeking employment as a stuntman in American films. It was well worth the trip: Norbert was so successful as a movie daredevil, he's since taken a holiday from his work, has left the States and is currently skiing his way across Europe.

VOTING INFORMATION ON PAGE 82

Remember Stephen Taylor, our September '78 centerfold? Pictured *left and above*, we're sure you'll agree that Stephen is one man women *don't* forget. Now a collaborator on a songwriting team and busy preparing an album, you can be sure this ex-deejay knows the formula for a hit song. Of late, Stephen has taken an interest in fast cars—as a matter of fact, he's fast at everything he does. ''To me,'' he says, ''moving ahead rapidly in accomplishing one's goals is a desirable way of life.''

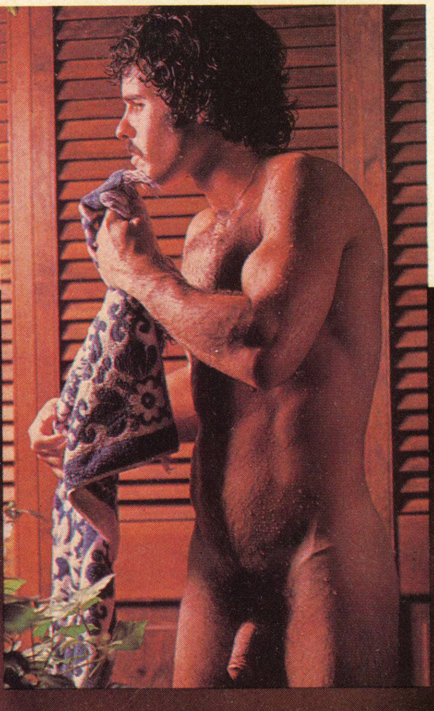
Our Man of the Month for October '78, Lenny Thompson, *left and below*, says being a centerfold has brought him a landslide of calls from agents offering modelling jobs. However, this jock hasn't made any commitments yet. Still on an extended vacation in Hawaii doing what he likes best—tennis, running, taking in the luscious scenery—Lenny prefers to take life one day at a time. This Gemini believes he possesses all of the traits associated with his sign: Creativity, imagination, artistic ability and dexterity. We'd be willing to bet his hands aren't the only things he's good with.

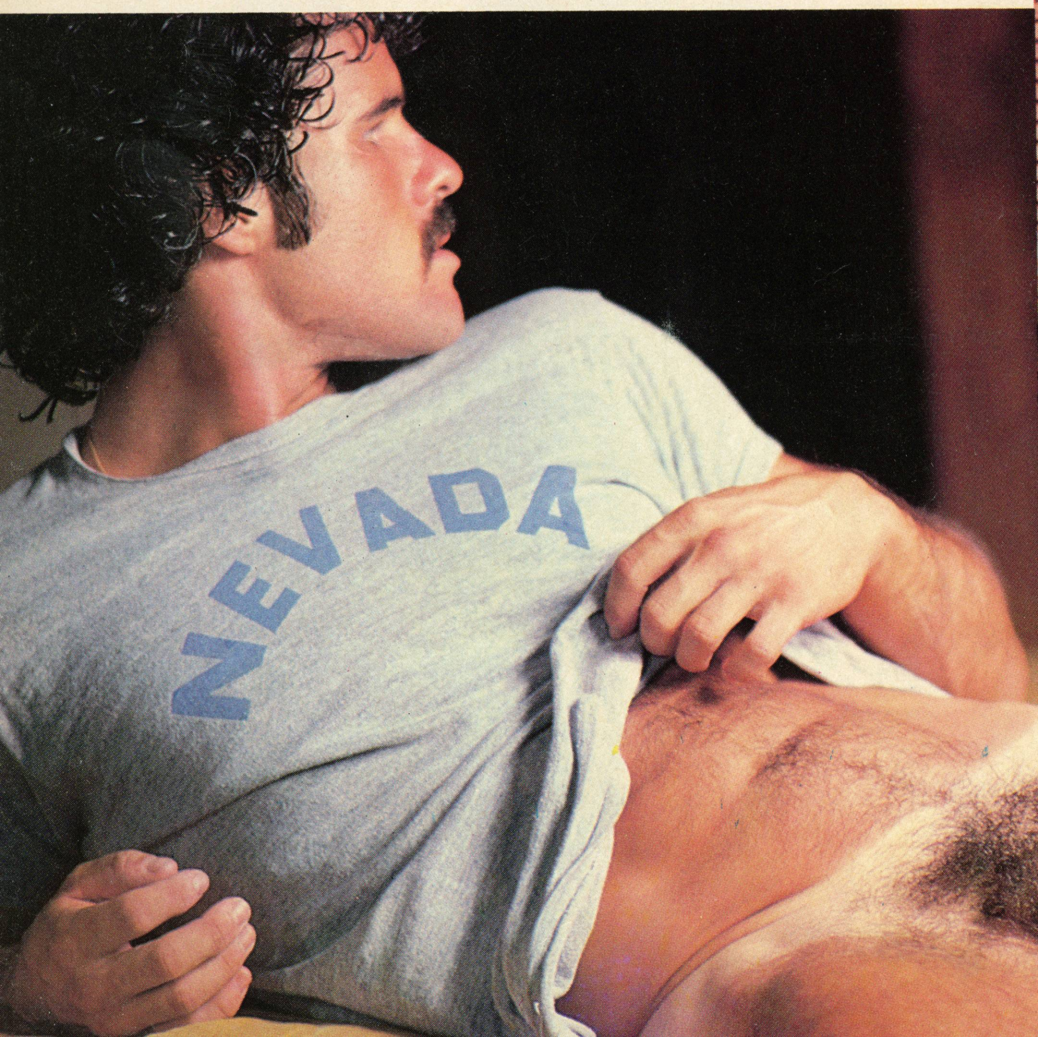
Michael Montelbano, *right*, is a ''designer's designer'' who loves to travel—Europe, South America, the Middle East—you name the country, and you can sure Michael's been there collecting paintings, furniture and assorted objects that he sells to his wide circle of contacts in the art and decorating worlds. Free-spirited and independent, our globetrotting July '78 centerfold prefers his women to be that way too.



Once a grape grower in California's San Joaquin Valley, January '77 centerfold, Dennis Durrell, *above*, has hit the big time. Since the time his heavenly body appeared in *Playgirl*, Dennis has travelled to Greece and Germany filming Winston cigarette commercials to be seen on European television.

Marc Gartman, *below*, is a country boy at heart. Our December '77 centerfold abandoned a successful career as an actor in TV commercials in Los Angeles for an opportunity to work in real estate in San Rafael, California. "The lifestyle in L.A. is not for me," our Man for December told us. "I need trees and soothing sounds, not concrete buildings and traffic." Marc is happy to report that business is booming.

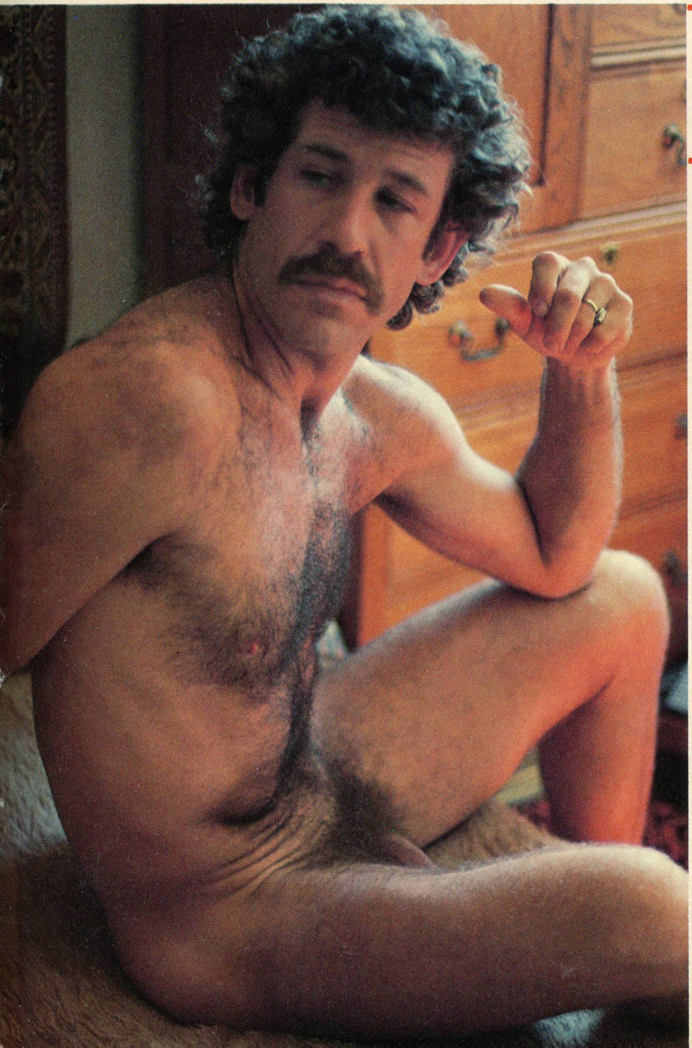




When last seen, C. W. Mundy, *above and right*, was still giving snorkeling lessons to the beautiful people who vacation at Club Med's Playa Blanca hideaway in Mexico. Looking at C.W., we can't think of a better reason to take up a new sport!

Playgirl's man for August '78, Jeremy Alves, *below*, is a good catch. Yes, Jeremy is still watching the sun go down every evening from his fishing boat. Wouldn't *you* like to keep him company?

Water baby Scott Dutton, *below right*, proves that as-yet-undiscovered treasures are to be found beneath the sea. An avid scuba-diver, snorkeler, surfer, our February '78 centerfold proclaims, "I like girls who are into the beach. I also like girls who aren't. I just like girls." We like you, too, Scott.

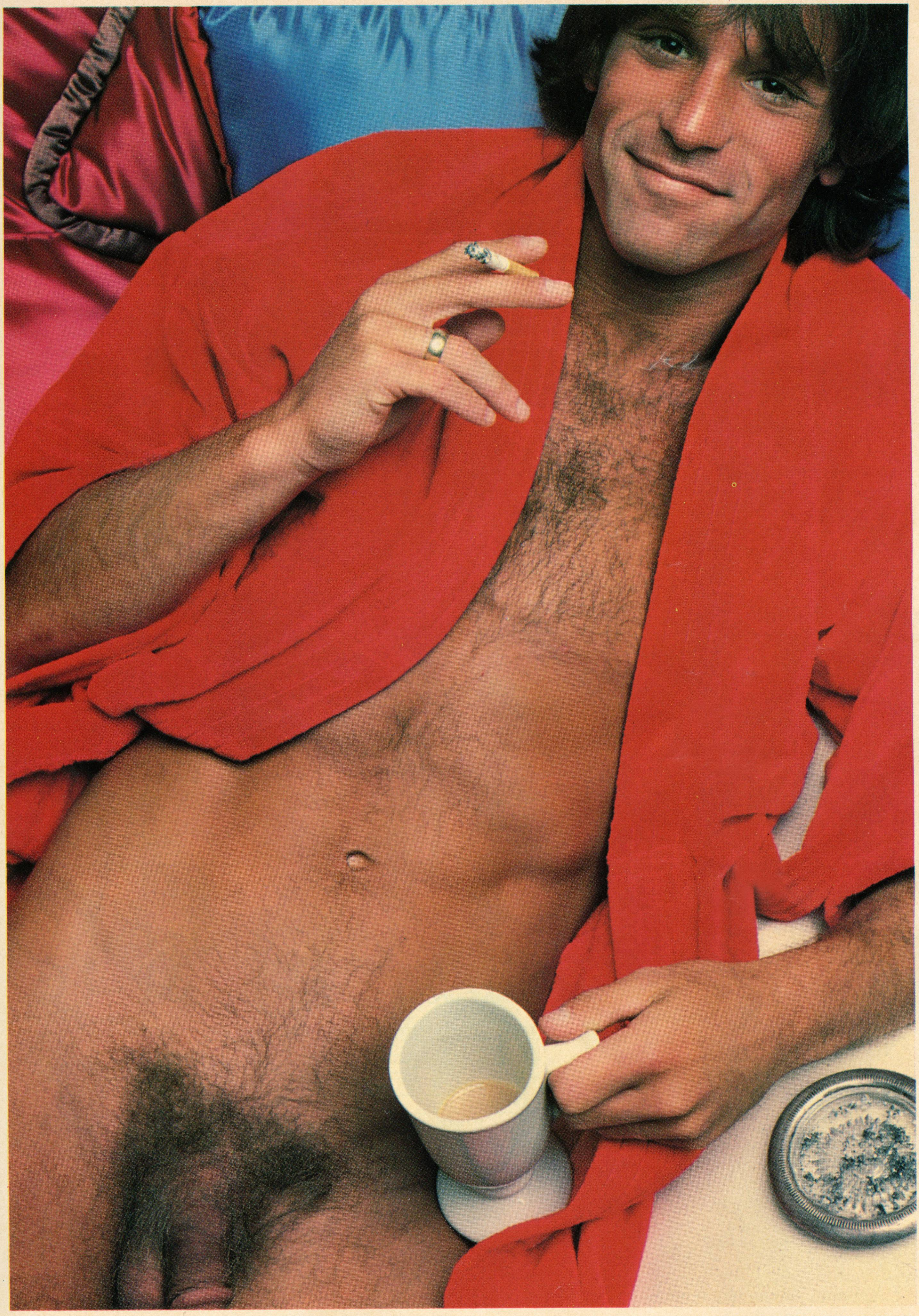


Steve D'Auria, *above and near right*, former student of anthropology and world traveller, is a sensitive man. "I want to find a woman who will take all of my love, every day, for as close to forever as we've got," says Steve. "I wish there weren't a population problem, because I'd like to have seven kids, too. And live in a white clapboard house on a mountain in Vermont. Do you think I'm asking too much?" No, Steve, we don't. Ladies, the line forms to the rear.

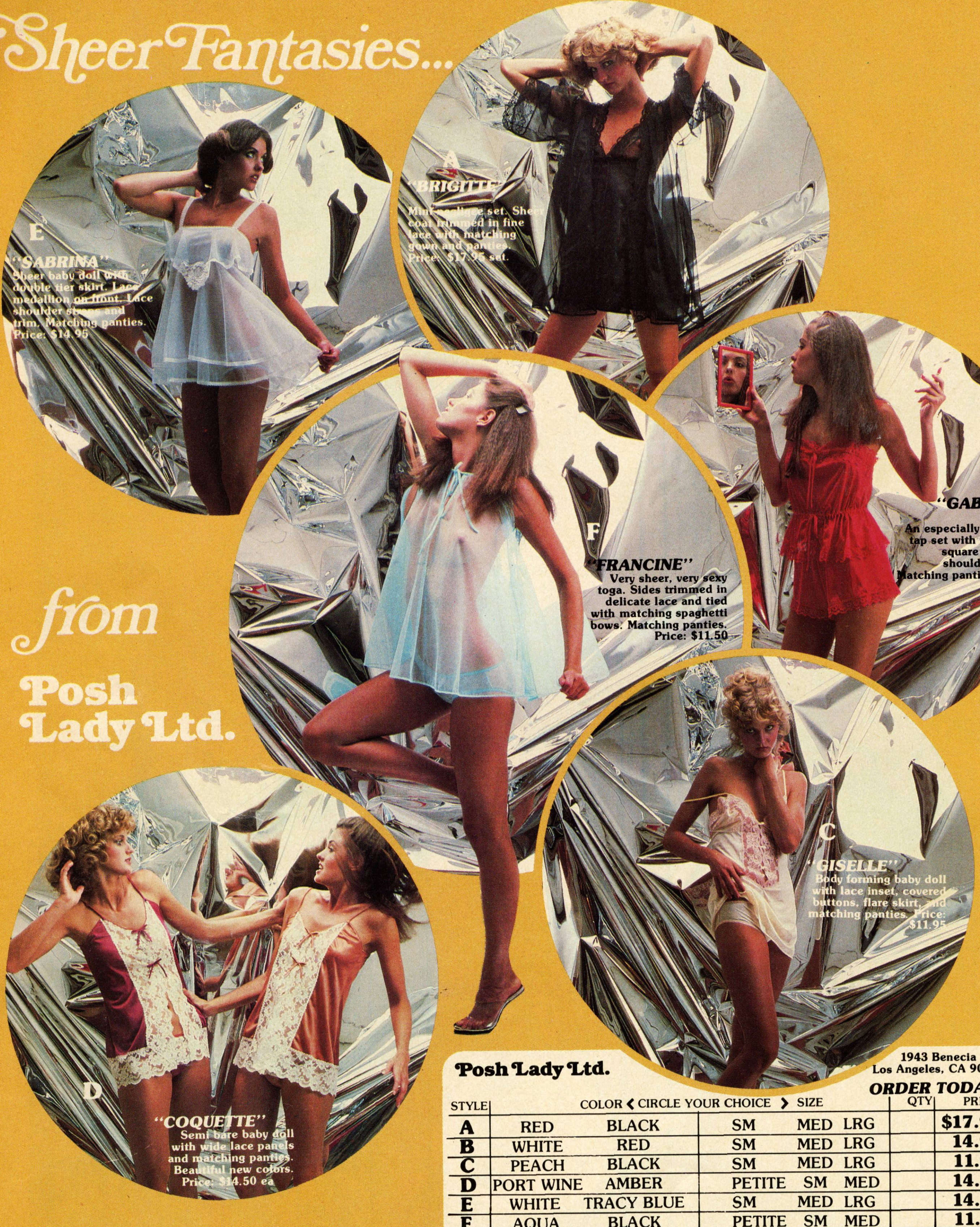
There's no denying that November '78 centerfold, Howie Gordon, *below and far right*, is irresistible. So what's new? Howie told us he has just returned from Hong Kong, where he filmed a Brittania jeans commercial to be seen on Japanese television. Too bad, you cry, that we can't see more of Howie in the States. Well, take heart, and look for Howie in George Lucas's film *Purple Haze*, starring Ron Howard and Cindy Williams, and of course in *Playgirl*'s 1979 Calendar. ■

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE CENTERFOLD OF THE YEAR

To cast your ballot for Man of the Year, just send a postcard to: Man of the Year, Playgirl, Inc., 3420 Ocean Park Blvd., Suite 3000, Santa Monica, CA 90405. Results will be published in the May issue.



Sheer Fantasies...



E

"SABRINA"
Sheer baby doll with double tier skirt. Lace medallion on front. Lace shoulder straps and trim. Matching panties. Price: $14.95

A

"BRIGITTE"
Mini negligee set. Sheer coat trimmed in fine lace with matching gown and panties. Price: $17.95 set.

B

"GABRIEL"
An especially feminine tap set with wide lace square yoke and shoulder straps. Matching panties. Price: $14.95

F

"FRANCINE"
Very sheer, very sexy toga. Sides trimmed in delicate lace and tied with matching spaghetti bows. Matching panties. Price: $11.50

C

"GISELLE"
Body forming baby doll with lace inset, covered buttons, flare skirt, and matching panties. Price: $11.95

D

"COQUETTE"
Semi bare baby doll with wide lace panels and matching panties. Beautiful new colors. Price: $14.50 ea

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HOW TO GET FAMOUS

(Continued from page 64)

hours everybody saw me and said, 'What an overnight success.' " Jenner's got a long-term contract now with NBC as a sportscaster and journalist and just like sports he says, "the way you get there is a lot of hard work." Jeff Conaway, who is finally reaching for fame after his success as the second male lead to his friend John Travolta in *Grease* couldn't agree more. "If it comes down to one thing it's hard work," Jeff says. "You gotta keep slugging away . . . pick yourself up when you get knocked down."

That One Event—Helen Reddy remembers that evening in 1973 when she suddenly became famous with her short acceptance speech for her Grammy. "I want to thank Capitol Records," Helen recalls saying, "and I want to thank God, because *she* makes everything possible." The time and place couldn't have been better and Helen Reddy became a spokesperson for the feminist movement overnight. Jeff Wald, Reddy's husband/manager and the architect of her career, is convinced that that one moment was the "turning point" for Helen. Adds Leo Sayer, "You've got to *seize* that one moment."

On the Other Hand—Says Jeff Wald of the current glut of the newly famous, "The *real* talent keeps coming back. David Janssen and James Garner will keep on forever. Farrah Fawcett and Suzanne Somers will be gone tomorrow."

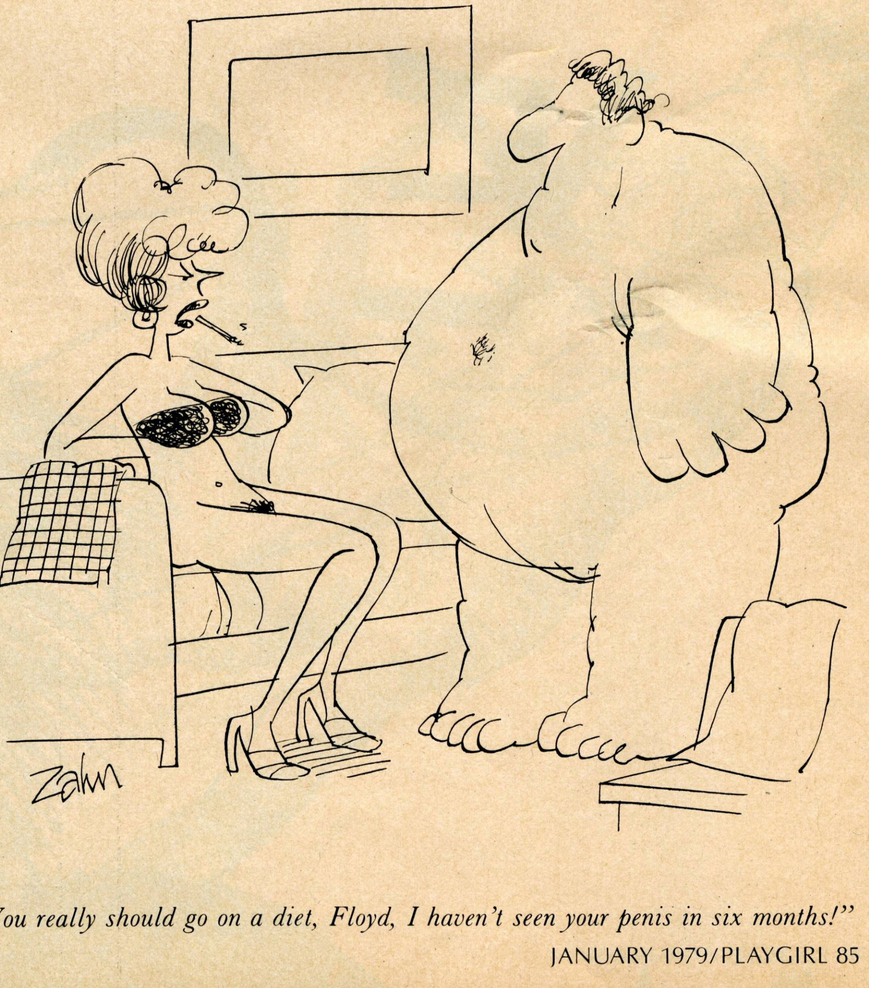
Build a Firm Base for Fame—"Luck," says Randy Bachman—the rock star who made it as half of Bachman Turner Overdrive and who now has launched a solo career—is the precursor to fame. But then Randy corrects himself. "But there's no such thing as luck . . . to me luck is being ready." Bachman explains that by making yourself ready and by preparing for success "you can almost prepare for luck." But after you achieve it, Bachman says, fame can be dangerous. "Fame can be very boring and destructive," he says, and he's been there. Randy says he's been able to handle it because "my home life is very normal" (he has a wife and six children). "The limos, the food and drink, the good suits all end when you go home," he says.

Win a Beauty Contest—It still works, even in these days of raised consciousness. Lee Meriwether segued into acting that way. So did Phyllis George and countless other women, who used the springboard of a beauty crown to showcase their talents. These days, contest winners are funneling with striking regularity into television news. Don't rule out this route entirely. Pure beauty has done an awful lot for an awful lot of women. Cheryl Tiegs went from top fashion model to celebrity to an ABC television contract. The other Cheryl—Ladd—parlayed her beauty into the role replacing Farrah on *Charlie's Angels,* and from there appeared on almost every magazine cover in the world and even recorded an album (yes, she *can* sing). Another international beauty, Swede Madleen Kane, used her familiar cover girl face to grace an immensely successful disco album she recorded. "For me," she says, "it's not how I look but my music." But Madleen looked the way she does before anything else happened.

That Fighting Instinct—Karen Carpenter thinks that grit figures significantly into fame. "There's always that underlying challenge of competitiveness," says Karen. "We've (The Carpenters) always enjoyed trying to do things better than anyone else." Susan Polis Schutz, the best-selling poet who has sold a staggering five million copies of her three books of poems, translates the same drive into confidence. "You have to believe in yourself and what you're doing to become famous," says Susan.

Cultivate Your Unique Qualities—Martin Mull—he of the ascendant comedy career—thinks that the "number of things" he is capable of doing, his versatility, has been the key to fame for him. It all comes down to what's unique about you, he says. "Parlay your uniqueness, and never lose sight of it," Marty says. "Even if it's only cracking your knuckles," he exaggerates, "if you do it better than anyone else, you'll get on Ed Sullivan."

The American Brand of Fame—Apparently, the lust for fame lingers deep down in most of us. What other reason can there be for the existence of more than 750 different "Halls of Fame" in this country? Michael Bennett, director of *A Chorus Line,* said in *Harper's,* "Unfortunately in America today, either you're a star or you're nobody." One indication of how deeply rooted the concept of celebrity is in us is the number of famous who were willing to talk immediately and directly about the technique of gaining fame. And it's every bit as plausible, it seems, to cultivate the idea of getting "close" to people who are famous. Said one fame groupie, "While you're seeking fame, you inevitably brush shoulders with celebrities and sometimes—just sometimes—something comes of it." ■



"You really should go on a diet, Floyd, I haven't seen your penis in six months!"

The Fine Art of Making Up Your Mind

BY JONATHAN MILLER

You've been there before.

In fact, you were there this time last year. One long, miserable week before the Blessed Birth of the Man from Galilee, you suddenly realized you had twenty-odd people on your Christmas shopping list and not a clue as to what to get them.

And now, the mere thought of going through the whole thing again makes you sick—physically and emotionally sick. You've been procrastinating since Thanksgiving in the improbable hope they'd cancel this shopping orgy. But now, with Bing Crosby crooning the simple joys of the white Christmases you never knew, you're a mess of immobilizing guilts and deferred decisions. You don't know where to begin, and, when you think about it, you realize you resent having to.

The fact is, you can't decide much of anything this time of year, least of all what gifts to buy your odd-ball friends. And damn it, New Year's, with its implied injunction to make resolutions, is just around the corner. This isn't the season to be merry, it's the season of mass depression—deflated libidos, inflated accident reports and couch time for the nation's neurotics.

Frankly, it's no small wonder that many of us make it through the season as we do. Christmas, with all its childhood associations and absurd expectations, is a time of bittersweet memories, and New Year's an unpleasant reminder of too many decisions long deferred. The whole business is enough to make you wish you'd decided at this time last year to spend your '78 holiday in the Bahamas—but then, that was one more decision you didn't make.

Well, take heart, procrastinator. It may be scant comfort in your hour of panic, but making decisions, at Christmas or any other time, is an inherently upsetting or "dissonant" experience, according to UCLA psychologist Harold B. Gerard. That conclusion may not surprise you, but it's always nice to have an authority support the obvious. Decisions, by their very nature, says Gerard, oblige us to choose among competing alternatives, none of which are ever perfect or, in the final analysis, totally predictable. They force us to compromise our wants, to choose a symbolic "Door Number One" over its alternate, thereby foregoing the desired goodies of the unchosen door (perhaps that trip to the Bahamas) while reconciling ourselves to the negative aspects of the one we selected (like what to do with the three bales of chicken feathers you got with your fire-red Porsche).

While Christmas may overload our decision-making circuits, hard choices are a year-round hassle. Every day you make countless decisions. Most are routine and relatively inconsequential. Others, particularly those involving careers and relationships, require serious thought. They demand the articulation of a clear set of personal values, standards and goals to establish your hierarchy of wants. A person who doesn't know what he or she wants out of life will find it impossible to decide on an appropriate course of action. They will vascillate, procrastinate and trust their fate to the vagaries of chance and the goodwill of an endless series of authority figures. It's no way to run a life, but it's the way many of us, through indecisiveness and inaction, lead ours. We don't act, we're acted upon.

Bruce Becker, the author of *Decisions: Getting What You Want,* identifies several factors that make it difficult for many of us to reach the right decisions for ourselves. The most common, he argues, is parental programming. Although Becker overstates its importance, he mounts a persuasive case for the parent's usurpation of a child's thinking and prerogatives. Parents preempt youngsters in the selection of schools, careers and sometimes spouses, a presumption of the child's rightful choices later ratified by employers and peer groups.

Girls are particularly vulnerable to this form of mind control, says Becker. They are taught that they are the weaker and inferior sex. Their role is to be swept off diminutive feet by another parental robot, "My Son the Doctor."

"Little girls learn about Snow White, dead to the world till a man awakened her," says writer Catherine Calvert, "and about Little Red Riding Hood, who wandered off the path and got eaten."

The depressing result of all this conditioning, with all its implicit rewards and punishments, is that many of us grow accustomed to having our goals set by authority figures. "And so, for a pat on the head," laments Becker, "we sell ourselves out: We eagerly become what we are expected to be."

Bound up with the directives of authority figures are a gaggle of internalized fears and guilts, the yin and yang of reward and punishment. We fear failure because we're afraid we won't measure up to another's standard; we feel guilty when we don't. Others fear success even more than failure, either because they've been programmed to think of themselves as failures or because they're afraid more will be demanded of them in the future if they succeed now, thus increasing the chance (though not necessarily the probability) of failure. Should these masochistic souls actually get it together in spite of themselves they'll feel guilty about it and alibi their successes as so much dumb luck, be it a promotion or a new invention. Last but not least are the perfectionists. They refuse to accept anything short of total perfection, the totally

YES
MAYBE
NO
Stine

Illustration by Richard Stine

The Fine Art of Maki

BY JONATHAN MILLER

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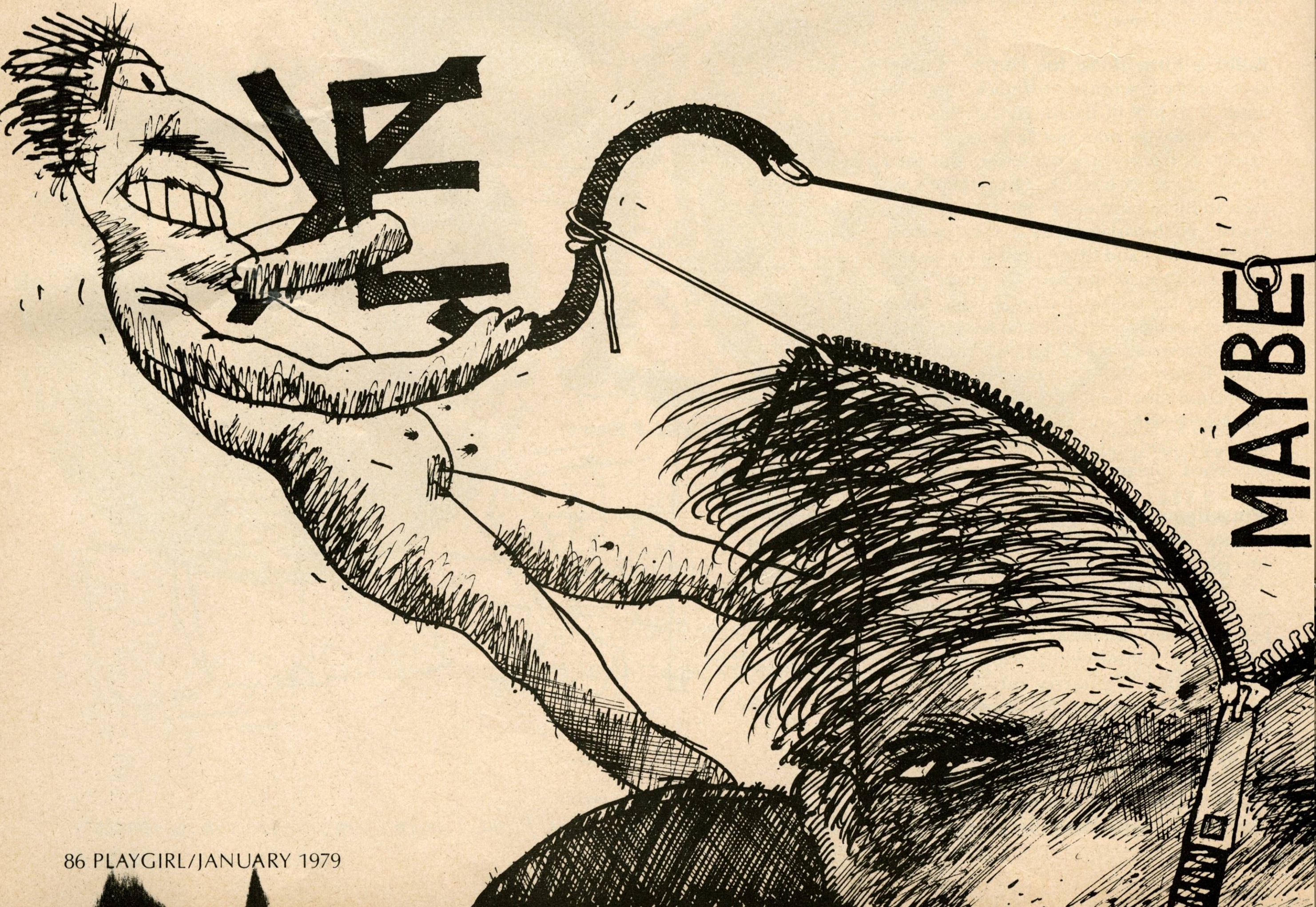
While Christmas may overload our decision-making circuits, hard choices are a year-round hassle. Every day you make countless decisions. Most are routine and relatively inconsequential. Others, particu-

Illustration by Richard Stine



ng Up Your Mind

larly those involving careers and relationships, require serious thought. They demand the articulation of a clear set of personal values, standards and goals to establish your hierarchy of wants. A person who doesn't know what he or she wants out of life will find it impossible to decide on an appropriate course of action. They will vascillate, procrastinate and trust their fate to the vagaries of chance and the goodwill of an endless series of authority figures. It's no way to run a life, but it's the way many of us, through indecisiveness and inaction, lead ours. We don't act, we're acted upon.

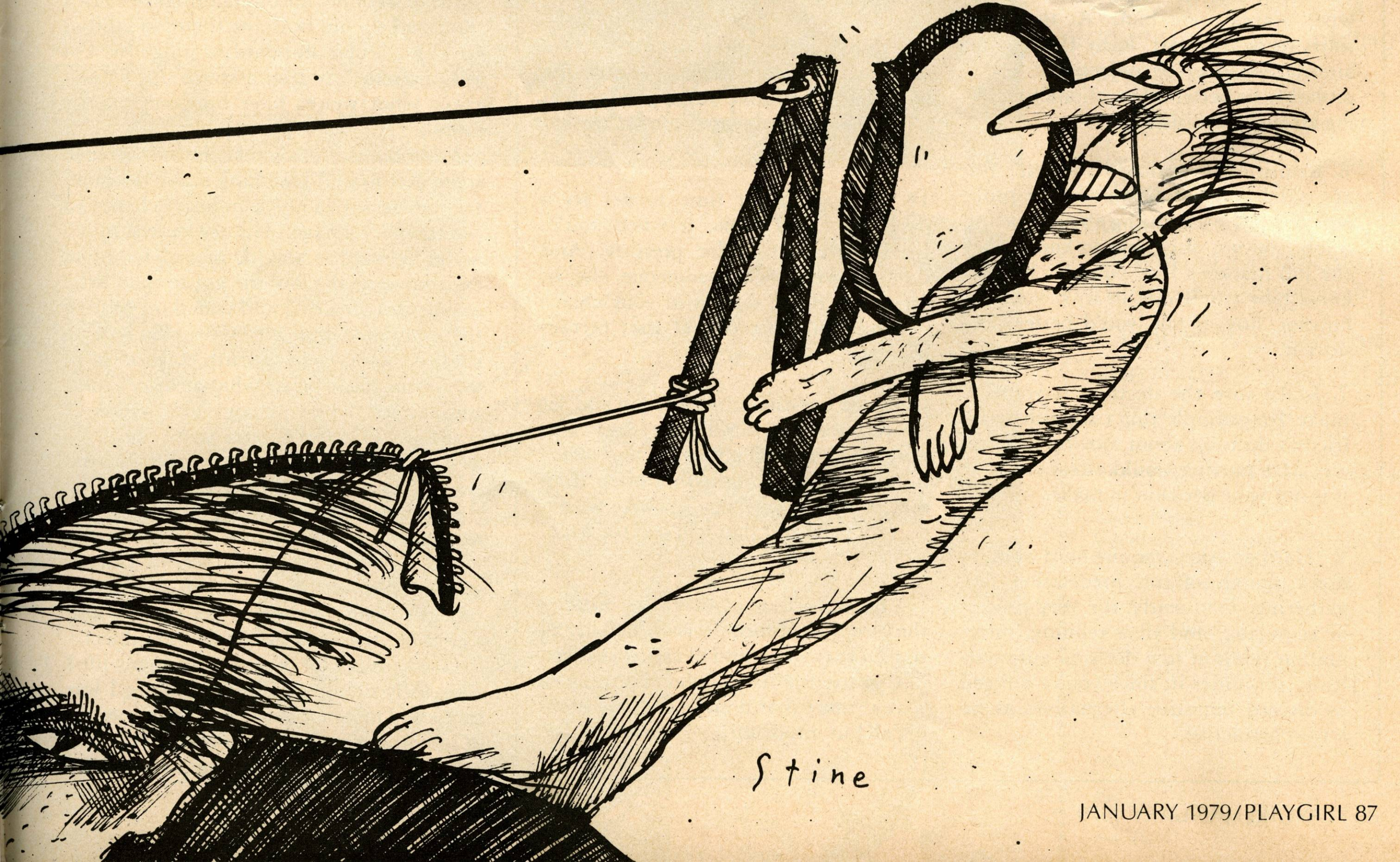
Bruce Becker, the author of *Decisions: Getting What You Want,* identifies several factors that make it difficult for many of us to reach the right decisions for ourselves. The most common, he argues, is parental programming. Although Becker overstates its importance, he mounts a persuasive case for the parent's usurpation of a child's thinking and prerogatives. Parents preempt youngsters in the selection of schools, careers and sometimes spouses, a presumption of the child's rightful choices later ratified by employers and peer groups.

Girls are particularly vulnerable to this form of mind control, says Becker. They are taught that they are the weaker and inferior sex. Their role is to be swept off diminutive feet by another parental robot, "My Son the Doctor."

"Little girls learn about Snow White, dead to the world till a man awakened her," says writer Catherine Calvert, "and about Little Red Riding Hood, who wandered off the path and got eaten."

The depressing result of all this conditioning, with all its implicit rewards and punishments, is that many of us grow accustomed to having our goals set by authority figures. "And so, for a pat on the head," laments Becker, "we sell ourselves out: We eagerly become what we are expected to be."

Bound up with the directives of authority figures are a gaggle of internalized fears and guilts, the yin and yang of reward and punishment. We fear failure because we're afraid we won't measure up to another's standard; we feel guilty when we don't. Others fear success even more than failure, either because they've been programmed to think of themselves as failures or because they're afraid more will be demanded of them in the future if they succeed now, thus increasing the chance (though not necessarily the probability) of failure. Should these masochistic souls actually get it together in spite of themselves they'll feel guilty about it and alibi their successes as so much dumb luck, be it a promotion or a new invention. Last but not least are the perfectionists. They refuse to accept anything short of total perfection, the totally



unrealistic life goal, in all they do, thereby dooming themselves to perpetual disappointment. Failure to attain perfection in their worldly endeavors will simply confirm their worst opinions of the species: No one is good enough for them, including themselves.

Ironically, the rationalizations of these errant souls are much the same. They either avoid goals altogether, or, in the case of the perfectionist, set impossible ones. They achieve everything they want in terms of their psychological programming, says Becker, by the simple expedient of not wanting very much or too much. With the possible exception of the perfectionist, who works hard at failing, life is easy, life is safe and life is dreadfully boring.

Gestalt therapist David Gorton of Encino, California, used to be boring, too. He also used to be a lawyer, the very thing his parents had "primed" him to be. He had every reason to feel successful, for, by other peoples' standards, he was. He made a lot of money, worked for a prestigious firm and was respected by his peers. Only there was something bothering Gorton, a "dis-ease" he was refusing to deal with. It took a friend to force him to face up to the inescapable truth: He was leading someone else's life.

"What happened to me was that if you're out of touch with your feelings, it's hard to know how sad you are. A friend invited me out to dinner one night and said, 'Boy, are you a mess.' It shocked me, but another part of me knew she was right. When I look back on it now, I realize I was miserable. At the time I was pretty cut off. One misery was pretty much like another. I spent most of my life doing things because I thought I should be doing them, so I didn't have much of a standard to judge by. I'm only grateful my friend spoke up. I don't know what would have happened if she hadn't."

Gorton's shock of recognition spurred some overdo soul-searching and a decision: to team up with a movie industry client as a production manager. His new career, much as he believed it would, proved far more exciting than the law—he got to do a little acting and directing and ended up owning the company—but he eventually had to confront another hard truth. Like most of us, Gorton knew better what he didn't want (in his case the law) than what he did. "I really got into the entertainment business as a way out of the law," he says, "so my second career wasn't really a chosen field."

His third career, namely psychology, also owed its origins to chance—or rather to his wife's decision to return to school. Gorton started devouring the psych books she brought home for one of her courses and found he thoroughly enjoyed the subject.

"I discovered for the first time in my life I was really doing something because I was interested in it, not because it was a way out of something, a way to make money or the

(Continued on page 115)

CHECKLIST FOR DECISION MAKERS

So your car's just thrown a rod, your rent's been doubled, your promotion nixed and you think you want a divorce.

Well, you've got problems, not to mention a lot of hard decisions to reach that I'm glad you, not me, have to face. Still, just in case you're open to a little outside advice, you might weigh the following tips from members of the psychological fraternity.

1. Remember, decisions are not ends in themselves. Each decision is but an introduction to another problem.

2. Rarely are decisions finalties (though such heavyweight matters as abortion and vasectomy certainly qualify as exceptions). Generally speaking though, your decisions follow your goals, which normally change over time, say, as your values and/or income changes.

3. Try and define your goals positively—in terms of what you want rather than what you don't want.

4. Be realistic about the decisions you confront. Recognize that no choice can be perfect; that choosing is an act of compromising and a choice, but a gamble on the probability of events.

5. Accept the fact that the difference between alternatives is frequently small when making hard decisions. That's what makes them hard. At the same time, recognize that, lousy though the alternatives may be objectively, you'll probably be better off emotionally making an active decision.

6. Realistically evaluate yourself. You are part of the decision-making problem. If you are ulcerating about quitting a job, you not only have to know what the job market's like, you also have to know how you'll rate in it. If you're a hotshot, fine; if not, you'd better consider it.

7. Make sure the decision is yours to make. For example, don't anguish over a friend's decision about moving to a new city. Her moving would affect you, but it is not your decision to make.

8. Hard decisions require hard work, so don't slough off on predecision fact gathering. Frequently, the very process of acquiring, and then refining, information relevant to a decision automatically simplifies it, since you're obliged to discard tentative alternatives as no longer attractive.

9. Carefully weigh the advice of friends and experts: Consider the source and possible bias. By the same token, once a decision has been reached, avoid gainsayers who, out of jealousy or spite, seek to belittle your intended action. Such people have a vested interest in keeping you in the defeatist mold. After all, if you can take full responsibility for your actions, so can they—a responsibility they'd rather avoid.

10. If you find mechanical aids help you sort out your thoughts, make lists. Benjamin Franklin recommended lists with opposing columns of pros and cons; he'd strike those items that canceled each other out and weigh the remainder. Psychologist David Gorton favors mental lists, that is, closing one's eyes and really trying to picture the pros and cons of competing alternatives to get emotional or sensory feedback. You'll feel better about one or the other, he says.

11. Keep an open mind when gathering information pertaining to given alternatives. You may chance upon options you never thought of.

12. Don't ignore your intuitive intelligence. A decision that goes against your gut feelings and instincts—whatever logic and all the lists may say—is invariably a wrong one.

13. Avoid snap decisions since it can be a self-deceiving subterfuge to snatch the handiest alternative rather than deal with the more important issues involved.

14. Pick the right time to act on a decision. Don't make it when you're tired, angry or under pressure. And don't make it when someone else is, especially if the success of your choice depends on the mood of that certain someone.

15. Sleep on difficult decisions and let the subconscious mind, your silent computer, factor the objective and emotional pros and cons. More often than not, as if by magic, you'll awake with a sensory print-out that will seal the issue.

16. Be suspicious of magazine articles that seem to reduce decision making to sixteen easy steps, and of article readers, like yourself perhaps, who can think of a few more that'll make decision making all but impossible. —*Jonathan Miller*

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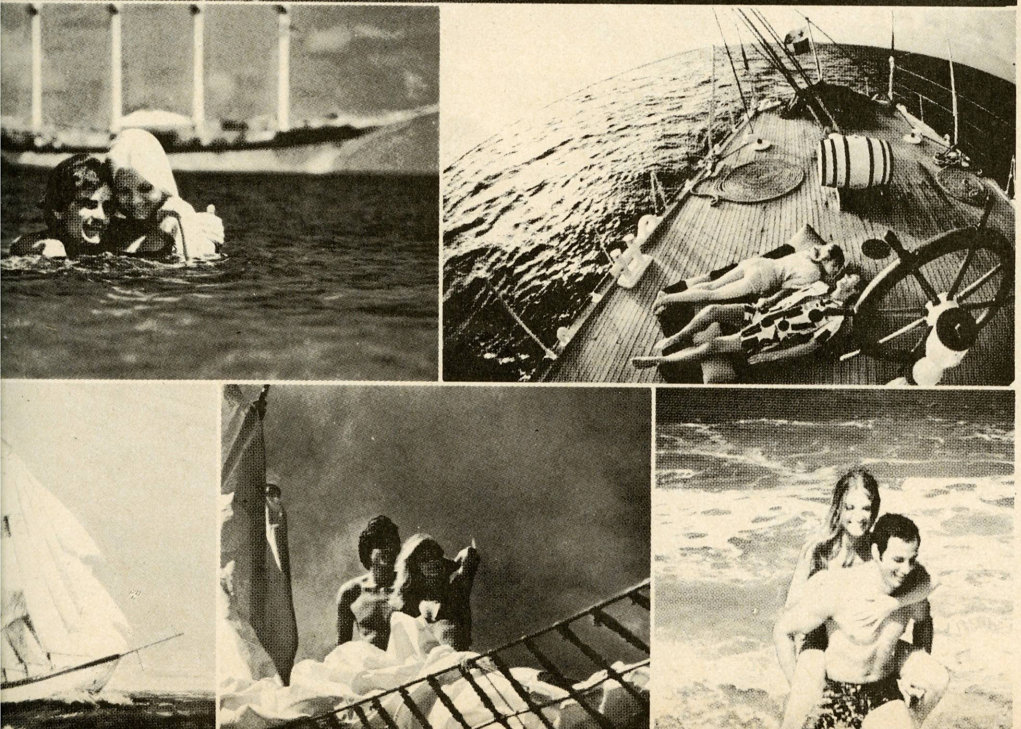

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the mind's eye

by cyra mcfadden

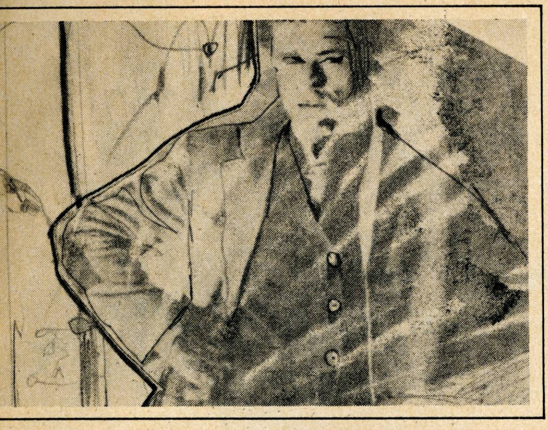
Driving to Sausalito to meet Margaret for lunch, the car windows down and the sun through the windshield burrowing warmly into his lap, Clifford experienced a sense of total contentment. Gone was the malaise of the previous hour, when he had opened his eyes to the unusual clarity of the San Francisco morning and the perfection of the view from his hilltop flat and wished nothing more than to have the entire day free. But he'd dismissed the notion immediately as disloyal to Margaret, resisted the temptation to take the morning paper

back to bed for an hour and got resolutely into the shower. It would have been not only rude but even unkind to do otherwise, to phone Margaret and cancel their meeting with some makeshift excuse.

For Margaret loved him. Clifford, a born doubter, had finally come around, with astonishment, to believing in the fact of her love, the complete imperviousness of it. She loved his imperfect physique, his eccentric and highly personal sense of humor, the very unpredictability of his moods. When he was stubborn, Margaret admired his tenacity; when he was judgmental, she deferred to his greater powers of discernment; and when he was uncommunicative, she interpreted his silence not as hostility but as the mark of a brooding, sensitive intellect. The accomplishment of her loving was a miracle of synthesis, as if her mind were an intricate computer which incorporated all available data about Clifford into some new entity, some cleanly logical statement of his perfection. Even his faults, to Margaret, were virtues, a realization that filled him, sometimes, with unease. But then, of course, he loved her the same way. In her serenity, all of his restlessness, his relentless, self-despising seeking after the perfect woman had finally found a haven. Surely part of his present mood, the illogical happiness he felt as he wove his way through the tortuous traffic on the Golden Gate Bridge, was the anticipation of seeing her again this afternoon. They had been together most of the day before, but there was never enough time for all of their talking, all of their loving.

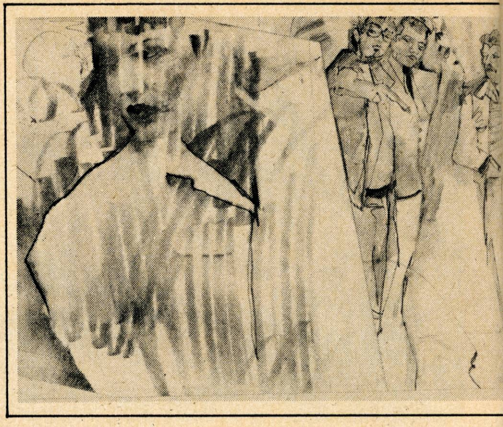
Margaret was married. It was the state of things, a given of their secret life together both tended to regard as temporary when they weren't being absolutely tough-minded with one another. But the fact of it imposed conditions upon them nonetheless. Because of it, they had agreed to drive to the small, touristy town separately and to meet in a rather gloomy delicatessen, totally devoid of the atmosphere and the waterfront views other Sausalito restaurants had to offer, with the thought that if they were seen there, they might just possibly be assumed to have met one another by accident. It was an inconvenience but a small price to pay, Clifford reflected, for although he never questioned the depth of his commitment to Margaret, he believed, strategically, in keeping a low profile. There was no use in bringing premature chaos down upon their respective heads.

Even on a Wednesday, traffic in Sausalito was dense, and Clifford made his way down the main street in a slow, bumper-to-bumper crawl. In his pleasant state of mental lethargy, the tempo suited him; he leaned lazily on the steering wheel and stared at the shining hair of the woman in the convertible just ahead. He wished he



"See anything you like?"

"Yes, *you.* But I hardly know you."



could see her face, but perhaps it was better to admire that floating, sunshiny blondness without the disillusion of a chin or a nose that didn't match. Smiling, still content, he decided to pull into the high-priced City parking lot instead of looking for a place at the curb, where he'd be an easy victim of the Sausalito meter maids, diligent harpies whom Margaret dismissed contemptuously as "WACS on tricycles." He'd surely lose track of time with Margaret, and there'd be no use, as he'd learned on previous occasions, in making a breathless dash to his car just as the hour was up and trying to avoid a ticket by exercising his fatal charm. To the incorruptible metermaids, all overparked cars were created equal.

He got to the delicatessen before Margaret did. In fact, except for the counterman, the place was empty. Clifford ordered a beer, enjoying the intoxicating effect it produced upon his empty stomach, and sat down at a window seat to wait. In a little while, he moved to the doorway to watch the passersby on the sidewalk and to look for Margaret's white Mercedes. Still sipping his beer, he reflected that Sausalito was unequivocally a girl-watchers' paradise, populated almost exclusively, it seemed, with pretty women. They filed down the walks on both sides of the street, and as he watched with appropriate dispassion, a girl he recognized immediately as Lolita passed within an inch of his elbow, small breasts bobbing softly beneath her tie-dyed men's undershirt. Others were older—the glamor girls of his college days grown softer, mellower, sunburned and indolent. Their faces reflected lazy satisfaction, as if they knew how elegant they were in their easy California clothes. Then there were black girls, arrogantly chic in naturals and sexy, fake Roman sandals laced up their sleek, dark legs, and one smashing young woman in a short, see-through dress who rode behind her man on a motorcycle, draped around his back like a deer across the hood of a hunter's car.

The procession was endless, and Clifford allowed himself an irresistible fantasy: lounging in the delicatessen doorway, he became a Medieval baron, waiting to interview a line of beautiful and desperate female suppliants whose knight-errants had all entangled themselves in complicated, potentially disastrous affairs which only Clifford could set right. Lolita, the unattainable young matrons, the proud black girls and even the hard-as-nails Barbarella on the motorcycle all knelt at his feet.

Margaret was almost upon him when he pulled himself out of the Middle Ages and recognized her. Fortunately, there was a ready-made excuse for his inattention; for Margaret, since he had seen her the day before, had undergone a sea change. She wore clothes and a hairdo he had never seen before, and a smile which gave away her delight in surprising him. "See anything you like?" she asked him cheerfully, as she nudged her way around him into the restaurant, her body brushing comfortably against his.

"Yes, you," Clifford told her. And because he was unaccountably guilty, he set aside his usual caution for a moment to kiss her lightly on the cheek. "But I hardly know you."

Margaret executed a slow, model's turn in front of him. She was taller than usual in high-heeled boots, and her hair, usually worn long and flowing loosely down her back, was piled up sharply from the nape of her neck. "Well? What do you think?"

"About what? Your hair? Well, I like it, I think. But you look rather . . . formidable. Is this something new?" Clifford edged her tactfully toward the counter, somewhat embarrassed by her lack of self-consciousness.

"Not really, I told you I used to wear my hair like this, and you said you couldn't imagine it, so I thought I'd show you what it was like. And I bought the boots because I knew they'd turn you on. They're the kind you always notice." Tactfully, she omitted the phrase he half-expected, "on other women."

"They're great. But they make you as tall as I am. I'll have to get used to it." Clifford found it somewhat unnerving to confront Margaret at unfamiliar eye level. He patted her fondly on the rump. "Let's order, shall we? I'm starved."

The counterman, dazzled by Margaret, came to life. He produced their sandwiches and two more beers with showy efficiency, and soon they were seated together at a small corner table as far from his admiring eye as Clifford could arrange it. "And the dress," Margaret persisted, flirting with him playfully over her turkey on rye, "what about my dress?"

Margaret's dress was long, below the knee. It came almost to her boot tops and clung lightly to her slender figure in a smooth, unbroken line. Clifford noted, with some alarm, that she was braless, too. Flustered, he looked beneath the table to appraise her outfit fully. "Well, it's great, too. But you've covered up your legs. You can't expect me to go along with that, can you?"

Margaret, still bubbling, giggled and crossed her knees. "Look again," she told him. "It buttons all the way to the waist. Or rather, it unbuttons. Don't you think that's sexier than just, oh, you know, letting it all hang out?"

"Yes, sure, I guess so. But I'll have to run a block ahead of you and check you out coming toward me."

"That's a good idea. Because you've always liked dresses that did that" (and here it came) "on other women. Don't you remember that curb you nearly climbed on Union Street the other day? She was wearing a dress like this one, that woman you ogled."

There was no rancor in her remark, and Clifford smiled at her, reassured as always because Margaret, who knew him so well, loved him anyway. He didn't remember the woman on Union; but all of his preoccupation with Margaret, all of his newfound stability had never overcome that motor reflex which caused his head to swivel appreciatively at the flash of an unattainable female knee. It was a habit his ex-wife had also remarked upon repeatedly, but not with Margaret's high good humor.

"Dear Margaret," he said to her, "I don't remember, but I'll take your word for it that I've always been a sucker for dresses that unbutton. And you're looking gorgeous." He reached under the table to stroke her own available knee with longing. "I can't wait to unbutton that one. What's up? Are you coming home with me?"

Margaret wrinkled her nose. "God, how I wish I could. But I have to be a mother this afternoon. Cora's Brownie troop is going to the planetarium after school today, and I promised I'd help drive. I've been lax about that sort of thing, you know, for reasons I needn't enumerate." She moved closer to him, laying her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry. Tomorrow?"

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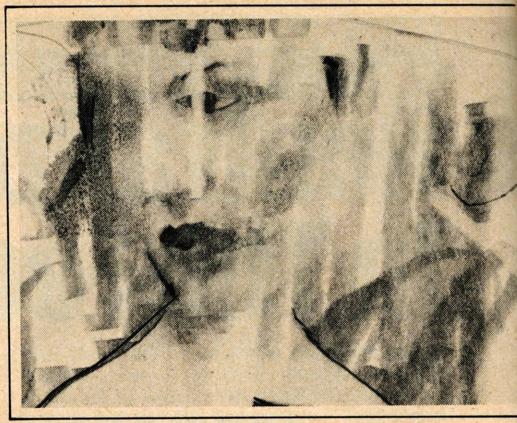
"I've always been a sucker for dresses that unbutton. I can't wait to unbutton that one. Are you coming home with me?"

"God, how I wish I could."



"Tomorrow, then." Clifford felt the familiar pang which visited him whenever Margaret's other life conflicted with their own. "But what about tonight? Hasn't Gregg got a meeting or something?" Margaret's husband was a lawyer with time, she complained, for all manner of worthy causes but very little for her. She suspected his failing to be a common character trait of public-minded people in general and dismissed his altruism with contempt.

"Not tonight. It's usually Legal Aid Society, but he told me this morning they weren't meeting this week. No pushers getting busted just now, I guess. Tomorrow, though?"

"Unless I'm sent out of town." Clifford worked for IBM as an engineer. His salary was a third less than Gregg's and because he was a kind of troubleshooter his hours were somewhat erratic; the combination of things made the mechanics of a love affair even more difficult than they would have been simply by definition. "Shall I call you in the morning?"

"Better let me call you. Ann Steiner's coming over in the morning and I expect her to tell me more about her illicit love life." She chuckled. "Little does she know. I mean, am I the person to ask for advice?"

"Who better?" Clifford knew about the Steiners, as he knew about all of Margaret's friends and relatives, by hearsay. He often asked about their intimate affairs or inquired about the effect of the latest antidepressant on her neurotic mother-in-law. By comparison with his own bachelor existence, Margaret's life was cluttered with other people. He thought sometimes, as he lay awake worrying about Cora's earache, that he'd assimilated her official life so thoroughly because it filled the holes in his own. But there was a troubling, schizophrenic quality about his very real interest and concern in the numerous friends of Margaret's and of Gregg's he'd never met. As he asked Margaret for particulars about Ann Steiner, who ought in his opinion to leave her husband and get it over with, he felt a little like a voyeur.

Margaret pushed aside her sandwich and lighted a cigarette. "Well," she finished her narrative, "you know Ann."

"I know Ann," Clifford replied, and both laughed. But despite their shared sense of the ludicrous, something nagged at him. "Why don't you come tomorrow night?" he asked her. "Even if I can't take a long lunch tomorrow, we could have the evening."

Margaret looked uncomfortable. She shifted nervously and put her hand on his arm again. "You know how much I wish . . ." she began.

"What's tomorrow night?"

"Just a cocktail party, a dreary one at the Martins', but I can't get out of it. You know how Gregg hates it when I make excuses. And things are relatively tranquil at home right now, and I hate to rock the boat. It's so much worse when we're quarreling." She looked at Clifford appealingly.

"I understand that, how it must be. You mustn't even try to get out of it." Such exchanges were at the core of their loving, the strength of it. It was their ability to empathize with each other in their separateness which permitted them to stay together at all. And Margaret's daughter was very young, very sensitive and devoted to Gregg; they couldn't alleviate that separateness right away, Clifford was agreed. But he sometimes asked himself if an older Cora would be less sensitive, less devoted.

"You'll be lonely," Margaret told him, intuitive about his sudden wave of melancholy even while she failed to take the measure of it. "I hate it when you're lonely."

"I'll find something to do. I always find something. Anyway, there's a double bill I want to see."

Clifford spent desolate nights at the movies. Too often he knew the loneliness of walking out to his car in the unfriendly fog, full of four hours' impressions of the films he had just seen and unable to share them with someone who would respond. Would Margaret understand how he longed to take another woman not to bed but to the movies?

Margaret was reassured. She leaned lovingly against his shoulder and said in a laughing whisper, "You know, sometimes I wonder about you and movies. I think you've got a thing about movie stars. Do you think, if we were ever married, you'd throw me over for Jane Fonda?"

Clifford felt stung. "I don't think the opportunity would ever arise," he said in annoyance. Jane Fonda, for god's sake, that committed, radical chic young woman with the soft, cropped hair . . . she was more unapproachable than the meter maids. And even if she weren't, if she appeared magically one night at Clifford's bedside wearing nothing but a few leaflets, Clifford was just as committed—to Margaret, who'd spend her own pointlessly lonely Thursday night at the Martins' cocktail party. Full of unreasonable chagrin over his lost opportunity to make love to Jane Fonda, Clifford signalled for another beer. They were still the only patrons of the dim delicatessen.

Halfway through her beer, keeping an unobtrusive eye on her gold watch, Margaret nestled fondly and rather sadly against his shoulder. "I've bought a dress you'd like," she told him, "for the Martin thing." Margaret's husband made a lot of money and Margaret spent a sizeable proportion of it, without apology, on clothes. She was unabashedly a clotheshorse, an aspect of herself which Clifford appreciated since it was her elegance which had attracted him in the first place. He still felt occasional surprise that such a beautiful, bright, and fashionable woman could become emotionally involved with a man whose jackets never had all their buttons, whose old, narrow ties arranged themselves in patterns of malicious wrinkles, and whose laundry inevitably came back short. Still, although he himself dressed, out of sheer laziness, like an unmade bed, he enjoyed dressing Margaret, shaping her taste to suit himself and telling her what to buy. He put his arm around her fondly.

"What kind of a dress?"

"It's white. It's like those tennis dresses you always admire, covered up on top and very short. I would have bought a tennis dress for you, but I'd feel a little silly since I don't play tennis. So this is the closest I could come."

The stage in Clifford's mind populated itself immediately with women in tennis dresses. This time he needn't take Margaret's word for it that he was attracted to women who wore such things. He had noticed tennis players on the street while he waited for her, tanned, laughing women whose legs looked incredibly long and taut under their flippy white skirts. Long ago, in a previous incarnation, Clifford and his ex-wife had played tennis.

He said more loudly than he meant to, "Margaret, you say you bought this dress

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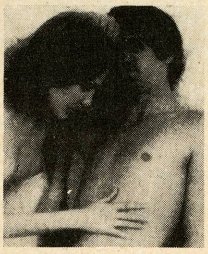

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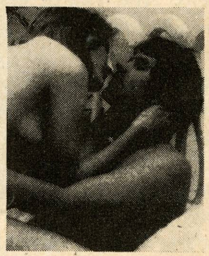

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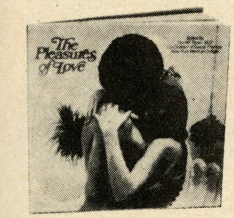

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Co-Director, Sexual Therapy Unit, New York Medical College

By combining his interest in personal communication with his practice in psychosexual therapy, Dr. Sloan has been brought to national attention. President of the Eastern Association of Sex Therapy, he is also assistant professor and director, division of Psychosomatics, in the department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at New York Medical College.

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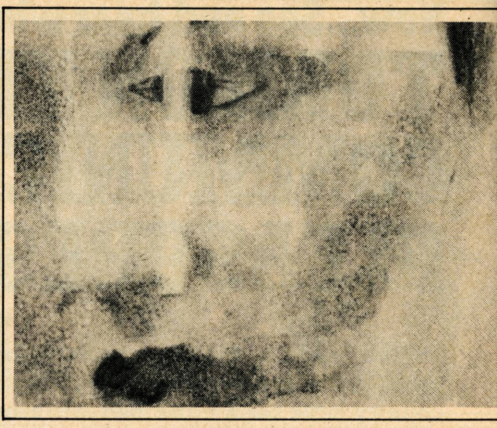
"Why shouldn't I want to be . . . pretty for you? Do you mind it somehow?"

"You know I love you, don't you? Then for God's sake don't *try* so hard."



for me? When am I going to see it?"

Margaret shrugged ruefully. "I don't know, maybe I'll wear it to bed. Anyway, I did buy it for you. It made me feel sad when I realized that was why, but I did. I think I wanted to be all the women in tennis dresses you stare at so wistfully."

Again, her own voice was merely wistful: without hostility she acknowledged Clifford to be what he knew himself to be, a man whose whole orientation, whose nebulous sense of himself could only be confirmed by women. But he was threatened in some bewildering way nonetheless.

He withdrew his arm. "You bought the dress you're wearing because I thought it looked sexy on someone else. Same with the boots. And you're wearing your hair differently so that I won't get bored with you. Yes, you are. I know you," he added quickly, as Margaret attempted to interrupt. "Did I admire that hairdo on somebody else, too?"

His tone was contentious and Margaret was clearly startled by it. She stammered defensively, "I told you, it's the way I always used to wear it before I knew you. Are you cross with me for changing it, or something?" She leaned toward him, trying intently to understand. He thought cruelly that with her large brown eyes and her newly exposed ears, she looked rather like a cocker spaniel.

He took her arm firmly. "Margaret, don't you see what you're doing?" She shook her head. "Look, you've bought yourself a tennis dress, or something like it, so you can be all the women I ever look at on the street. Is that healthy, does it make any sense?"

Margaret tried to smile. Beneath his hand, her arm was shaking. "Of course it makes sense. Why shouldn't I want to be . . . pretty for you? Do you mind it somehow?" Her voice rose anxiously. "Why are you angry with me, Clifford? What have I done?"

Clifford saw that the counterman was watching them curiously. He tried to answer her quietly, to be patient and clear. "Margaret, listen, you know I love you, don't you?" She nodded in premature relief. "Well, then, for god's sake don't *try* so hard."

Margaret continued to stare at him uncomprehendingly, and as she did so, Clifford's gentleness deserted him entirely. He saw her refusal to understand him for the very first time as willful, deliberate and he was full of some rage that broke over him like a wave. Leaning close to her face, he insisted in a vehement hiss, "Leave me something, will you? I've left you all the rest of you, haven't I? Margaret, leave me something!"

Her face crumpled in final confusion and her eyes filled with tears. Abruptly, she pulled her arm away, groped between them for her purse, and bolted out of the delicatessen into the street. The counterman came tentatively out into the room as the door banged behind her. Clifford thought for a crazy moment the man intended to block his way.

As he got to his feet, he realized that he was drunk. His sandwich lay almost intact on the plate before him, and the three beer glasses bore witness to his folly. He had drunk his lunch instead of eating it, and the alcohol, as little as there had been of it, had worked upon his natural susceptibility. The dark, aromatic room swam in front of his eyes. Why had he railed at Margaret? What was it he wanted from her? And what could he have expected her to understand that he didn't understand himself?

Clumsily, he made his way to the door of the delicatessen. The afternoon sunlight, in contrast to the gloom, blinded him for a moment so that he blinked to focus his eyes. When he opened them, the prospect appeared multidimensional, a dizzy, many-layered tapestry of street and sidewalks, buildings and glittering Bay. Cars still crawled slowly down the street and the walks still teemed with women. They moved, a confusing multitude, in jerky slow motion: the young girls with the swaying breasts, the tall, poised women who had been his college cheerleaders, the black girls with their prideful disdain for his white-faced, blinking stare. Jane Fonda, Lolita and a woman in tennis whites all passed before him in radiating waves. Even the girl on the motorcycle moved gently past, bobbing lightly up and down as if she were on a merry-go-round. Which one was Margaret?

Then his head stopped whirling for a minute and he saw her, waiting at a crosswalk a block away. Margaret's head was lowered, the stately hairdo exposing the nape of her neck. She looked very thin and vulnerable in her long dress and her high-heeled boots. Despite the distance between them he could read in her uncharacteristic posture the extent of her hurt. Yet he didn't, as he knew he should, begin to run.

He should chase her, catch her, comfort her. But the street was full of women, full of possibilities. Why should he reassert his shaky claim on Margaret, take up once more his position as an old family retainer, serving her loyally at the margins of her life?

The light changed and Margaret started across the street rapidly. As he moved to follow her, still uncertain, the pattern of his vision suddenly widened and rearranged itself as if he looked through a kaleidoscope. For the first time that day, Clifford saw the men on the street. He watched them, small foreshortened figures, as they walked past Margaret coming in his direction. As if they participated in some sort of relay, each man turned slowly as he drew abreast of her and paid her the tribute of a long, appreciative look. Several turned on the sidewalk and stood still to watch her pass by.

Fascinated, Clifford began to close the distance between them. Did Margaret notice the men who noticed her? She never turned her head. And yet she slowed down perceptibly. Before he'd trailed her another half-block she had given up her impetuous rush and resumed her familiar, leggy, confident walk. Her head went up, her spine straightened and her hips swung gently within the soft dress. Once again, Margaret walked as she always walked, like a beautiful woman.

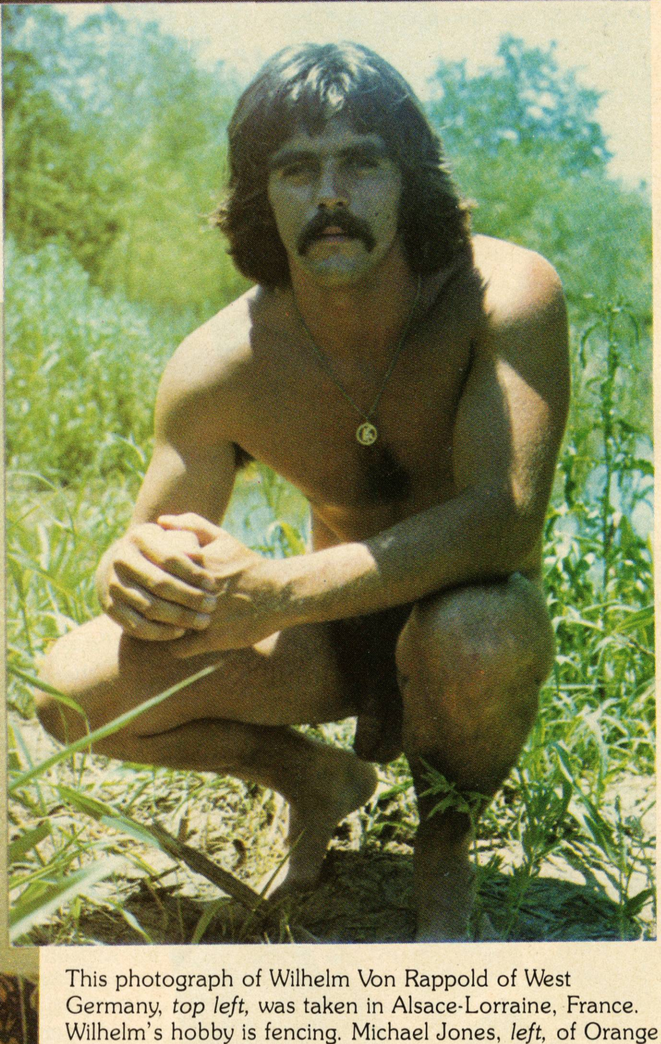
Clifford thought he could see her face reflected in the eyes of the oncoming men. Without exception, they looked at her with undisguised longing. She was Lilith, she was Helen, she was all the French actresses of the New Wave whose lives he'd shared vicariously through so many lonely nights of double features. She was the supremely desirable woman whom other women on the street regarded with deference and hostility. She was Margaret, and if she belonged in part to another man, other men, she also belonged, more than anyone else belonged, to him. His head cleared and he began to run. ■

THE GUYS NEXT DOOR

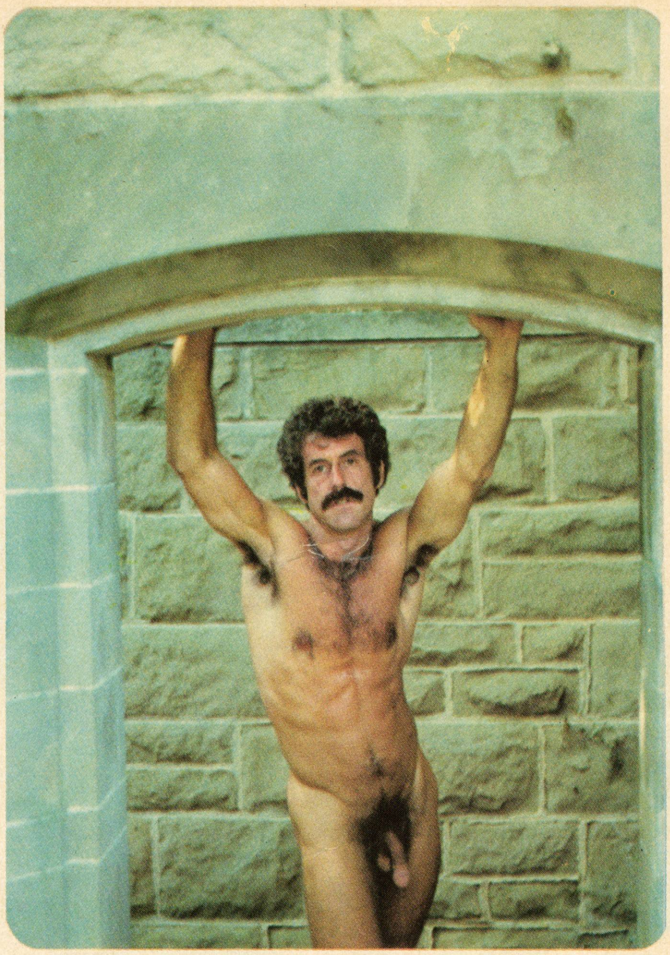
Guy Next Door Joe Sherburne, *above*, was "discovered" in the Bahamas by reader Andrea Thompson, who took him back with her to Washington, D.C. Lucky girl!

Andy Shafer, 28, *left*, of Antioch, California, owns a fast-food restaurant and enjoys collecting antiques and gourmet cooking. Andy, you can cook for us anytime!

Chicago born Gary Taylor, *right*, is a drum and congo player currently working as a contractor in Torrance, California, while waiting for a gig in which he can display his talents. It looks like you've already shown us some of your talent right here, Gary.

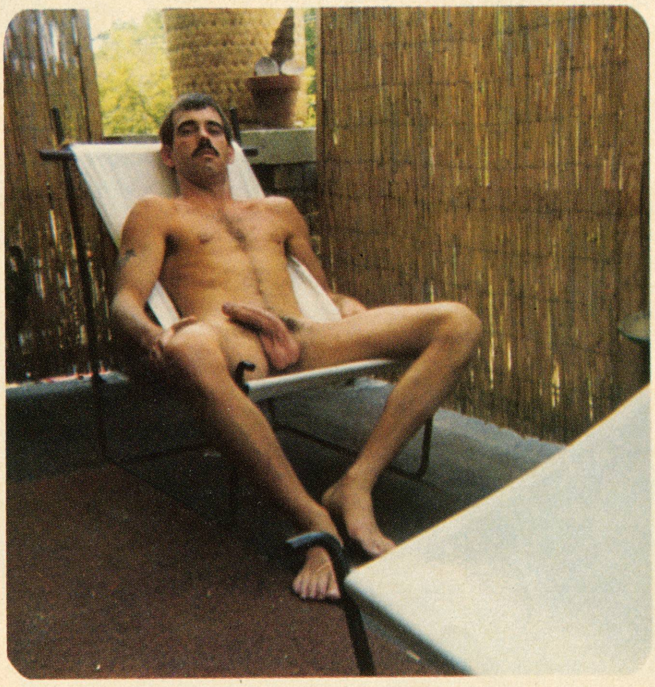


This photograph of Wilhelm Von Rappold of West Germany, *top left,* was taken in Alsace-Lorraine, France. Wilhelm's hobby is fencing. Michael Jones, *left,* of Orange County, California, loves swimming, motorcycles and blondes of any age. Richard Relak, *top right,* is an investigator from Yardville, New Jersey, whose wife, Donna, wanted to share this shot with us because, "his ass is round and firm, but soft to the touch." We'll have to take your word for it, Donna. Twenty-one-year-old union carpenter Jeff Munoy, *above,* likes surfing, baseball, football and the music of Fleetwood Mac.



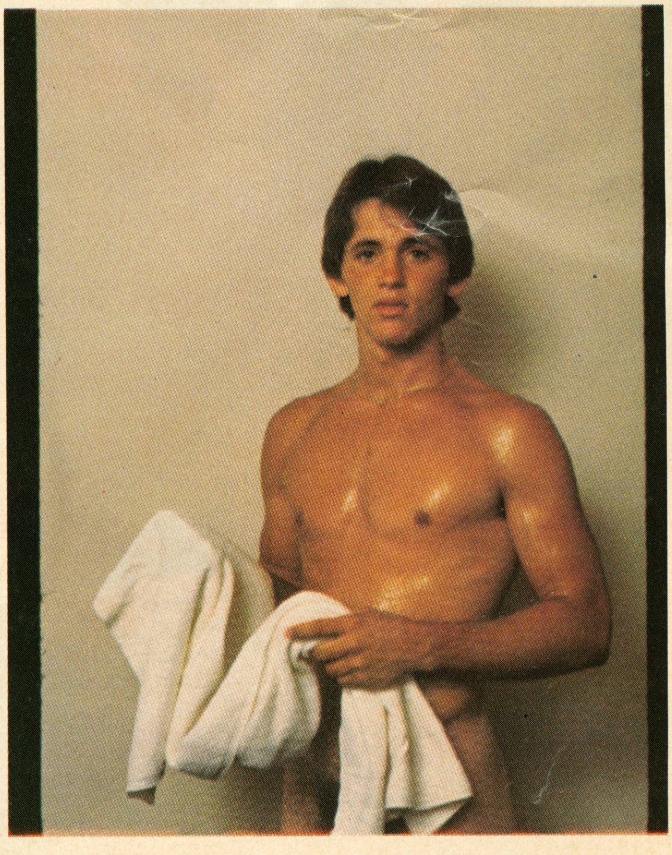
A free-lance artist from Los Angeles, California, Bill Gatewood, *above,* enjoys water skiing and tennis.

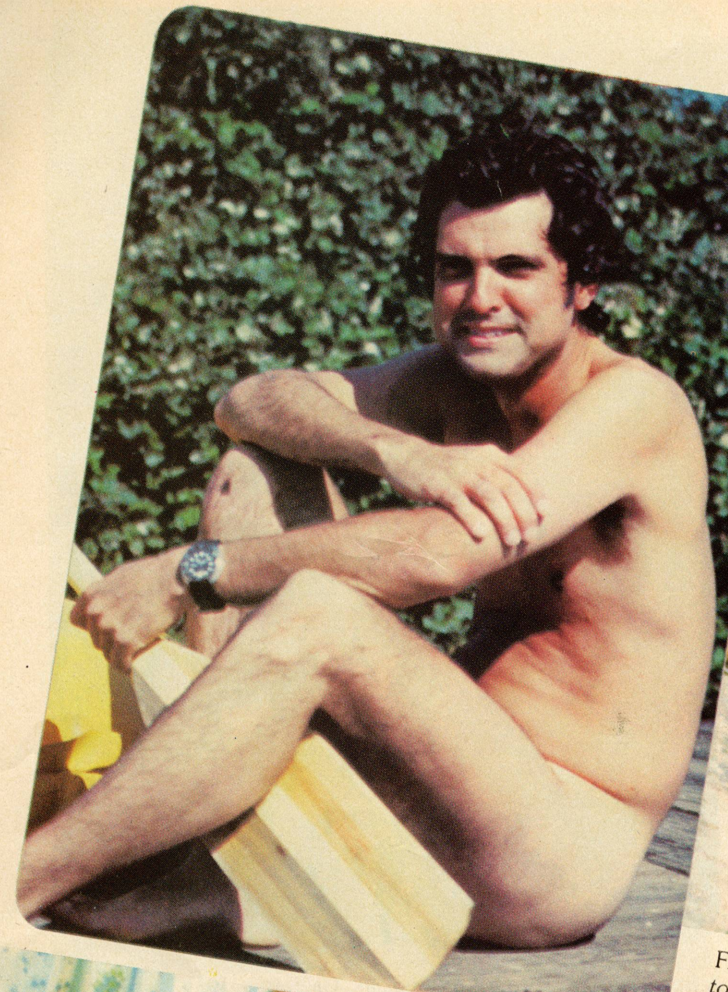
Twenty-two-year-old Matt Ely, *below,* likes to play racquetball and softball when not at his job as warehouse worker in Reseda, California.



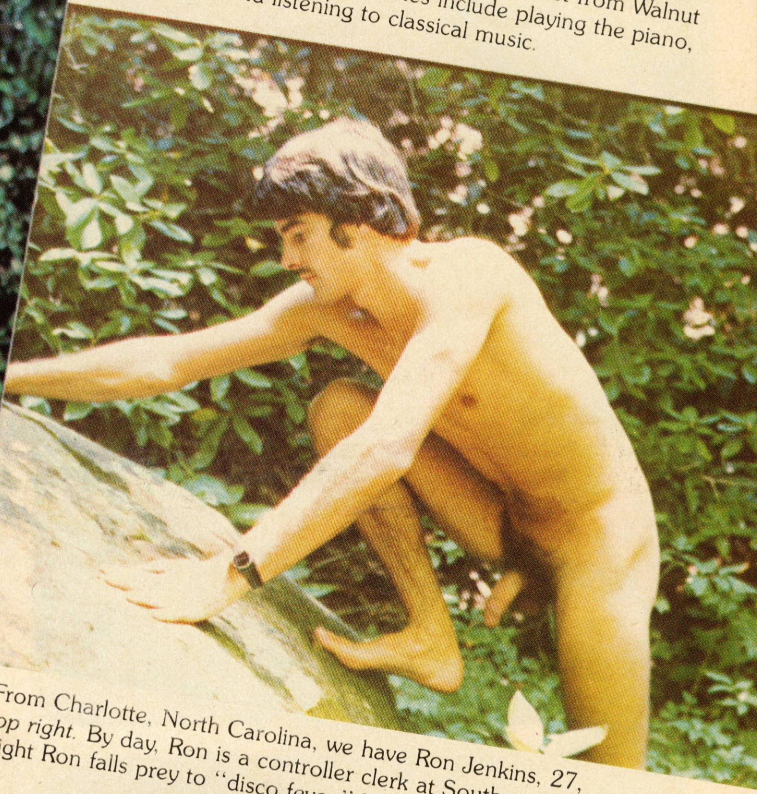
Don Cumberland of Dallas Texas, *above,* loves to hang out of the window of his blue pickup truck whistling at the ladies. We hope you let someone else drive, Don.

When not working as a manager of Commonwealth Life Insurance Company in Illinois, Steve Rogers, *top left,* loves art, snow skiing and horseback riding.

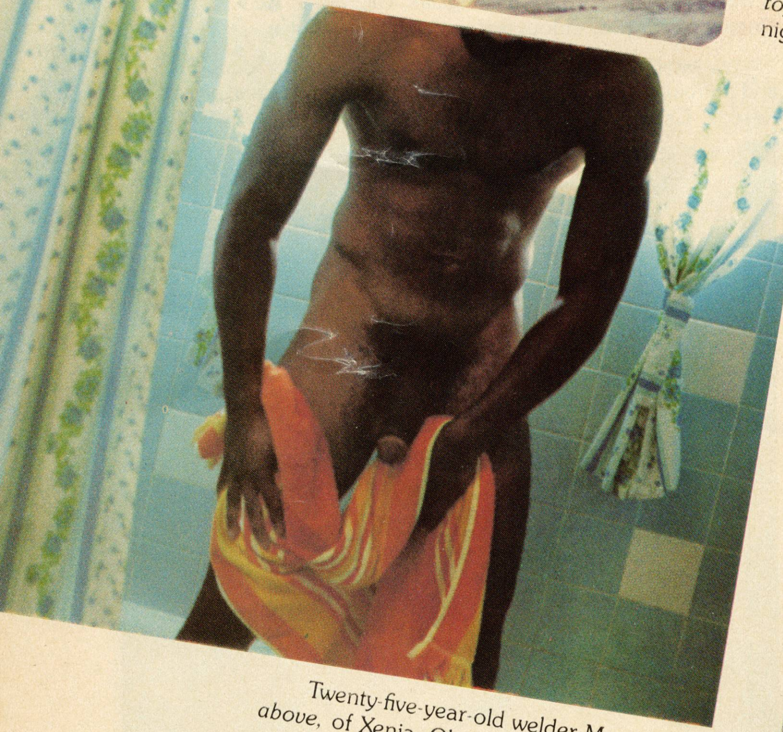




Bob Schneider, *top left*, is a research physicist from Walnut Creek, California. Bob's hobbies include playing the piano, scuba diving and listening to classical music.

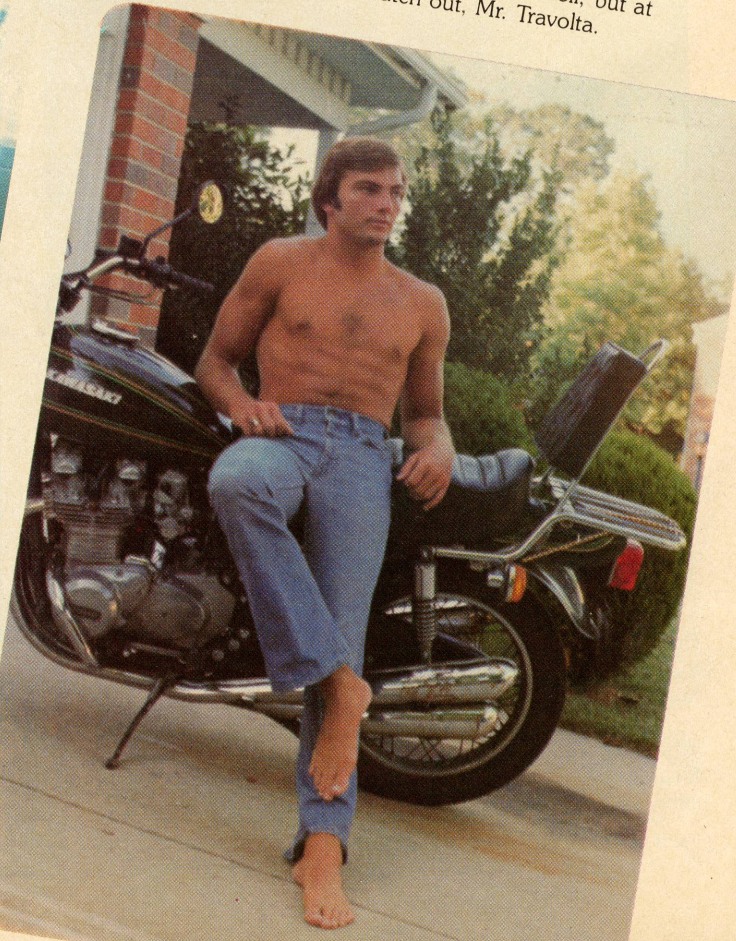


From Charlotte, North Carolina, we have Ron Jenkins, 27, *top right*. By day, Ron is a controller clerk at Southern Bell, but at night Ron falls prey to "disco fever." Watch out, Mr. Travolta.



Twenty-five-year-old welder Marvin Nooks, *above*, of Xenia, Ohio, loves doin' what comes naturally—fishing, hunting, karate, skating.

William Saylor, 25, *right*, is tending bar at a popular New Jersey disco while studying for his master's degree in athletic training at the University of Delaware.



CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(Continued from page 45)

man; and he's very simple and *very* honest. That gets him into a lot of trouble sometimes, because the seventies is not an age where honest people thrive.

But in terms of looking at the character psychologically, I don't think you need to go a lot deeper than that. As Marlon Brando said to me one day on the set, "Don't get too caught up in analyzing this thing. It's like trying to hang pumpkins on a morning glory. The whole thing is just going to come crashing to the ground." He could well have been right. This is not Eugene O'Neill. We're not here to solve great social issues. At the same time it's not just powee, zappo, unlimited power and adventure. There is science fiction in this movie, there is romance and adventure and there's pure, honest comedy all mixed up in one.

The thing that's fun for me as an actor—in terms of going back to who I think Superman is—is that he's three people at the same time. He's Superman, who he has learned how to be through instructions from his father; he's Clark Kent, which is a very deliberately invented disguise to mask his true identity; and then he's the person underneath the two characters, when he's neither Superman nor Clark Kent. Sometimes there comes a point in the movie—if I'm not giving too much away—when he decides that his power is too much for him. Why should he have the responsibility of having to save the world? That's a very normal, very human thing, and it adds another dimension to the character. We definitely lifted him off the storyboard—off that page—and projected him into real life.

Playgirl: Everybody has their own concept of who Superman is. We've grown up with him, seen comic strips; we've seen him through the years. Now he's being delineated by Christopher Reeve . . .

Reeve: If you talk to everybody they all think they know who Superman is because he's been around for so long and he's been so specifically defined. Everyone knows about the blue costume and the "S" and the cape and everything. It's almost easier to play Hamlet, because people have only a generalized idea of who he was; that he wore black tights and was depressed all the time. So you can have a Nicole Williamson Hamlet which is very different from an Albert Finney Hamlet—there is incredible latitude. But there was a certain responsibility here, to give the people what they imagine the comic book hero would do. That was my responsibility. But within that . . . I mean, I had to have some fun, too. I had to make him my guy as well as everybody else's. I think we'll meet each other halfway. People who walk in expecting to see something, hopefully, they'll get it. And then—with that out of the way—we take it a step further.

Playgirl: What is the importance of fantasy to the movie-going audience of today, in a sense of the audience lending itself to the acceptance of the Superman myth? How much fantasy is necessary in such a serious world, where people are so divergent on what constitutes entertainment?

Reeve: The job rests mostly with the actors because nine times out of ten the audience will go in ready to see what's on the screen. They go there and say, "Okay, I'm here, show me." And I don't think we have the right to ask from them any more than that. They don't have to come with PhDs in sociology to understand *The Sorrow and the Pity*. It's our job to take them in a direction they can enjoy. And I, for one, am very glad to be in a picture that is not just for the kiddies. This could easily have been a cartoon, but it's not. This is an adventure for the whole family, from five to ninety-five. I'm thrilled to be in something that's really entertaining. It doesn't talk down and it's not over people's heads, either, and that's rare. But that's for us to do. We can't expect the audience to do the work for us.

It didn't make any sense to me at all for a while. Then I thought, he just may be right. You can't go through life saying "Oh gee, I'm going to be a failure; it's not going to work." What if it actually did work? What if you actually got your way? You better know what it is you want.

That had something to do with my saying, "I'm not just going to play around. I'm going to do something about it." I've always been—if you look at pictures of me when I was a little kid—very sober, very serious. I was a pretty grim little kid. But this is what I wanted and I was going to go do it.

Playgirl: Parents know that acting is an insecure profession; ups and downs, hot and cold. Did your folks discourage you at any time, or did they encourage you all the way along?

Reeve: Absolutely. I owe a great deal to my mother. She gave me a lot of responsibility, a lot of freedom—and I didn't abuse it. So it was a kind of mutual trust.

By the time I was fourteen I remember saying, "Mother, I want to work in a professional workshop this summer, can I have two hundred dollars for the tuition?" And she'd say, "Do you think that's a good idea? Is that what you want?" And I'd say "Yes." End of discussion. She didn't say, "Oh, my God, you're going to go on drugs, run away from home" or any of that kind of stuff. But I had the same kind of freedom. I could have done those things.

My father—my parents were divorced when I was very young—lived in Connecticut and didn't see me in a play until I was about seventeen or eighteen and by that time I was going full speed ahead down the track.

Playgirl: Why do you want to be an actor?

Reeve: Oh God! Do people really want to hear that? I'll take a shot at it. But it seems everybody answers "Oh, because I need the applause, I need the acceptance." That's the general answer. I don't know. I wonder if people are tired of hearing that from actors.

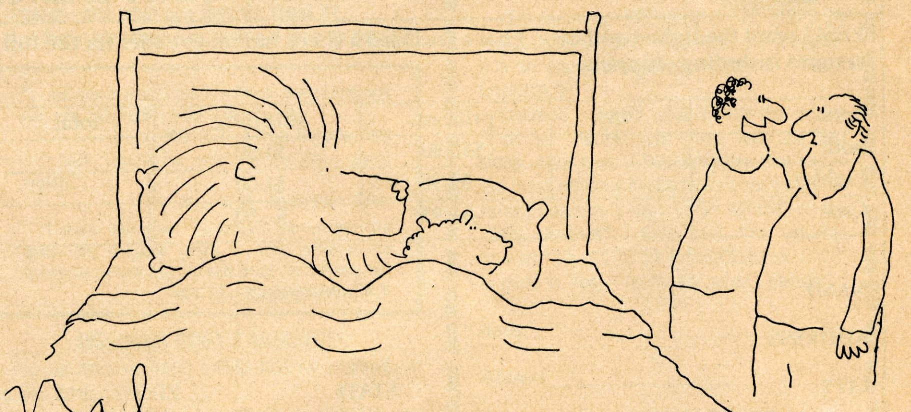
Playgirl: Is that your answer as well?

Reeve: Do you go up and ask a stockbroker why he wants to be a stockbroker? In life, everybody is just out to find out what they think they can do best or what makes them happy. You know when you're happy and you know when you're not. It doesn't take great genius to figure that out. To attach any more mystique to it than that . . . it's quite simply what I feel I can do best and what makes me happy. There is really not much more of an answer than that. It's my home.

Playgirl: A lot of actors say that it's fun to live other lives, if only for a little while.

Reeve: Of course, that's why we're actors. We're actors because we can time travel, because we can find out about things people often never get a chance to find out about in ordinary life. Plays and movies are about the deepest emotions and the truest experiences people go through. Lives tend to be about going to the bank, crossing the street, the children's school, whatever. But a play cuts away all of that and even in *Waiting for Godot*—that's the essential day of their life.

To be an actor says that you understand enough about other people to go out and represent them. And that's a kind of responsibility. You go out on stage in front of sixteen hundred people and do it. That's a big challenge, a big responsibility. The way to condense it all is to say that it's home. And home covers everything. That's where



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it's safe to be, where it's fun, where you enjoy and that's where you trust. So it's all of that.

Playgirl: You've met a lot of women here in London. Did you find that girls looked at you as Christopher Reeve or did they think of you as Superman? Did they expect more from you sexually?"

Reeve: To be honest, I've probably had better luck since I'm introduced, "This is Chris Reeve and, by the way, he's Superman." Eyebrows raise you know and, "Oh yeah." So that carries you a little way. But, at the same time I try to stay away from the women who are just after "Superman" because I have a problem living with myself in that sense. I'm looking for women who say, "I don't care what this guy does for a living, it doesn't matter."

Playgirl: Do you have any views about permissive women?

Reeve: I feel sorry for any woman who feels she has to go too far to prove her independence. I don't think anyone should have to prove who they are. At the same time, I'm all for women doing whatever they want to do and I think it's great we're living in an age when men and women can relax a bit. It's a lot more natural now than it used to be. There are far less rules and I think that's a good thing.

Playgirl: How can you avoid being thought of as Superman?

Reeve: Well, I will be for a while. But then again, Sean Connery knocked off four or five James Bond pictures and now he plays Arabs. He plays anything he wants. And I'm a lot younger than he was when he did the Bond films.

Playgirl: Is it difficult when you're in the spot you are, having such mass exposure on *Love of Life* and now Superman, coping with all the girls, the groupies? Do you have to fight them off? What kind of women appeal to you?

Reeve: Oh God. Am I a leg man?

Playgirl: Do you find yourself gravitating toward women who are actresses?

Reeve: No. I don't care where you meet somebody, really, in terms of, "Oh gee, she's an actress. That will never work." I don't have little wheels clicking like that. I tend to be interested in girls who are doing something with their lives. I get very uptight, very impatient around people who just kind of drift, floating, letting life happen. "I don't know man, but it will work out somehow." I have absolutely no patience with that. I find an attraction to girls who don't exactly have to be world shakers, but in some way are setting challenges for themselves. I believe that life is pretty much about setting challenges and going about trying to meet them, so I find a natural attraction for people who are doing the same.

Playgirl: With this era of sexual freedom on the screen in the sixties and seventies, and you coming up in that era and having that exposure and the availability—what does that do to a guy's psyche?

Reeve: Oh, it's obviously very good for

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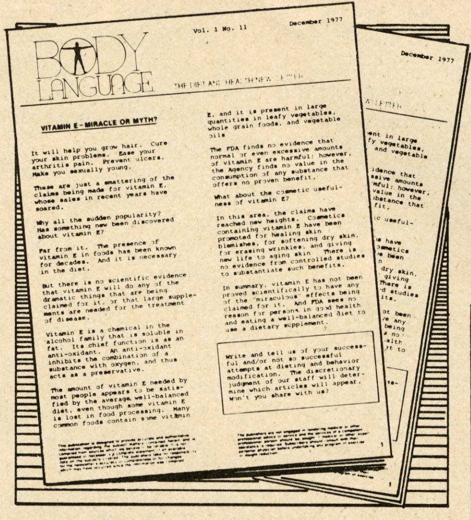
Vol. 1 No. 11 December 1977

BODY LANGUAGE THE DIET AND HEALTH NEWSLETTER

VITAMIN E—MIRACLE OR MYTH?

It will help you grow hair. Cure your skin problems. Ease your arthritis pain. Prevent ulcers. Make you sexually young.

These are just a smattering of the claims being made for vitamin E, whose sales in recent years have soared.

Why all the sudden popularity? Has something new been discovered about vitamin E?

Far from it. The presence of vitamin E in foods has been known for decades. And it is necessary in the diet.

But there is no scientific evidence that vitamin E will do any of the dramatic things that are being claimed for it, or that large supplements are needed for the treatment of disease.

Vitamin E is a chemical in the alcohol family that is soluble in fat. Its chief function is as an anti-oxidant. An anti-oxidant inhibits the combination of a substance with oxygen, and thus acts as a preservative.

The amount of vitamin E needed by most people appears to be satisfied by the average, well-balanced diet, even though some vitamin E is lost in food processing. Many common foods contain some vitamin E, and it is present in large quantities in leafy vegetables, whole grain foods, and vegetable oils.

The FDA finds no evidence that normal or even excessive amounts of vitamin E are harmful; however, the Agency finds no value in the consumption of any substance that offers no proven benefit.

What about the cosmetic usefulness of vitamin E?

In this area, the claims have reached new heights. Cosmetics containing vitamin E have been promoted for healing skin blemishes, for softening dry skin, for erasing wrinkles, and giving new life to aging skin. There is no evidence from controlled studies to substantiate such benefits.

In summary, vitamin E has not been proved scientifically to have any of the "miraculous" effects being claimed for it. And FDA sees no reason for persons in good health and eating a well-balanced diet to use a dietary supplement.

Write and tell us of your successful and/or not so successful attempts at dieting and behavior modification. The discretionary judgment of our staff will determine which articles will appear. Won't you share with us?

1

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- **How to recognize the symptoms of alcholism.**
- **The impact of good nutrition on arthritis, high blood pressure and diabetes . . .**
- **What does it mean if your period comes irregularly? . . .**
- **Does menopause affect a woman's sexual desires? . . . ,**
- **Why do some women have difficulty achieving orgasm—and what can they do about it? . . .**
- **Are there advantages to having a woman doctor?**

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your psyche to feel like, "Hey, they like me." If I went out and played Superman and they all went, "Oh" (yawn), something would be missing and I'd go away and be depressed. But it doesn't mean I have to live it. I played a character on *Love of Life* who was no good whatsoever. He was a womanizer married to two women at the same time, a complete scoundrel. And men who watched the show liked it because here was a man getting away with the kind of things they'd like to get away with. The women liked it because they were outraged by his behavior—they wanted to see the guy get caught. There was some kind of secret thrill about it. You want to say "There he is, he's up to no good again." So there was an enormous following, for which I was very, very grateful. I was some kind of sex symbol, I guess. That's very rewarding, but my personal life is something else.

Playgirl: Is it appropriate for you to be thought of as the definitive sex symbol?

Reeve: Oh, no. How the hell do you answer that? Yes, I'm a sex symbol! It's a full-time occupation. I think that's all just . . . I think "Oh, God, who needs it?" They say, "We want you to make the ten-best-dressed list." They're going to have to do a lot of work on me. I may polish my sneakers, but I don't know if I can go any further than that, because all that kind of stuff is so boring, who needs it? I'm sorry to be a snob, but my only job is to put the guy up on the screen. And the rest of it, well, it's fun but it's just nonsense.

Playgirl: Are you chauvinistic in any way?

Reeve: Absolutely not.

Playgirl: What do you think of guys who are?

Reeve: I don't have very much respect for them. I don't hang around any people who are that way.

Playgirl: Is that liberated attitude a product of your upbringing?

Reeve: Probably. But I just never thought that it was particularly human or particularly kind to look upon women as objects, or to be that aggressive. I don't think that's the way people should treat each other, and I don't think it takes any kind of great inspirational background to teach you that. You either grow up believing it or you don't.

Playgirl: The Superman character is almost a part of the public domain now. Mario Puzo—a brilliant writer—created an original story with Bob Benton and so forth. Can you explain how that story was developed? Where did the ideas come from? Did you have any suggestion along that line?

Reeve: I think it's a brilliant script—absolutely tops. The whole story, the whole *premise* of the story is great. It's got the right tone. It's funny, but it's done in just the right way, for legitimate purposes. The only input I had was if I saw a scene that I felt posed a real acting problem, where I felt Superman just couldn't do this or that, I tried to go to the writer, who was on the lot, and say, "Listen, this is really going to be a problem for me and here is why." And I did that with one scene in particular, in which I felt that Superman was pulling a fast one on Lois that he'd be characteristically incapable of doing.

The scene was rewritten two days later. That's because they saw it my way. So it was very much a team effort. It definitely was not a case of my sitting back and saying, "That's no good." It's a top story.

Playgirl: Can you talk about your preparation for the role? You had to learn how to use the trampoline and I understand the costume was quite a problem.

Reeve: The costume *was* a problem, but I was more of a problem because Superman is not a toothpick. I, however, was a toothpick, a walking tree. Six foot four, 188 pounds, which may sound big, but I'm tall and skinny, actually. I'd love to have some before and after pictures just to show 'em if they don't believe me later. When I came to London I had to start flinging weights immediately. We went through a period where they said, "Well, maybe they'll build a bigger body into the costume." They had the makeup men physically making foam rubber muscles. You can't walk around with foam rubber in your arms. And also we were not out to make a "Mr. Ripples." That's not what Superman is about, either.

I've had better luck with women since I'm introduced as Superman.

This guy came in proudly showing false muscles of foam rubber on a blue leotard and I looked at that and I said, "It's either those muscles or me. One or the other, but not both of us. I can't wear those because of the heat and simply because it's phony." I mean, "My God," I said, "If you want me to play this part, I promise you if you give me eight weeks of preparation, I can build up and fill out this costume."

Many people don't know this, but Superman doesn't get his power from his muscles. He gets his power from the costume, because it comes from Krypton, which has a different sun system. I tell you, the guys who write this comic could draw you a road map of how to get to Krypton. It's all real to them. But for the image and the part I had to build up my muscles so I worked out with weights and a coach—Dave Prowse, who played Darth Vader in *Star Wars*—who supervised my training about two hours every day, seven days a week. I was at it for over six weeks, and I was up some thirteen pounds; about an inch all-around, and feeling pretty fit. I drank Nutro-mint, the high protein drink, and took B-12 shots to keep me going, and I think I slung more weights than an early Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Playgirl: What has been the toughest part of making the film?

Reeve: There are different kinds of tough. Physically, in terms of strain, the flying scenes were the most difficult. I don't want to go into them because it takes away from the magic of the picture. In terms of another kind of tough, it's hard to hold the part together over such a long period, especially when the shooting's so incredibly out of sequence. You just hope to God that somebody with good judgment is seeing that all the bits and pieces fit.

Playgirl: What was an ordinary day like before playing Superman? What is an ordinary day now? Do you like yourself with your new body, or have you already begun to take weight off?

Reeve: The only changes I can feel . . . the certain confusion about who I used to be in the sense that my body is now thirty pounds overweight. Hopefully, it's not fat, but it's thirty pounds overweight. There is a problem at this weight. If I don't keep exercising it will go to fat, particularly around the middle, where you can get a spare tire very easily. But I find with exercising a little more and eating a little less, it goes away. I still go to the gym four times a week, so I'm quite happy. The only thing I'm worried about is will it limit any other parts I might play because of my size. My hair comes out of a bottle, it's dyed black; in real life it's light brown. And so I've had to go through changes—none of my old clothes fit. Things like that. Gee, who was I when I was working off-Broadway and stuff like that? But I don't feel that that's been a long trip for me. I don't feel that it's so far back or so different. But so far I haven't gone through what Henry Winkler or John Travolta have had to go through, which is when you go to the airport and there's sixty thousand people there. That's when you go through changes.

This is just the best job I've ever had in a lifetime because it's gonna reach the most people. And it's something I believe in totally. But there hasn't been, yet, any major overhaul in terms of my appreciation of people. I don't sense any difference. I sometimes sense that I get a little . . . I talk in movie terms or I talk sort of show biz a lot because of what I'm doing.

Playgirl: The costume has been seen by billions around the world. They know what it looks like, what the colors are. That was very difficult to duplicate, wasn't it?

Reeve: The problem is that it's skintight. How are you going to fit a microphone in there? That was a problem . . . and then hide the wire. Just technical problems; how to make it work for all the things I have to do because you've never seen Superman in this kind of action before. The guys in the fifties hopped into a wind tunnel and you saw the hair and the cape flying. We did special effects that have never been seen before. They had to really think far ahead so the costume would have the versatility to

(Continued on page 109)

Ten Places To Take Your Man (or Meet a New One)

Horse around in the open air while sleigh bells jingle in tune at the Woodstock Inn, Vermont.

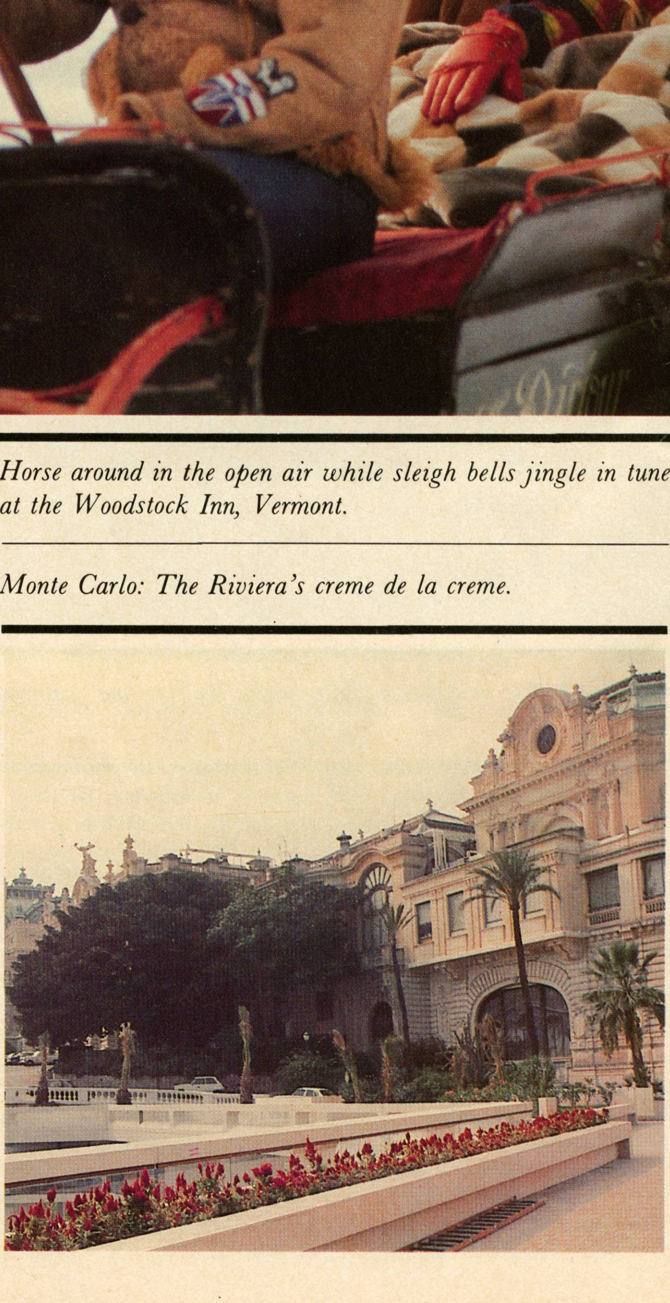
WOODSTOCK INN—When the snow is just right for horse-drawn sleighing and the air is cool, crisp and perfect for snuggling up close, there's no more romantic place to be than Vermont's Woodstock Inn. The Inn itself captures the essence of rustic backwoods decor, complete with a ten-foot, blazing fireplace, while a gourmet menu and surrounding environs for superb skiing afford the very best of food and fun.

With the summer sun comes the chance to horseback ride, challenge your lover to tennis or golf, stroll the beautiful countryside or get your feet wet by swimming or fishing the day away.

The general feeling of the area is one of woodsy, country casualness.

Rooms are $34 to $54, single occupancy, and $36 to $56, double occupancy. Air fare from New York City to the nearest airport at Lebanon, New Hampshire, is $92 round trip.

Monte Carlo: The Riviera's creme de la creme.



MONTE CARLO—Ah, Monte Carlo—the jewel of the Riviera, complete with exotic gardens, beautiful beaches and breathtaking mountain views.

Not only are there ample sun sports to be enjoyed by day, such as tennis, golf, swimming and other water sports, but there is also opera, ballet, concerts and a club nightlife just waiting for you once the sun goes down.

Loews Monte Carlo, Monaco's new hotel complex, is the ultimate in resort luxury. All rooms have private balconies with wide vistas of the enchanting Mediterranean.

Ah, Monte Carlo! One visit is priceless.

Loews' room rates from December to April are $30 to $70, single occupancy and $40 to $80, double occupancy. During May's Grand Prix, rates are considerably higher and rooms are at a premium.

Air fare from New York City is $767 round trip, with a stop in Paris, France.

Relaxation on a Windjammer cruise comes free and easy on deck, under the sun and gliding across the waters.

Aboard a Windjammer adventure cruise you'll enjoy the barefoot life, free and easy, loafing or crewing on a nonstop floating party. The four schooners in Windjammer's fleet have had fabled histories, like the *Fantome,* which was once the private yacht of Aristotle Onassis. Now, you can board it with 128 other sea-loving passengers and sail the waters off the Bahama Banks. The formality that this ship once knew is forgotten, and dressing for dinner just means slipping into a dry bikini or cutoff jeans.

On the *Polynesia* or Yankee *Clipper* you'll sail the West Indies stopping at remote islands to visit castles and forts, plantations and volcanoes or simply relax on a sandy beach.

If you like to goof off and do your own thing, or enjoy getting a group together for hilarious games, a Windjammer vacation will suit you to a tee.

The fee for five nights and six days in a double cabin aboard the Windjammer cruise of your choice, runs from $360.00 to $460.00 per person depending on location. Singles, who know that forming new friendships is the best adventure of all, can bunk in a spacious bachelor/ette cabin that accommodates six, for just $310.00.

If you prefer to totally relax with just your closest friends, charter a yacht, and let your barefoot sail be with panache. One of the most superb getaways for those who love seclusion is the rare opportunity to island-hop around French Polynesia, in Tahitian waters.

A tremendous saving can be made by booking U.T.A. French Airlines' low fare Tahiti Package which includes a stay at Kia Ora, an exquisite resort on Moorea.

THE BAHAMAS—Since the mere thought of the Bahamas conjures up visions of picture-postcard beauty, vacationing there becomes a veritable dream come true. Besides Nassau and Freeport, the principal vacation centers, there are seven hundred islands to explore and enjoy.

Resort facilities include the Xanadu Princess Hotel, once the home of Howard Hughes.

If scuba diving is your passion, Freeport, home of the Underwater Explorers Society and diving headquarters of the world, is your choice. Other sports available range from tennis, golf, deep sea fishing and horseback riding to the offbeat para-sailing, where you are towed aloft by motorboat while hanging from a para-sail, to gently glide into Paradise itself.

A Nassau/Paradise Island First Timer's Fling is from $75 to $285 per person, double occupancy for seven nights; a Freeport/Lucaya First Timer's Fling is from $38 to $173 per person, double occupancy for three to seven nights. Air fare is $80 round trip from Miami to Nassau.

BERMUDA—Vacationing in Bermuda can really get you away from the crowds and condos: The island is still unspoiled and native Bermudians know how to respect privacy, both yours and theirs.

The pace is easy. In fact, the most efficient means of travel around Bermuda is by rented, "motor-assisted" bike.

Or rent a sailboat and explore any of Hamilton Harbour's thirty-four little islands.

Or swim, sail, scuba dive, fish, watch yacht races, shop at Trimingham's Front Street Store or golf at Port Royal's course, designed by Robert Trent Jones.

Bermuda Specials are from $108 to $477 per person, double occupancy for six nights. Air fare from New York City is $199 round trip; from Miami, $399 round trip, with a stop in New York City.

CABO SAN LUCAS—At Cabo San Lucas, on the southernmost tip of Baja California, Mexico, the warm waters of the Sea of

Cortez merge with the chill Pacific, enticing fishermen to Cabo's shores for a chance to catch giant marlin. Others come simply to bask in the sun at this back-to-nature retreat; to walk broad stretches of white sand beaches and breathe crisp desert air; to browse in a still-primitive village surrounded by luxurious resorts.

High on a hill is the Hotel Finisterra, an architectural masterpiece of craggy rocks, tile and burnished mahogany.

You can watch the antics of sea lions or the migration of giant whales from the comfort of a shaded excursion launch, or have the thrill of chartering a fishing boat with friends for one hundred dollars a day and catching a trophy-winning fish. Romantics can hire a boatman to drop them off for a few hours' privacy at the beach.

Mexico is one country where the dollar hasn't devalued and Finisterra's American plan rate is $30 per person, double occupancy. Air fare from Los Angeles is $191–$205 round trip.

—Sue Fleishman

CLUB MEDITERRANEE—If you want to meet that special someone, try Club Med. With gateways from the major cities of the U.S. and Canada, you can flee to such faraway places as Bora Bora, Tahiti, to Eleuthera and Paradise Island in the Bahamas or to Cancun, Mexico, among others.

The club is open to all comers seeking the free-spirited lifestyle. Accommodations range from hotel rooms to bungalows and cottages, while Tahiti vacationers can enjoy the experience of relaxation under a thatched roof.

Sports offered include water skiing, archery, scuba diving, sailing, fishing, tennis and girl- or boy-watching.

With so many vacation options available, contact your local travel agent for specific air fare and room rates.

LAKE TAHOE—Let us not forget Lake Tahoe, a resort for all seasons. Spring and summer fun like swimming, sailing, water skiing and tennis provide vacationers with a healthy set of relaxational sports while, at the eighteen-hole Edgewood Tahoe Golf Course, you can play on a different kind of Tahoe green.

The winter picture is snow-capped, much like the surrounding mountains, with more than twenty major ski facilities just two hours away.

Lake Tahoe is noted around the globe for its top-quality entertainment and entertainers, while The House of Lords, Bonanza Buffet, Four Seasons Restaurant (open twenty-four hours) and the High Sierra Theatre all maintain delicious culinary alternatives.

Of course, if you like to wager, the Sahara Tahoe will happily provide the games.

The Sahara Tahoe has six hundred rooms, with winter rates as low as $29.40 (single) and $33.60 (double). Air fare from Los Angeles is $73.50 and from New York City, $490, round trip.

MAUNA KEA—Many people feel that if you've but one vacation resort to experience in the whole world, let it be Hawaii's Mauna Kea. With the Pacific at its doorstep, lush flower gardens in its midst and snow-capped mountains off in the distance, Mauna Kea combines all the beauty that is nature while providing its own gentle luxury.

A simple walk about Mauna Kea is transformed into an experience not soon forgotten. Art surrounds you: If big is your bag, there's a magnificent seventh-century Buddha to ogle; for you small-is-beautiful lovers, local arts and crafts shops more than fill the bill.

Golfers can stroke their troubles away at a golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones, driving and chipping along ancient lava flows. Or if tennis is your racket, there are nine courts available in a new park built by the sea.

Mauna Kea offers a wide variety of European, Asian and North American cuisine and, of course, the legendary, sumptuous *luaus,* all to be enjoyed for your vacationing pleasure.

Single rooms are as low as $155 (ocean view), $135 (beach front) or $115 (mountain view). For double occupancy, add $10. Air fare from Los Angeles is $282 to $312 round trip to Kona, about forty-five minutes from the hotel.*—Jean Kornbluth*

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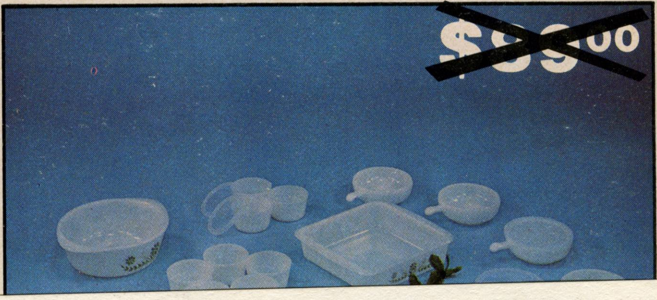

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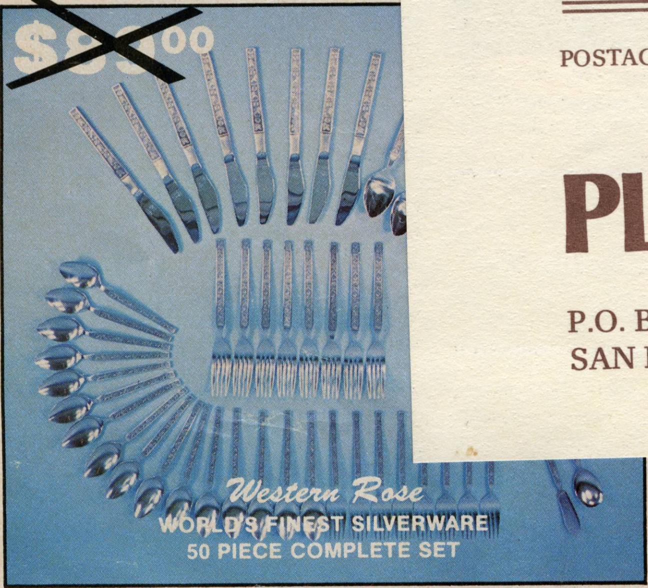
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(Continued from page 104)

go through it all. It ended up being sewn in Germany, as a matter of fact, up in Bavaria someplace where they had a special machine and some guy who has been sitting there waiting all his life for a chance to put this costume together. I don't know what he's going to do now that the picture's finished.

Playgirl: With all the tailors in London and the United States, it had to be sewn in

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I hate to disillusion you, but Brando is wonderful. He's also very tired of being worshipped, and I think we got along because I didn't worship him. I've been around enough stars to know that it's not that they're stars; it's that the people put them up there. What they've got is talent; raw talent or polished talent. But it's the talent that sets them apart. Their perspective changes, and it has to. I was glad that I

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Playgirl: I'm curious about the lack of romantic involvement of Superman over the years. Why doesn't he play around with girls more? Why didn't he? Does he in this film?

Reeve: Because Superman doesn't believe that people should treat other people's feelings lightly. And a lot of times what happens is, just the words "playing around with girls" implies that you're not interested in this person's feelings—that you're going to have a good time, take advantage of somebody.

Playgirl: He's not a swinger.

Reeve: Oh God, no.

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Reeve: Absolutely. But he finds the love of his life very early. Lois Lane is the love of his life. And that is pretty terrific when you consider he could do a lot of damage. Superman could go around and he could . . . you know what I mean? But he doesn't. A commitment is always better than messing around. But it's not always easy to get the commitment.

Playgirl: You identify with that?

Reeve: Certainly. Oh absolutely. That's not to say that . . . I've certainly been through long and various chapters of messing around, but everyone is trying to move towards commitment because it's more real. If you've got a choice between something lasting and something transient, most people are going to pick something that's going to be there. But that's not for everybody.

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Playgirl: What do you want to come out of all this for yourself, Chris?

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CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(Continued from page 104)

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Playgirl: With all the tailors in London and the United States, it had to be sewn in some little place?

Reeve: Yeah. That's a little bit beyond me. We used a new kind of fabric that needs a special kind of stitching so you can't see the seams. If it looks like a leotard and you can see the seam, something is lost, a little magic is missing.

Playgirl: I want to talk about Marlon Brando. Brando has been singled out as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, actors of our time. On our side of the Atlantic they say Olivier and Gielgud; but here they rave about Brando—checkered story, fabulous career and so on. You, of course, are not too heavily involved with him; he plays your father. I want to get your impressions of the man, how you met him, what you think of him, what you saw him do and how you were involved with him. What were your impressions of him before you met him; what did he mean to you?

Reeve: I'm glad to talk about that because the difference between the man I thought I would meet and the man I actually met is quite significant. I think I've seen almost every film that Brando's done just because as you're growing as an actor, it's your responsibility to watch the great people who have gone before you. But I always had the feeling I would be afraid of him, particularly because when he was younger and played Stanley Kowalski and also in *The Fugitive Kind* and *The Wild One*, there was a constant repressed violence—and in *On the Waterfront*, too—that even when he smiles, two seconds later you get the feeling he could level you. I'm not talking about physically, either. I'm talking about the kind of intensity, the kind of force. The sideways glance out of his eyes that could just destroy you. That would put me very much on the defensive. I felt like this man was going to walk around holding in a lot of anger; that he doesn't want to be here, doesn't want to do this, he doesn't care. Those are the kind of things you hear in advance.

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Playgirl: It's going to be a battle—which I'm sure you're aware of—the change in your life that Superman is inevitably going to bring.

Reeve: My picture is going to be on a T-shirt and little Superman dolls and all that kind of stuff. But the way I feel is that it's my responsibility to bring his character to life and then the movie people can have the character. They can take him and sell him, project him anywhere they want. But I really think—and I'm on a very good level with publicity people and the producers and everybody—that they know where I'm coming from and they know that I haven't played Superman for ten years in the theater and I don't plan to be Superman after this. I tried to act the pants off the part, but then left it, left him on the screen. Left him to be merchandised as *him*. I'm not going to get dragged in with it.

"Yes, I'm a sex symbol!"

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I think that a Superman today is a much gentler person, more relaxed, more self-aware and yet not so self-involved. He's somebody perhaps a little bit more modest than these macho heroes who have been portrayed in the past. I tried to play him with all the simplicity I could find, which meant cutting out a lot of excess behavior and really taking everything down to the simplest degree. He's not all messed up in his head, he's not on a big ego-macho trip even though he knows he can waste everybody. Superman is a man who doesn't ever use his strength unless he absolutely has to.

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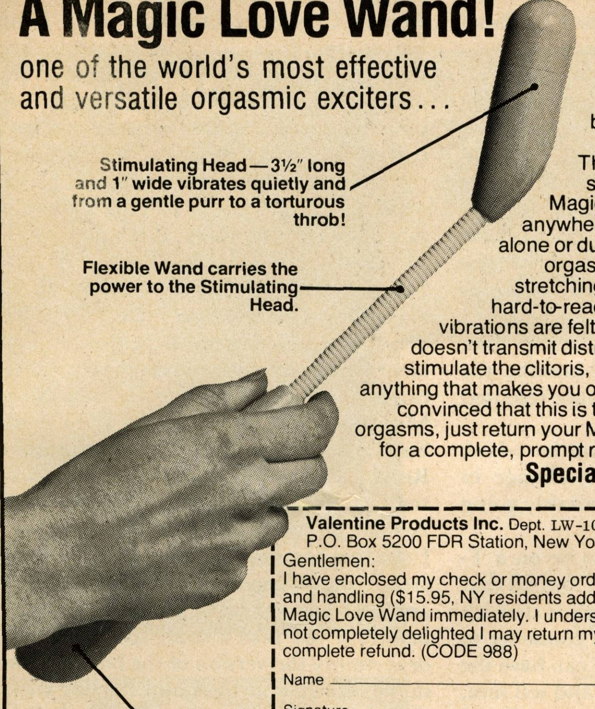
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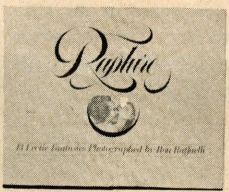

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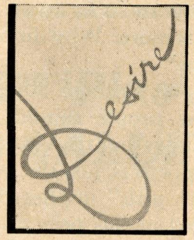

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SEX QUIZ

(Continued from page 21)

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2.	A. 1	B. 4	C. 2	D. 3
3.	A. 1	B. 2	C. 3	D. 4
4.	A. 1	B. 2	C. 4	D. 3
5.	A. 3	B. 1	C. 2	D. 4
6.	A. 4	B. 2	C. 1	D. 3
7.	A. 1	B. 3	C. 2	D. 4
8.	A. 1	B. 2	C. 3	D. 4
9.	A. 1	B. 3	C. 2	D. 4
10.	A. 2	B. 3	C. 4	D. 1
11.	A. 1	B. 4	C. 3	D. 2
12.	A. 3	B. 1	C. 2	D. 4
13.	A. 2	B. 4	C. 3	D. 1
14.	A. 1	B. 4	C. 2	D. 3
15.	A. 1	B. 2	C. 4	D. 3
16.	A. 3	B. 1	C. 2	D. 4
17.	A. 1	B. 2	C. 3	D. 4
18.	A. 1	B. 3	C. 4	D. 2
19.	A. 3	B. 4	C. 1	D. 2
20.	A. 1	B. 3	C. 2	D. 4
21.	A. 2	B. 4	C. 3	D. 1
22.	A. 4	B. 1	C. 3	D. 2

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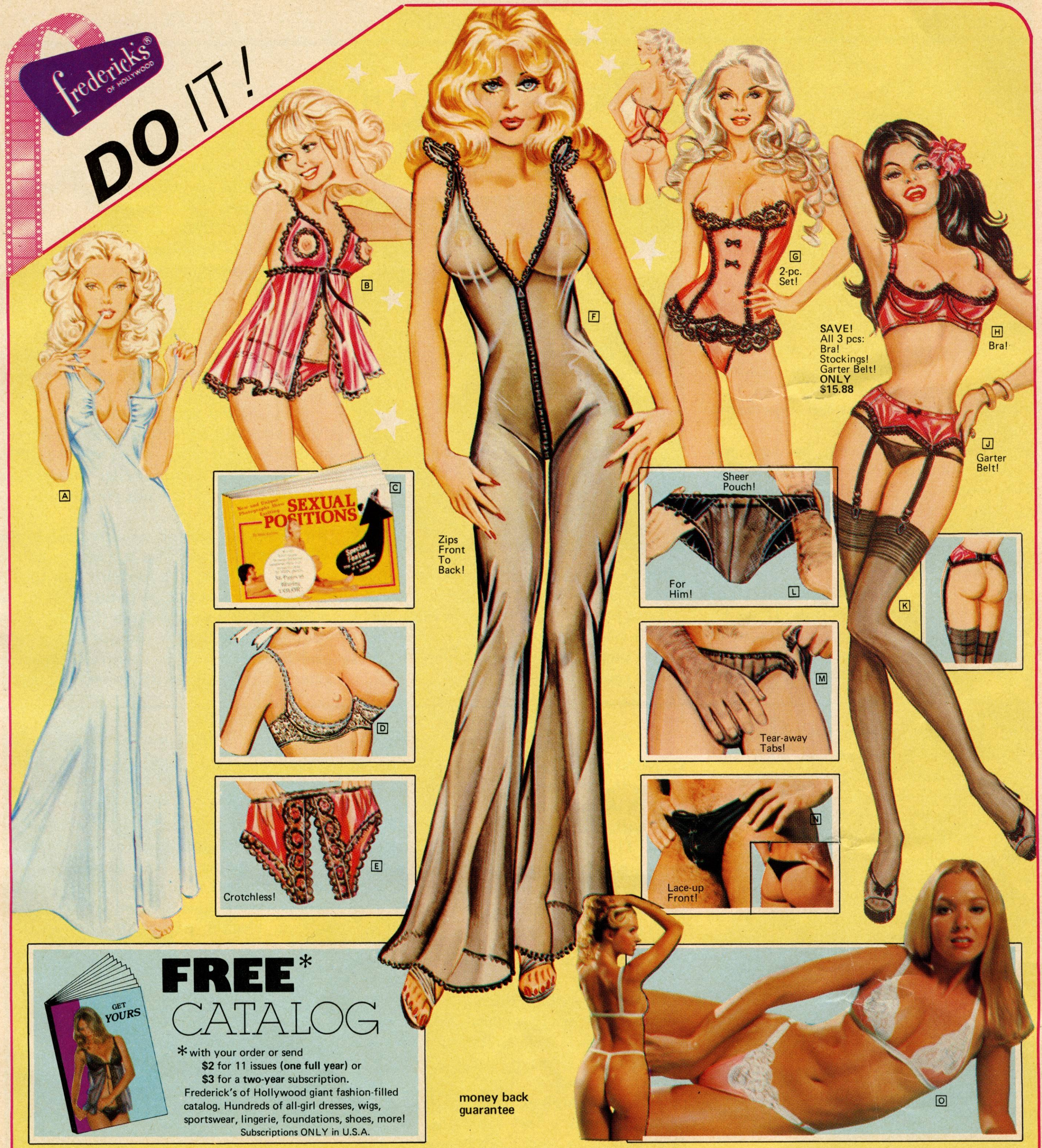

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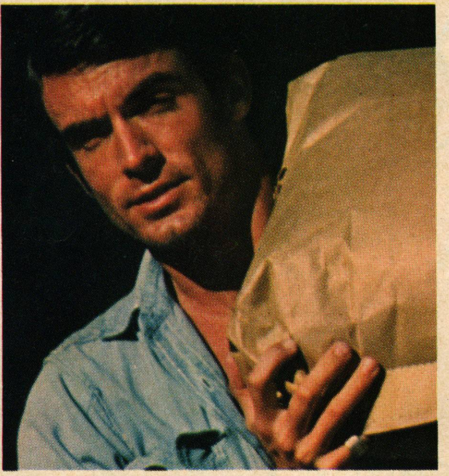
STARSCOPE

BY BARBARA BIRDFEATHER

CAPRICORN

December 22–January 20



Happy birthday ladies of the ringed planet Saturn! You are self-disciplined, value material possessions, are ethical, studious, practical, natural executives, politically astute and leaders in community affairs. You also have a wry and bizarre sense of humor. Physically you're big-boned with marvelous shoulders hovering over a tiny waist—your hair is unusually thick and lustrous. Tweeds or plaid well-cut suits are perfect for your days while slate or black chiffon one-shoulder dresses are guaranteed to dazzle nights. Antique or rock collecting is *the* hobby for the conservative Capricorn.

Your Year Ahead: During January and February evenings you spend hours lovingly waxing your good wood pieces, polishing heirloom silver. You spend weekends closeted away with your Taurus lover, enjoying his gourmet cooking, listening to old Beatles' albums.

Spring finds you more in love than you've been in quite some time. Don't be too heavy hearted or heavy handed (quizzing him ruthlessly when he's late). Do take an active interest in the sports he likes, his business worries and by June 1st he'll either propose or you'll live together!

Late June to mid-July finds you in poor health. Stop cigarettes *forever.* Do have your yearly checkup, including a pap test and breast cancer check.

Sex is *it* from August 1st through September. Since your body is in spectacular shape from a spring diet, you'll be completely uninhibited; rare for the Capricorn. You'll try new positions you would have once thought kinky, explore every inch of your man's body, make your bedroom into a seductive boudoir.

October is hard-work time. A promotion means more responsibility, which you find unsettling between the 3rd–17th; but by Halloween, your efficient system makes it relatively easy.

Friends keep you giggling and busy in November and December. You go shopping with a Scorpio who insists you buy sexy lingerie, visit a fortune teller a gay chum swears by, a Leo teaches you how to expertly frame pictures.

For This Month: A personality clash at the office almost leads to a screaming match around the 11th. You're right, but an unbiased third party has to point out that the other person is wrong. From the 13th–24th your lover hardly lets you out of his sight and bed! He plies you with champagne, nuzzling your neck with quivering kisses.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21–Feb. 19): Don't travel in January. Stay home with your boyfriend; play Scrabble or Monopoly, sip mulled cider and make love on the living room couch. Before the 21st a close chum could end up in jail or the hospital because of a drinking problem. You should give an ultimatum—either go on the wagon or out your door! It may seem drastic, but it could be the incentive needed.
Clumsiness around the 8th will be embarrassing.

PISCES (Feb. 20–Mar. 20): Postholiday letdown strikes suddenly on the 3rd. Keep active with friends to avoid severe depression. Your man might be a tad down, too. Tickle him in the most unlikely places and soon you'll both be rolling about on the floor—you know where that'll lead! He's extra-affectionate between the 17th–28th because he realizes how much he loves you.
New boots could cause aching feet.

ARIES (Mar. 21–Apr. 20): It's time to switch jobs; do it before the 21st when Mercury will aid you. Sex is both tender and terrific from the 8th–20th and with more than one man (one oldie-but-goodie, a few new specimens).
Improved posture adds inches to your height.

TAURUS (Apr. 21–May 21): Practical courses at night school (auto mechanics, bonsai gardening) can turn into dollars by the spring. A ménage à trois around the 9th is unencumbered by guilt and can be thoroughly enjoyed by all parties concerned—another dream finally come true!
Add to your art collection at January sales.

GEMINI (May 22–June 21): Sex, sex, sex, is all you think about during the first month of 1979. Almost every night you share your bed with the most spectacular guys in town. They satisfy you because you show them just what pleases a woman. Do find time to phone family members who still think you're their little girl.
Dress warmly or flu strikes.

CANCER (June 22–July 23): The quintessential woman, you long to be happily married and before the 18th you get a proposal from your true love. Accept. Set a date for late spring to be sure of your compatibility. Don't get so excited that you neglect your house—losing points on his part. Avoid pantyhose hanging in the bathroom, last night's dishes in the sink.
Be an imaginative penny pincher to avoid poverty.

LEO (July 24–Aug. 23): Make a resolution to take the best possible care of your lovely body: Exercise (including sex), a healthier diet and meditative yoga to calm Leonine nerves are musts. Your love life improves by the 12th; you'll look and feel better by the 17th.
Adopt a pet to keep you company.

VIRGO (Aug. 24–Sept. 23): Volunteer work enables you to help others *and* meet a young doctor or another volunteer who totally captures your heart. From the 9th–29th your sex life is unbelievable! Besides your steady friend, there's an executive type who treats you like a lady while arousing primitive passions. He may be around for only a few months, so treat your time together like a precious jewel.
Fat, huge pillows add a romantic touch.

LIBRA (Sept. 24–Oct. 23): To spruce up your place for the new year, try a deco design wallpaper in your living room, or tile the kitchen in a classic Moorish pattern. Get work done by the 13th so you can give an elegant party around the 18th where you'll meet a feisty, sexy man who'll be your constant escort right through spring. He'll be an "A plus" in bed, too!
Classical music concerts will enlighten and entertain.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24–Nov. 22): Make a New Year's resolution to start a diary (don't omit sexual exploits) and to answer phone calls and letters. Your lover will be aroused and amused by your efforts. Don't be discouraged between the 7th–18th when you discover you're about eight pounds overweight from holiday goodies. A quick but safe diet will take it off by the 23rd.
Meditation will ease after-work tensions.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23–Dec. 21): Good month for investments. Check with a trustworthy stockbroker and/or banker for advice. Your lover will be especially attentive from the 5th–16th, but don't suspect ulterior motives. He *does* love you and proves it with leisurely lovemaking, letting you choose the movie to see, phoning you during the day with sweet suggestions for the night ahead.
A Libra buddy is hurt by your misunderstanding.

THE CAPRICORN MALE is the most dependable sign of the zodiac. He's punctual, returns phone calls promptly; plus, he's a good wage earner, proud, a natural leader, combative in sports, sometimes shy and reserved, highly intelligent. He's also highly motivated; he makes a marvelous doctor, a shrewd lawyer.

He wears tailored clothes well on a muscular body which he keeps in excellent shape. He looks handsome in a beard or moustache. His penis, while not especially long, is thick and stays erect for a long, long time.

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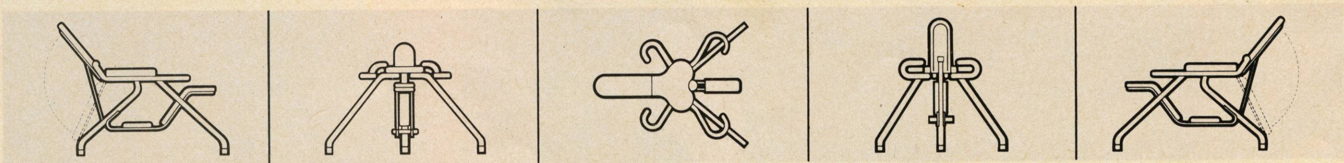

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DECISIONS

(Continued from page 88)

way to do what looked like the right thing. It was then that I realized I could make decisions based largely on how I felt emotionally as opposed to my head which said this would be the right thing, 'You should do that, it'll be good for you,' that rational kind of decision making."

This self-examination is never easy. In Gorton's case, it took some thirteen years to find himself. In the process he had to wrestle with his guilt feelings about abandoning a legal career in which so much time and money was invested. And then, in an affirmation of his own worth as a responsible person, he took a chance on what he wanted for himself—to work at what he enjoyed. Every time he meets one of his old law colleagues, Gorton knows he made the right choice. "They're still doing the same complaining about the law," he sighs. "They don't see that they have as much power as I or anyone else over their lives."

Honesty (the capacity to know thyself, warts and all) and courage (the strength to take calculated risks based on an honest evaluation of yourself and the probability of getting what you want) are generally in short supply. Without them, however, there's little hope of reaching the right decisions.

Becker tells the story of a woman who was having a torrid affair. She was so busy hopping in and out of bed that she'd given little thought to her long-range goals. After a while, however, she sensed something was wrong. Her analysis informed her the problem was that she was interested in marriage and that he was perfectly content with weekend stands. To continue the affair meant effectively reducing her chances of meeting someone who shared her matrimonial goals. To end it, however, meant kicking her man out of the sack. It was a difficult choice, but given her goals, she really had only one way to go: End the relationship.

Our buccaneering capitalist world, says writer Calvert, rewards risk takers, there rarely being profit without it. Unfortunately, all our childhood programming tends to make cowards of us all. This is especially true for women who were raised to be little ladies and who were schooled in the belief it's a man's world and a man's place to take the initiatives and risks. Boys routinely learn about risk taking through team sports. Little girls, on the other hand, learn a different lesson. Be nice (don't make waves; it's unladylike) and do the right thing (be submissive, supportive and dependent).

"Women tend to go through several ways of handling risky situations," says Manhattan psychologist Dr. Helen De Rosis. "Either they'll be passive and not do anything . . . or they'll rationalize—'It just isn't the time now,' or deny their interest completely—'I really don't care,' 'I'm not inter-

(Continued on page 118)

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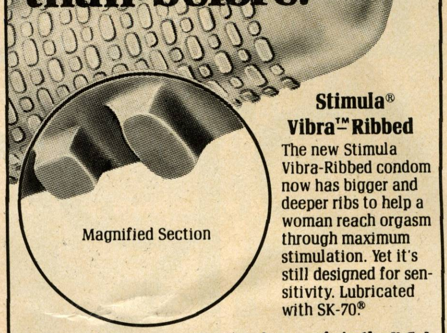

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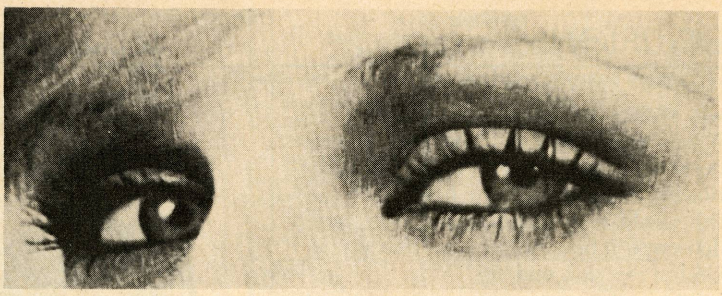
EYE BROWSE



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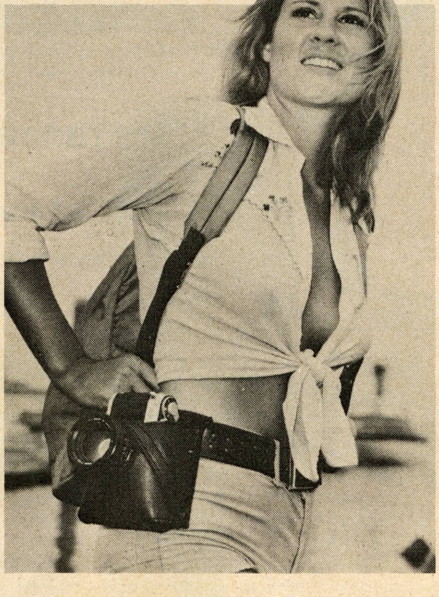

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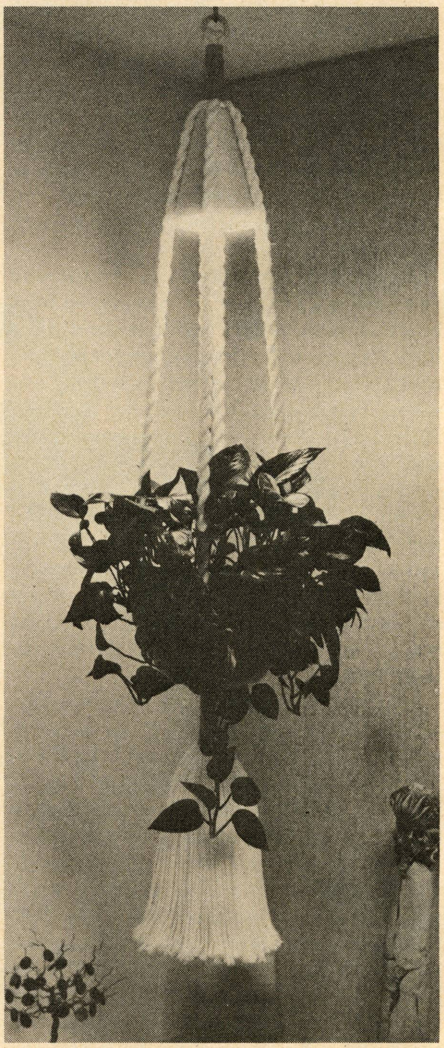

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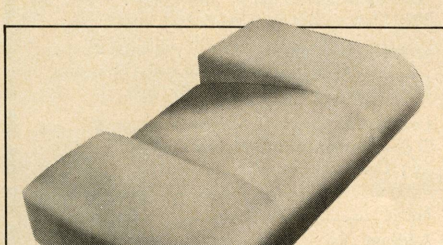

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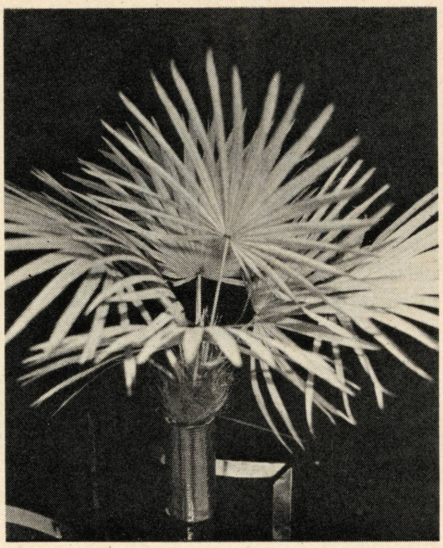

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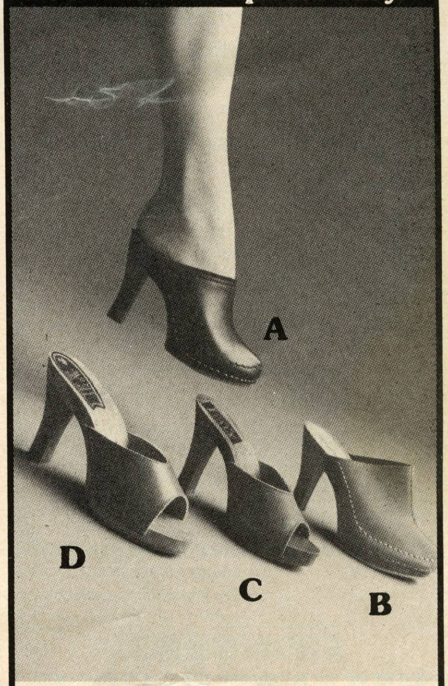

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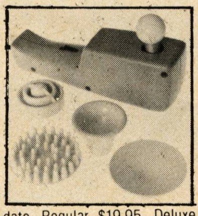

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DECISIONS

(Continued from page 115)

ested,' 'I'm just not ambitious.' "

Though men may have an edge over women in risk conditioning, neither are models in courage. According to the research findings of psychologist Ward Edwards of the University of Michigan, most people regard an event as more likely to occur if they stand to lose by its occurrence rather than gain by it.

Adds Gorton, "Most people think of risks as one-sided. They think the risk is that things will be worse but the risk is also that things might be better."

The irony here is that security, that boring state we risk-avoiders so covet, is an elusive, if not unattainable, state of being on terror firma. "Living itself is a risky business," University of Georgia psychologist Dr. E. Paul Torrence reminds us. "If we spent half as much time learning how to take risks as we spend avoiding them, we wouldn't have nearly so much fear in life." Adding a paradoxical caveat is writer John Kord Lagemann: "To find security, you've got to risk it."

Making decisions, as opposed to procrastinating, may not always better your lot, Gorton concedes—any decision can go awry due to forces beyond your control—but it sure will make life more exciting, which is certainly a plus emotionally. "With risk I've found there may be some fear," says Gorton, "but the other side of fear is excitement."

Oddly enough, it is excitement that most of us avoid, save perhaps in our vicarious spectator sports. According to Gorton, there's a powerful reason behind emotional detachment.

"Most people feel troubled when they feel more alive, because then it's hard to hold down feelings," he argues. "There are a number of ways in which people try and keep the excitement down and one of them is not taking a strong stand in any way. If someone hasn't been crying for ten years, they really can't afford, if they want to continue not crying, to get excited in any kind of way, because nobody seems very successful at suppressing one feeling without suppressing all the others."

Gorton, a great believer in letting one's feelings be your decisional guide, maintains Americans, with all their puritan hang ups, routinely disparage the value of emotions. Many of us, he says, pick marriage partners much as we decide whether to take a job in New York or Los Angeles.

" 'Well,' we say, "we have this in common, that in common, we certainly have this, we have those, we disagree with this, rather than the clincher, 'How do I feel with him.' Am I nervous and edgy or relaxed, warm and comfortable? We spend so much time trying to control our feelings we end up losing touch with a part of ourselves."

Becker provides a relevant anecdote about a couple who were into a heavy

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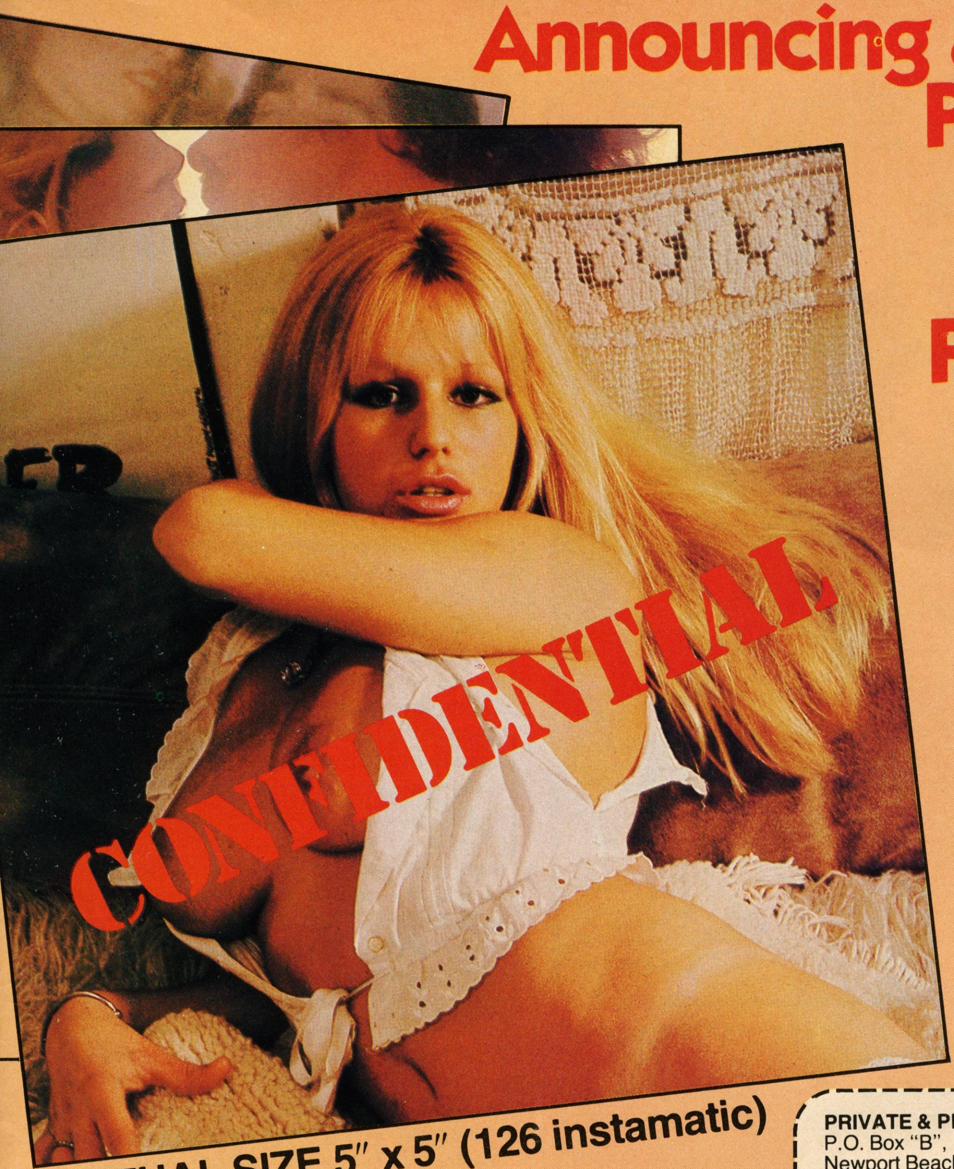

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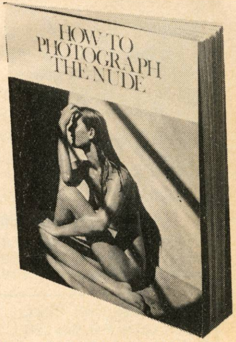

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discussion about whether to live together. The woman cited several good reasons why she should move in and went on about how good he was to her. But the one thing she didn't say, her attentive listener realized, was that she genuinely cared for him. All the "good" reasons were there but not the really good one, the feelings.

Gorton thanks his lucky stars his woman friend told him what a mess he was back in his lawyering days. That, after all, is what a good friend should do: be honest and caring. Unfortunately, rare is the acquaintance who is willing to risk your affections by telling you unpleasant truths about yourself. "Most people stay on the surface," says Gorton. "They don't want to hurt you, to make you angry."

Ultimately, of course, it's up to you, not your friends, to know yourself. Others may provide welcome insights about your behavior and feelings, but you're not likely to appreciate these perceptions unless you're already in tune with your inner self.

Gorton, as noted earlier, is a firm believer in letting the body tell you how it feels about a decision. He cites the example of a woman who had a difficult career decision: Should she take a job in New York or remain in Los Angeles. The standard approach has her learning all she can about the jobs and the cities; then, like some latter-day Ben Franklin, drawing up lists on both, with columns for the pros and cons. All this is very valuable, of course, but with complicated decisions, Gorton suggests, many people are better off trusting their feelings and instincts—getting relaxed, closing their eyes and fantasizing real hard about one place or the other. In his clinical experience, he says, the patients invariably feel better about one of the alternatives. Or worse, as in telltale headaches and muscle tension.

What one is doing here, of course, is letting the subconscious mind compute all the variables, both factual and emotional, and generate a sensory readout. It's not a foolproof method—computers, even human ones, are only as good as their data and wiring—but it is a useful technique in coping with the anxieties brought on by a tough decision.

In the final analysis—and we're at that point now—there's only one person who can decide what's best for you—and that's you. That's not to say you'll always make the right decisions for Number One. Even when you do all the right things—know yourself, establish your goals and gather information on the competing alternatives—you can never eliminate all the risks inherent in hard decisions or the dissonance implicit in foregoing the benefits of the option not taken. Living with this kind of uncertainty and compromise may not be an ideal state of affairs, but at least it's alive and exciting. The alternatives, perfection and procrastination, are stupefyingly dull. But the choice is yours. ■

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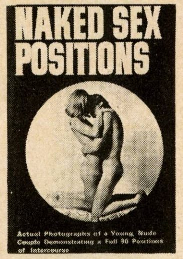
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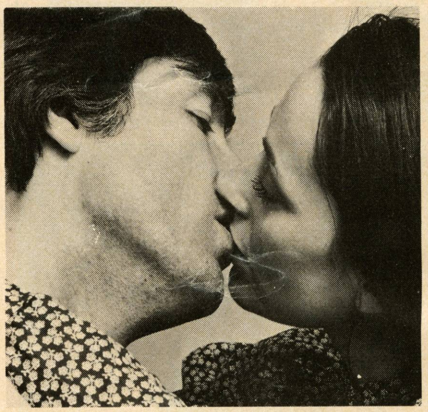

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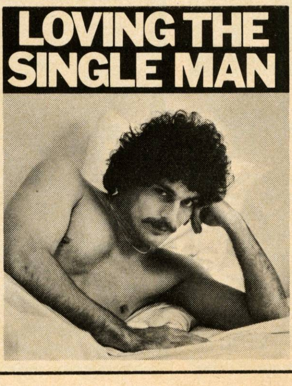

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(Continued from page 69)

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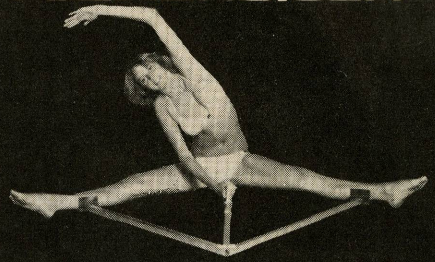

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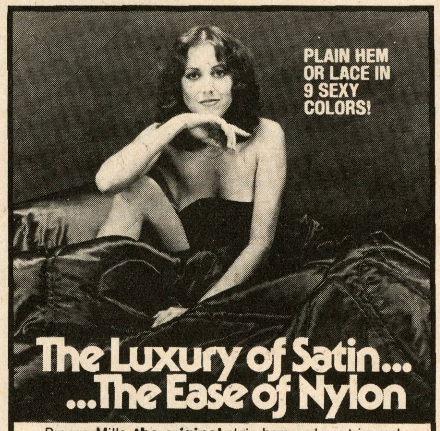
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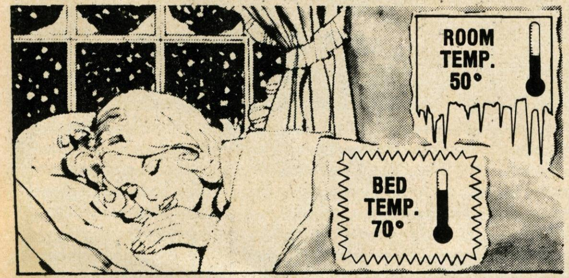

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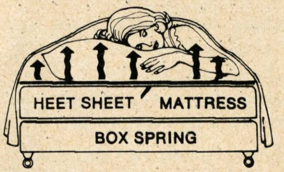

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